

# THE OVERTURE



A Monthly Musical Journal

*WRITTEN BY MUSICIANS FOR MUSICIANS.*

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VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1893, TO FEBRUARY, 1894.

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## "The old Order Changeth."

THE UNDISPUTED SUCCESS of Verdi's "Falstaff" is a very striking proof of the complete change which has come over matters operatic during the last generation. The grand principle upon which Richard Wagner insisted—that an opera should be a drama set to music—was first scouted, then argued down, by critics; but gradually, composers altered their views, modified their style, and ended by coming over to the revolutionary side. How well do we remember the arguments, endlessly repeated, that if you abandoned the classic forms of *aria* and *finale* you cut the ground from under your feet, etc., etc. "He throws away form" they cried "and what does he seek to give us instead? Endless melody, forsooth! Endless boredom of interminable recitative; a return to the primitive attempts of Peri and Monteverde." Such were the very words uttered by almost all good musicians and critics five and twenty years ago. But all the same, composers had to follow where genius pointed the way; Meyerbeer found no successor; Verdi produced *Otello* as a staggering blow to the conservative party, and a modern French school arose which absolutely trampled under foot the traditions of Spontini, Halevy, and Auber. In each new work, classic form was put more into the background, and dramatic recitative with elaborate orches-

tral accompaniment was more freely utilised. Even in England our half-hearted attempts at opera had to be in keeping with the spirit of the times, and the rich beauties of Mackenzie's *Colomba*, the uncompromising Wagnerianism of Stanford's *Canterbury Pilgrims* and *Savonarola* shewed that our musicians felt the truth of the modern principle. Perhaps the most mortal blow of all was dealt to the old school by the growth of burlesque opera. The merciless ridicule cast by Offenbach upon the conventionalities of Italian opera, as well as the more artistic satire of Arthur Sullivan, contributed to seal the general conviction that set pieces were out of place in serious opera. The "music-drama" arose and flourished to its utmost extent with Wagner, but while he bore, and still bears, the pelting storm of execration which every innovator must meet, all composers, high and low, submitted to his influence (while denying the fact), until now even the Italians and French have thrown away the last rag of their former banner, and works are written, performed, and hailed with delight, in which no trace of the classic structure remains.

Composers who have not the dramatic instinct labour under the belief that the "music-drama," because it dispenses (as a rule) with formally constructed movements, is therefore mere vague extemporalisation. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Whether one use the *leit-motive* or not, each scene has to have a principal musical idea and others tributary to it; there must be a well-considered balance of key and character, just as in a symphony; only in the "music-drama" the form must depend entirely upon the libretto. When words and music are thus fitly clasped together, a work of art is the result; and whether in the glorious polyphony of *Tristan*; the crude and barbarous harmony of *Le Rêve*; or the

sparkling melodic flood of *Falstaff*, we feel that a more artistic organism has been built up than that of *Rienzi*, *Faust*, *Rigoletto*, or even *Don Giovanni*. Beautiful, incomparable as the several portions of these works may be, in them an opera is not a work; it is a volume of poems.

It is not our intention to offer in these columns any review or criticism of "*Falstaff*," and for this reason: Verdi's new work is one of those glittering creations that defy analysis. One may indeed pick out isolated phrases and hold them up to admiration, but their colour and effect are, like the perfume of the rose, more than half the charm. It is a question too, whether any music-drama can be criticised *assuch*, apart from performance—as we said some time ago, in speaking of *Le Rêve*. Our criticism of that work, which we explicitly declared to refer only to the technical details of the music, was totally misunderstood by many, and resented accordingly. In Verdi's opera there is nothing in the *technique* that calls for adverse comment, but much that demands unreserved praise. It may be expected in England before long, when assuredly every true music lover will make its acquaintance for himself. Though there is, in "*Falstaff*," no employment of the *leit-motive* as such, it is interesting to observe how the composer has usually worked one particular phrase symphonically throughout each scene, like a diapered back-ground in an old illumination. Well every one now does this more or less; but one has to beware of doing it in a perfunctory or unmeaning fashion. Such motto-phrases must be carefully chosen, and instinct with the spirit of the particular scene they serve to support. This is a point in which many otherwise excellent composers fail. Stanford's "*Canterbury Pilgrims*" was weak in this respect. In Sullivan's "*Ivanhoe*" the first scene was exquisitely upheld by the orchestral tissue, but after it the composer seemed to relinquish all further care in this direction. A music-drama, we repeat, is an effort of a far higher kind than a mere opera, for in the latter the composer used to concentrate and expend his entire energies over a dozen or more disconnected pieces, whereas in the former he must plan and calculate the design of an entire act at once. It is the difference between an overture, say, and a song.

Many fine composers (like the one last quoted) can do excellently well in the old form of opera, but the music-drama is a flight too high for them. Well, it will soon be the only form accepted at all, except by the class which seeks the nadir of that zenith and finds it in the variety entertainment. And this is at present about 90 per cent of the English population.

### Passing Notes.

IT is with peculiar pleasure that we record the successful production of the late Arthur Goring Thomas' posthumous opera *The Golden Web*, which was performed for the first time on the 15th ult. at the Court Theatre, Liverpool. It will be played in London soon, so lengthy notice of the performance is not now called for. The music is exceedingly bright and charming, except that some numbers in the last act seem a trifle weak, and the mounting of the opera ought to make some London managements green with envy. Whatever the Carl Rosa Company may do elsewhere, in their own headquarters they do put operas on the stage in absolutely first-rate style. The opera went well, but will go better when some of the redundant (but lively) dialogue is removed. To prevent misconceptions it may be as well here to mention how the much maltreated libretto of this opera stands. Originally it was written by the editor of this journal, but owing to the composer's utilisation of some previously existing music, several of the best lyrics had to be re-written. After an injudicious alteration of the entire thing by another hand, which perversion was afterwards again abandoned, the book was placed in the hands of Mr. Stephenson to revise the plot and remove a supposed resemblance to Mr. Walter Besant's "*Chaplain of the Fleet*." The only effect of this revision has been to introduce a good deal of underplot and dialogue, and to take nearly all the interest (which was quite original) out of the 3rd act. Some additional lyrics by unknown hands have also been interpolated. The author of course had no voice in any of these alterations, which if not disastrous, at least have not served any sensible purpose, that we can see.

In praising the performance at Liver-

pool we should fail in our duty did we neglect to draw attention to two artistic crimes committed. One was the omission of the overture; the other, far more serious, the interpolation of an elaborate ballet, with music by the conductor, M. Jacquinot, at the end of Act II, after a most elaborate and dramatic *finale*. It only makes the matter worse that it was a very nice ballet, with very pretty music. Such things may be, and should be, done in a Christmas pantomime; but an importation of "variety" into opera is the thin end of the wedge that threatens to vulgarise, if not destroy, this high form of art.

THE following sentences, extracted from the last annual report of the Geneva Conservatoire, appear to us worthy of a wider publicity than they have probably obtained in their original situation:—"A particular teacher is said to have *a good method*, but the same is said of another, whose system of instruction is entirely different. The method of the conservatoire at X. is famous, and that of the conservatoire at Z. is not less so, although they have nothing in common. If your method is a framework of correct rules, of practical precepts, if you can illustrate your principles by example—in short, if you really possess *a method*—why does not your system always give good results? Don't tell me that pupils' aptitude is variable, for I then ask why each and all of the disciples educated by your system do not attain at least a certain height on the ladder of artistic knowledge and capacity. This road which you have traversed cannot be followed by your pupil because he has a temperament different to yours.—In playing the piano you hold your ten fingers in a certain way, after a classic method well approved by the authorities; your pupil, having received from Nature a different conformation of the hand, fails, despite many tortures, to place his in the easy way that you do. Explain a sonata in your own way—interestingly; you find that a melody expresses sad recollections—snow on a tomb, or what not: the pupil beholds only spring-time and flowers in it. This is because he is younger than you are—too young for your good old method. Among all the methods we have known there appears to us but one good one; that of our well-beloved master, Theodore Kullak. What was

the secret of the system which he employed? One sentence of Kullak's will inform us—'There is no such thing as a method.' Let us endeavour to explain this apparent paradox."

"NOTHING is so difficult to catalogue as reasonable beings, even from a merely artistic point of view. You may successfully classify plants, minerals, animals; but try to put human beings, or their single species of music pupils into divisions and sections; you will, alas! find as many classes as individuals. There cannot then be *one* method suitable to all, unless it be one, slender as a large tooth-comb, that forces all the hairs to pass through it. A pupil presents himself—an unknown personality which must be studied. What motives bring him here, what is his temperament, his power of comprehension and attention, and what are the predominant qualities of his natural gifts? Has he a good memory? Can he grasp quickly a musical combination? What impression does music make on him? Has he already the faculty of comprehending its charm, or is he merely in the clouds because he cannot really interpret what he performs? Each new pupil is a problem in the eyes of the master so long as it is necessary to study him and seek the special method suitable to him. This object attained, the problem becomes only an ordinary pupil; he will remain a pupil and nothing else for a certain number of years; then, when he has learnt all that his masters can teach him, the pupil emancipates himself and becomes, if not a master, at least free and independent. His individuality, at first problematic, afterwards disciplined, now regains the upper hand. The supreme task then of all education should be to draw out this individuality by developing the natural gifts. A music master, like any other, finds before him as many different talents as he has students. Will he comprehend their individuality? Will he be able to develop it? Not always. Is it not astonishing that a very talented pupil will sometimes learn nothing from some particular teacher of great merit? A virtuoso at the highest stage of his artistic development will perhaps remain an enigma to his pupil because the artist cannot descend to the level of the budding talent."

THE Royal Academy of Music continues to grow so rapidly that the authorities have found it necessary to provide increased facilities for the study of certain branches of the curriculum—so far, that is to say, as the limited accommodation of the Tenterden Street premises will permit. The most important of these developments is the formation of a supplementary orchestral class, under the direction of Mr. Frye Parker, for the string-players who are unable to find room in the regular band of the Institution. It is also announced that an additional organ is being constructed, and as professor of this instrument an excellent new member of the staff has been found in Mr. George Risley, the well-known Bristol organist.

A performance of Lortzing's Comic Opera "Peter the Shipwright" will be given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music Operatic Class on Thursday 23rd inst., Mr. Henry Irving having kindly granted the use of the Lyceum Theatre for the occasion.

### In the Interval.

"I was glad to see," remarked the Sub-editor, "that Signor Randegger, on being interviewed by a representative of the *Musical Herald* lately, expressed views on the lack of artistic temperament in the English, exactly in accordance with those put forward in our leading article of last month."

"And why did that gratify you so much?" enquired the Voice-Producer. "Have you so little confidence in your editor that you are relieved when his views are corroborated by outsiders?"

"Well, one likes to have the support of eminent men, I suppose, however cock-sure one may be," responded the Sub-editor. "When I say *one*, though, I don't mean a Voice-Producer."

"I should think not!" snarled that highly sensitive person. "Find me one single individual in my profession who isn't a rank humbug."

"Including yourself?" mildly queried the Half-student,

"Well, well!" put in the Senior, wagging his bald head soothingly; "at least your views receive plenty of corroboration, for I have heard them uttered by every

member of your profession whom I have yet met."

"Isn't it Chamfort," said the Well-Read-One, (who has a pretty knack of pouring oil on troubled waters) "who says *Il y a à parier que toute idée publique est une sottise, car elle a convenu au plus grand nombre.*"

"I am told," said the Born Genius, "that when Millbank Pentitentiary was pulled down the other day and sold by auction in lots—fancy buying chunks of prison!—there were some padded cells disposed of for very little. What were our Music Schools about to miss such a golden opportunity? Think what admirable practising rooms they might have secured! Not only could the euphonium and the 'loud bassoon,' as Coleridge calls it, be taught and studied in peace and comfort in such chambers, but the common or garden soprano might be induced to turn in thither, what time she 'rends the air with warblings wild.'"

"Hush!" whispered the Sub-editor, with an anxious glance towards the Voice-producer; "you'll set him off again."

"Yes indeed!" exclaimed the Faddist. "But there would be no need for such measures if singers would only use my patent voice-mute when practising. It is founded upon the principle of the *poire d'angoisse* of the Inquisition and renders the strongest voice completely inaudible. In shape like a violinist's shoulder-pad."

"That," interrupted the Voice-producer jeeringly, (he hates the Faddist like poison) "would indeed be turning our singers into padded *sells*."

The Faddist scowled and was silent.

"What is this I hear," enquired the Full-fledged Artist, "about the R.A.M. Club?"

"If you will promise to leave that vile phrase to the exclusive possession of the Society Journals," replied the Well-Read-One, "I will promise in return to deluge you with information. You probably mean that someone has been talking to you for half an hour to get you to join that valuable institution and you haven't listened to a word he said. You have a dim consciousness that there was a letter about it (which you didn't read) in last month's *Overture* and you only put your

question for the sake of saying something."

"Go it, old 'un!" chuckled the New Student irreverently; "'t 'im 'ard, 'e's got no friends!"

"Friends!" returned the Well-Read-One, witheringly; "how can he expect to have friends if he doesn't chum up with his fellow students? I don't call it doing your duty to just come down to the Academy and take your lessons and then go home and practice all the rest of the time. How do you know but what some day you may be jolly glad of the help and friendship of some of those fellows whom now you don't take the trouble to cultivate? The more friends you have the easier you'll find it to get on in the world, and the R.A.M. Club just gives you the opportunity of keeping up those school friendships which time and distance would otherwise cause to die out. More than that, it gives the young struggler an entry into the inner circle of older musicians, whom he will find it difficult to approach elsewhere; so that once a member of that Club he cannot feel himself left out in the cold."

"That," said the Full-fledged Artist conceitedly, "is not likely to happen to a person of recognised talent."

"You mayn't think so just now, my boy," put in the Failure, "because you just happen to have got a good engagement; but only wait till the notices are up and you can't hear of anything else."

"O! I'll think about joining *then*," laughed the Artist, grasshopper-like.

"You won't have the needful, in all probability," returned the Well-Read-One, "besides feeling too shy." (Fancy the Artist feeling shy! thought the New Student.) "Come! it's only a George-and-the-Dragon once a year. Can't I tempt you? There's an annual Dinner, four social meetings; perhaps a ladies' night—"

"Ah!" ejaculated the Full-fledged Artist, with a transient gleam of interest; "perhaps I might be asked to favour the company with a performance on that occasion."

"Have no fear," interrupted the other, wilfully misunderstanding him. "We do not allow members to be put upon in that fashion. If there were to be a performance of any kind we should only ask you to form one of the audience."

"I believe he would sooner perish,"

remarked the New Student. But whether goaded by the taunt or moved by a worthier motive, the Artist requested to have his name put up for election that very night.

"At last," exclaimed the Born Genius, "we have something new in the domain of Symphony. Beethoven has *not* said the last word."

"Indeed!" said the Failure. "Who is the new prophet?"

"Why, Anton Bruckner, to be sure! He has just produced at Vienna a symphony which lasts the entire evening."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the Sub-editor. "And they didn't lynch him?"

"It doesn't seem so," replied the Born Genius. "The critics complained that it was dull, but that goes for little. Here is a man who at least has the courage to inflict his tediousness upon people."

"Does he stand alone in that respect?" asked the Failure. "I can understand the tone of grim exultation in which you announce the fact, but I quite fail to share your enthusiasm."

"Well, well!" gasped the Senior. "I have lived long and I have heard and seen many strange things, but really the views of English folks upon opera are more than my aged brain can grasp. That good operas should fail and bad ones succeed is nothing—"

"It is only natural!" put in the Failure.

"That they should never care to understand a word of what is being sung is perhaps not to be wondered at—"

"Seeing who are the librettists" sneered the Failure.

"But the way in which they are mixing their drinks—I mean their musical entertainments, is enough to turn one's hair grey. We have had oratorio on the stage, we have had opera on the concert platform; we have had a symphony scenically illustrated, we have had singers who performed in dumb-show. Now they are putting Berlioz' 'Faust' on the stage with spectacle and ballet, and Gounod's 'Faust' on a sort of hustings like a punch-and-judy show—no scenery, only dresses, and acting under difficulties."

"O! but" chuckled the Sub-editor, "the most glorious fun was the 'Cavalleria' when they tried not to act for fear

of accidents, and couldn't help it. You should have seen *Santuzza* tumble into the flowerpot—”

“Disgusting!” exclaimed the Full-fledged Artist. “People ought to be ashamed of themselves. And as to the critics, none of whom have dared to lift up their voices against the omnipotent manager, they deserve to be scalped with their own J pens. There is only one depth of infamy left unsounded now, and that not for very long, I suspect.”

“And that is—?”

“To put the Italian opera people into burnt cork and work them as a grand combination along with the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.”

“I will now,” continued the Faddist, holding forth to a small but suffering audience, “proceed to give you some of the characteristics of the scales, which form so important a part of music.

- C Major bears the character of innocence and simplicity; it speaks the language of children.
- G Major expresses pastoral or country life, real gratitude for faithful friendship, and true love.
- D Major is the sound of triumph, of the hallelujah, of greatness and splendour; the cry of war, and the rejoicing of victory.
- A Major breathes words of innocent love, contentedness, a hope to meet again after a sorrowful separation, youthful cheerfulness, and faith in Providence.
- E Major is a cheerful laughing, a shouting of joy.
- B Major expresses anger, rage, madness, jealousy, despair and every trouble of the heart.
- F Sharp Major speaks of victory in difficult enterprises; the free breathing after the ascension of high mountains.
- D Flat Major is a playful sound, which can degenerate either into joy or grief.
- A Flat Major speaks to the suffering heart, and is a pious complaint; it is a funeral sound; death, the grave, decay, judgment, the secrets of eternity are expressed by it.”\*

“Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake!” cried the Sub-editor. “What do you think you mean by all that farrago? The scale of C may well speak the language of children because it is so much in the nursery. But although A flat major is often a ‘funeral sound’ under the fingers of a schoolgirl, I have heard Rubinstein play it in such a way that light seemed to stream from his fingers.”

“It is very easy,” retorted the Faddist, “to cast ridicule upon ideas which are too transcendental to appeal to the common mind, but all really refined

musicians are agreed that keys ~~have~~ have a special character.”

“You said scales, you know,” replied the Sub-editor. “What do you mean by a key? It isn't a thing that has any existence by itself, any more than Electricity, or Art, or Love, or Metaphysics. You can't define a key and—nowadays, at least—you can't easily tell what key you are in, or not in. Could you be a little more precise?”

“I can only repeat,” said the Faddist somewhat doggedly, “that so long as a particular tonality prevails in music I always feel the corresponding mood which I stated just now.”

“Hm!” said the Sub-editor; “I wish I had your sense of pitch. But look here now! You know *Ah, che la morte!* in *Il Trovatore*? ”

“Of course!” eagerly responded the Faddist. “It is in A flat, and its pathos is a striking confirmation of my—”

“Hold on! Don't you remember that barrel organ—one of the howling species, playing it this afternoon till we felt so low we said that nothing but the excitement of a Fortnightly Concert would do us any good? Well do you know what key he was playing it in? ”

“I—I don't remember.”

“Strange, that you should not have noticed it! That kind of barrel organ only plays in one key: C major, the key of innocence and simplicity. But whether it plays Verdi's mournful air or an Irish jig, it sounds to me equally lugubrious.”

“If you will listen,” put in the Sub-professor timidly, “there is the Saturday piano organ in Union street, playing that identical air, pierced in various directions by chromatic scales. Can either of you tell me what key it is in? ”

The Faddist pretended not to hear him.

“Yes,” said the Sub-editor; “it sounds very like a wail; but it is in F sharp—intended for G, the instrument having run down from pitch.”

“Pray,” continued the Sub-professor, “can you tell us the characteristics of the chromatic scale? ”

But the Faddist had retired to his seat, for the Concert was recommencing.

A singer who is not able to recite his part according to the intention of the poet, cannot possibly sing it according to the intention of the Composer.—Wagner.

\* Dr. Selmar Kahlenberg.

## Voice-Figures.

MRS. WATTS-HUGHES.\*

It is related of Tennyson that, poring over the infinite variety of form in the teeming life of a pond, he exclaimed "What an imagination God has!" and the phrase is brought forcibly to mind in turning the pages of plates which enrich Mrs. Hughes' book. Here is another glimpse into those unexplored bye-ways of physical (and therefore of poetic) truth, which occasionally bring home to us how little, how less than nothing, we know of the world we live in.

The authoress describes the manner in which, by sprinkling fine sand on a vibrating diaphragm and singing into a tube opening upon its under surface, regularly recurrent forms are produced. She gives a diagram of those made by the scale of E $\flat$ , and then passes to those assumed by another powder—lycopodium—which is governed by a different law. Next come the forms produced by semi-liquids, and by the impression of a film of water-colour on a glass plate laid on the membrane. Her description of "singing a daisy" is interesting. A mass of colour-paste the size of a small bean is placed on the disc, on the centre of vibration, and a suitable note sung; the heap gathers itself together, is agitated at its edge, and then, in obedience to a careful *crescendo*, darts out beautifully shaped petals of perfect regularity and symmetry.

Some of the illustrations, those for instance on pp. 36, 37 and 46, are in themselves perfect fairy-stories. Here are creatures of exquisite beauty floating in an unknown and limitless world, or in mysterious grottos unseen by eye of man. The coralline and shell-like loveliness of some of the forms is quite enchanting, and the tree-pictures on p. 36, complete idylls. Mrs. Watts-Hughes has already given demonstrations of these experiments at the Royal Society and the London Institution, and we regret not to have been present.

We cannot, in one sense, review the book—the subject is too extensive, but we can promise a most interesting hour's study to anyone who will get it and read it. We know that ours is a world of

vibration, but the connection between musical notes and these forms is still one of Nature's unsolved mysteries. If daisy, rose, chrysanthemum, shell and crystal, why not the ordered world, "the song-built towers and gates," the city that Merlin speaks of! And once more Memory calls up the poet's words, so often quoted, yet the infinite beauty of which custom can never stale :—

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest  
But in his motion like an angel sings  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :  
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But while this muddy nature of decay  
Doth grossly close us in we cannot hear it.

## Songs of the Century.

No. 1. THE YOUTHFUL COMPOSER'S PÆAN OF JOY.

[Dr. C. H. H. Parry, in a recent lecture, declared that since Beethoven's time the Sonata form had steadily lost ground.]

I've tried in my noddle to carry  
The laws of Macfarren and Prout  
But henceforth I cotton to Parry :  
*He says the Sonata's played out.*

The Rondo would puzzle old Harry  
The first movement—what's it about ?  
I bless my deliverer, Parry,  
*He says the Sonata's played out.*

No more second subjects to marry  
To first subjects. "Working" I scout ;  
I'll write as I please, Doctor Parry,  
*For now the Sonata's played out.*

Henceforth at recital and "swarry"  
No audience need chatter or pout ;  
'Tis owned by Charles Hubert H. Parry  
*That bore, the Sonata's played out.*

Ye critics from Bennett to Barry  
Your dogmas are not worth a clout ;  
Liszt satisfies both me and Parry  
*We say the Sonata's played out.*

But what is the form that will tarry  
When Beethoven's put to the rout ?  
Shall we write Intermezzos, friend Parry,  
On all the first fiddles played out ?

Composers, from Looe to Glengarry  
Search England to clear up one doubt  
My works—tell me why, Doctor Parry,  
Are neither played in nor played out.

### Wisdom of the Ancients.

THE specimens of early 19th century criticisms which have occasionally been given in *The Overture* are of course more amusing than those of recent times, because those specimens discuss matters long since settled. It is only when we are sufficiently distant from a period that accurate judgment is possible. Even then individual taste must be reckoned with; so also must national taste. When all, or practically all, the musicians of a nation give the same verdict on a composer, and preserve it for generations, such an opinion cannot be lightly set aside by other nations. This matter has not been sufficiently dealt with; perhaps on some future occasion we may discuss it in detail. There are instances enough in point; a very obvious one is the extraordinary regard paid by French musicians of all ranks to the music of Meyerbeer, who has in France a position among the very greatest masters. Weber also ranks, in the opinion of France, decidedly higher than in the opinion of Germany or England. Who shall judge between the two parties? After all, taste, like morality, is mainly a matter of latitude and longitude. But it is in the complete non-appreciation of works that the "Wisdom of the Ancients" is most striking. The case we have to quote here is near—dangerously near—our own time, and was written as recently as 1875, when Wagner's "Lohengrin" was first performed in England. It is a portion of a criticism written by Dr. John Hullah, and subsequently incorporated into his "History of Modern Music."

"The plan or construction of 'Lohengrin' violates the first law of dramatic construction. Things are *told* which ought to be *done*; and things are *done* which ought to be *told*. The long explanation, in the last scene, of Lohengrin's antecedents might have been made unnecessary by a prelude, in which the audience, though not the *dramatis personæ*, would have made acquaintance with Parcival and his peers, Monsalvato and the Sangraal—personages, a place, and a thing of which they know nothing, and in which they cannot possibly have any interest. On the other hand, the arrival of the hero, *via* the Scheldt—usually much encumbered with craft—in a boat just large enough to contain him, and drawn by a swan, is an incident which

skilful treatment might make interesting in narrative, but which no treatment could have made otherwise than ridiculous in dramatic action. With the music of 'Lohengrin' we did not of course make first acquaintance on Saturday night, but we have always hesitated even to form, still more to express, an opinion of its merits, apart from the drama to which it belongs, and of which avowedly it is but one element. Of this drama 'Lohengrin,' presented in music we are constrained to say that in spite of a power of realizing to himself dramatic situations, in which, perhaps, Wagner is unprecedented; in spite of individual passages, here of energy there of sweetness; in spite of orchestral effects as astonishing for their beauty as for their freshness and variety, we find 'Lohengrin,'—dull. It will attract for a time. The curiosity raised in respect to it, makes it natural and to be desired that it should do so. But that works after the manner of 'Lohengrin' which—accepting the word 'music' in the sense for some centuries past given to it—may be described as *operas without music*, should take any permanent hold on the human soul is to us simply inconceivable."

These strange lucubrations are more puzzling still, if we take into account the fact that Hullah, though he certainly did utter some very singular opinions concerning Bach, was a very widely-read and eclectically-minded musician, versed in nearly all styles in use since the fifteenth century. It is a noticeable and instructive fact that men most learned in mediæval music and musical history generally were among Wagner's earliest and warmest supporters; the reason doubtless being, that their familiarity with varying styles made them ready to receive novelty. Hullah was an exception, as the above extract shows.

The strangest part of the criticism is the objection to the entry of *Lohengrin*, commonly reckoned among the most telling points of the work. A man must surely have been very determined to find fault if he could think that the arrival of the hero must necessarily be "ridiculous in dramatic action." And what shall we say of the objection that the Scheldt is "usually much encumbered with craft?" Did Hullah really imagine he had "scored a point" against Wagner by pointing out

that fact? He might just as reasonably have objected to *Hamlet* soliloquising in English blank verse, instead of in Danish prose; or to *Brutus* and *Antony* publicly addressing the Roman mob, and yet talking English instead of Latin; or to *Macduff* not at once knowing of the massacre of his family, when such a horrible murder would have been in all the newspapers the very next day.

As for the prophecy concerning the ultimate fate of Wagner's music, a later generation will know its truth or untruth better than we can; but there seems, so far, not the slightest sign of its being fulfilled, and Wagner has now been dead ten years. "The Flying Dutchman" is more than half-a-century old; "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" are very little younger, and all are still thoroughly popular operas. It is difficult for an Englishman to conceive how completely opera enters into the national life of Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Spain, and America; but even in England, where opera scarcely exists at all, "Lohengrin" is reckoned a "drawing" piece. Are we to attribute this merely to "curiosity"?

### Information.

(SPECIALLY INTENDED FOR STUDENTS)  
DERIVED FROM RECENT NUMBERS OF  
M—— N——.

That the English language contains the word "robustion," (Feb. 4, p. 105.)

That there is an Italian composer named Pagliacci, (Feb. 4, p. 107.)

That our Mr. Wesché's front name is "Walker." (Feb. 4, p. 109.)

That at the Vienna opera, there is a singer named Madame Malerña, (Feb. 11, p. 133.)

That Orlando di Lasso died on the 14th June, 1894, (Feb. 18, p. 155.)

That the opening phrase of Beethoven's C minor Symphony consists of three notes, which are played on the trumpets, (Feb. 25, p. 172.)

That the composer of "Werther" spells his name "Massenet;" and that the famous Swedish song-writer spells his "Kjreulf," (Feb. 25, p. 181.)

(To be—no doubt—Continued).

### Musical Fallacies.

#### No 1. EDUCATING AN AUDIENCE.

THERE is a well-known picture of a Highlander resting beside his own smouldering peat, and soothing himself with the melody of "the pipes," while his dog, in the farthest possible corner of the room, utters his whines and howls of remonstrance unheeded, and has to bear the infliction as best he may. Just such is the tribe or "educators." Indeed this dog is better off than we less lucky ones, for he is not favoured with the gratuitous insult that all is done for his good.

Now I object on principle to being thus summarily "educated." Why cannot I be allowed to follow my own bent? Why are we all to be moulded upon one pattern? If I prefer porridge to turtle, people may pity me as eccentric, but they do not attempt to pour the turtle down my throat "for my good?" If I prefer Beaumont and Fletcher to Shakespeare, if I take more pleasure in Lamb than in Milton, I am not usually accused of any grave moral delinquency; but if I avow a preference for Mozart to Wagner—if I do but breathe a whisper that I do not *always* enjoy Bach—if I humbly and reluctantly admit that sometimes I feel more inclined for Mendelssohn than even the last and most glorious of the Immortal Nine,—I am at once looked on as a rank heretic, and, if lucky, left alone with contemptuous indifference; but if fortune frowns, assailed by missionaries of the most virulent type, who make my life a burden to me. They lecture, they argue, they drag me to concerts, they leave me no peace till I, not being made of martyr-stuff, ignorinously and shamefully sign the recantation, take the incense and sacrifice to Jupiter, though in my heart still ring the words "*e pur si muove.*" Why should I be robbed of my peace and self respect in this manner? I am no believer in the dead level of uniformity that these tyrants demand. Mens' minds are not all made alike, and somethings may suit my palate which others cannot digest and *verse verse*, as Lamb's god-father the oilman used to say. The charm of Lamb himself was due not to his likeness to others, but to his difference from them.

The matter is becoming worse, too, since conductors are assuming the rôle of

pontiff. Educating us, forsooth! They had better learn their business then! Call cramming the stuff down our throats like meal down the gullets of the prize poultry fattening for the Christmas market "educating!" Why, the man doesn't even educate his band, though they are always under his rod. They don't like Brahms for all his dinning. They play him as a matter of business, of course, but if a part is wanting at rehearsal, they read the paper, or go down—poor, degraded beings!—to get a drink, or a smoke. Did you ever in your life see an orchestral player listening? If then, not even the band which is constant, how shall he "educate" the audience which is never the same.

The fact is, the conductor, like the novelist and every one else, has caught the infection of this highly moral, smug, educating age, and has discovered that he is a prophet with a mission—an animal that is a pest to society. The Spirit of the Age, or the *Zeit-geist*, or whatever you like to call him is a tyrant and a humbug. He wants to educate everybody and his method is always the same. He builds big factories, drives herds of wretched children in, pens them up in long rows, and proceeds to pour his decoctions of facts, dates, and what not, into them with a big spoon. If his predecessor, now, Mr. 2349 B.C., had only been alive to his opportunities! What a chance was lost there! Fancy Noah keeping school in that ark!—no escape possible, the wide waste of waters without, and Noah within, struggling with the constitutional inability of the bulls to appreciate the beauty of red, by waving a scarlet bandanna wildly before their eyes. What a scene to witness!

Well, well, these be speculations, and I must close. I am by nature a meek man, but even the worm will turn, they say, (I often marvel at the singular ineffectiveness of the proceeding) and I confess it puts my back up to see these conductors posing as censors and hierophants. Such humble protest as I can, I would here, therefore, place on record. Let us enjoy what we like in our own way—society will be the richer in types—and do not condemn us to social ostracism, and banishment from all musical circles for our heresy. This method of "educating" seems to me to be well typified by the

follower of the Prophet offering <sup>the</sup> the wretched Christian the Koran with one hand, while the other grasps the naked scimitar.

You blame the Moslem; are you clean yourselves?

### Reviews—Major.

*Mass in D, for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra,*  
composed by E. M. Smyth.

[London: Novello & Co.]

This work comes as an interesting feature in the discussion anent female composers now taking place in our columns. We have never expressed the belief that women would always be incapable of achieving great things in music, but we have often pointed to the fact that while they have for centuries been permitted to cultivate the art almost as freely as men, they have, until very recently, produced next to nothing in the way of original composition and certainly nothing of any permanent value. The general culture of the female sex which is such a marked feature in the present day, is causing women to recognize, at last, the intellectual side of music and consequently to compose—when they do compose—with at least some grip and intention instead of in the old spirit of mimicry. We may perhaps be accounted free from prejudice on this subject if we point out that THE OVERTURE was the first, and for three years the only paper, to draw attention to the compositions of Mdlle. Chaminade. This lady, so long as she confines her efforts to dainty trifles, is far and away the most original and musical composer of her sex; but—we must again repeat it, we have yet to see the woman who can compose a large work and keep firm hold of her ideas the whole time. It has been mercilessly said of female pianists that they can never play an even *forte* or *piano* but always ——. So in composition, it is always the sustained power that is lacking; it *may* come in time, but it has not come yet.

Some people would hold up Miss Smyth's Mass as a triumphant refutation of our plea, but a close examination of this really remarkable composition appears to us, on the contrary, to exactly confirm it. Miss Smyth's talent for counterpoint and polyphonic writing is very considerable; her intelligence appears quite

masculine, her following of Dvorák as a model, sometimes amounts to a close mimicry of certain mannerisms of his style; but less convincing music we never came across; one seems to feel that the composer never heard a single bar with her inner ear, but wrote by eye alone, as most of her sisters do their harmony exercises. On paper it looks most imposing, but the phrases, when one comes to hear them, are more than dry, they are lifeless. The idea of the ground bass in the *Kyrie* is an excellent one, but how unmusical the subject is! It is indeed well kept hold of to the end, yet is there no development of interest in the music. The *Gloria* is even more faulty in this respect. It begins with a bold unison passage for orchestra of really vigorous rhythm, followed by this phrase for chorus



D pedal bass

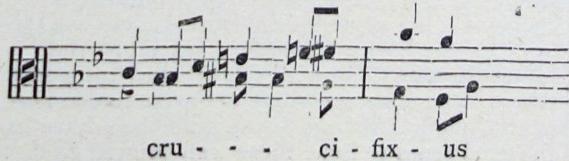
which is all very well, but goes no further, in spite of the rhythmical pattern being insisted on for some time. Next comes a terribly weak melodic phrase



Et - - in ter - rapax hominibus

earnestly worked out, but sadly flat. Then, after a return to the first subject there is a duet for Alto and Bass in which melodic invention is conspicuous by its absence. When we get to *Tu solus Dominus* there is an *Allegro* of considerable energy, though the material is poor. The principal figure is afterwards worked out with the persistence of Dvorák, as an accompaniment in the *Cum Sancto Spiritu* and the subject resumed in the "Amen." The *Credo* is much less dry, and has considerable variety. The *Crucifixus* with its perpetual augmented seconds and fourths is frightfully trying for a choir, but this is only a draw back, not a fault. The fault is in using F# in the key of D minor so often, e.g.

- fix - us cru - ci - fix - us



this gives a great indecision to the tonality. The setting of *Et vitam venturi* is the usual futile attempt at a fugue, which both composer and audience would gladly dispense with. The *Sanctus* begins with a broad melody, but it fades out and disappears. There is a good deal of workmanship in the *Benedictus* and the *Agnus Dei*, but in both of these also the interest flags towards the end. To sum up—there is, all through, a taste for counterpoint which is rare among composers, male or female, but there is a lack of melodic charm in the component phrases, which is even rarer. We might perhaps venture to suggest to Miss Smyth the advisability of adopting some definite unit for tempo. She reckons sometimes by crotchets, and sometimes by minims in the oddest way. Thus we have C  $\frac{1}{2}$  = 72 called *Adagio* and shortly afterwards C  $\frac{1}{2}$  = 78 is *Allegro Vivace*. Then C  $\frac{1}{2}$  = 114 is *Adagio* and presently C  $\frac{1}{2}$  = 80 is called *L'istesso movimento*. In one part of the *Credo* there is C  $\frac{1}{2}$  = 76 *Andante* and almost directly C  $\frac{1}{2}$  = 152 *Allegro energico*, which is curious, as they are the same speed.

We have endeavoured to criticize Miss Smyth's Mass on its own merits, and quite apart from the question of its being a woman's work. Alas! we can praise only the conscientious and earnest workmanship; if the composer has *music* in her it must seek a more congenial vent than a Mass. Suppose she were to try next to write something for the masses.

### Reviews Minor.

*Peer Gynt*, Suite No. II. Composed by GRIEG, Op. 55.

[Leipzig: Peters.]

We have always shown such appreciation of Grieg's music that we hope not to be supposed opponents of Grieg, if we for once express ourselves in quite a different vein. It is true that we had to confess little appreciation for the last set of "Lyric Pieces"; but the present publication calls forth stronger disparagement. Grieg seems to be simply abandoning himself to re-printing and re-arranging his older compositions. It is quite a long while since he produced a really new important work. He has in this "Suite" published pianoforte solo arrangements of five old pieces, one of which is actually "Solveig's Song" yet once more! One wants to see a new sonata by Grieg, or a second concerto. Is it the splendid success and popularity of his works all over the world, which has made him lazy? It would seem

that appreciation is a greater danger for a composer than non-appreciation; that a gifted man had better work on in obscurity rather than be renowned and successful. This new (!) work, it is noteworthy, bears the opus-number 55. When a composer reaches such a point, each of his works ought to bear witness to his ever-advancing powers; and no better model could be selected than Beethoven, whose Op. 55 was the *Eroica Symphony*! To those who have little or no knowledge of Grieg's compositions, this Suite (which consists of 1. The Abduction and Ingrid's Lament, 2. Arabian Dance, 3. The Storm at Peer Gynt's return, 4. Solveig's Song, 5. The dance of the mountain-king's daughter) will doubtless prove most interesting; but those who have looked for a new work worthy of his splendid powers will be disappointed. All these five numbers have already appeared (18 years ago) arranged for piano-forte duet, and after being withdrawn are now published as a novelty. It is remarkable that with all this arrangement and re-arrangement the "Peer Gynt" music has never yet been put forth in a complete and collected form. One song, "Peer Gynt's Serenade" is only to be found in the Danish collection of Grieg's songs. Perhaps the composer may be gathering himself up for a mighty effort and meanwhile casting out all his studio-sweepings to the insatiable publishers. We would it might prove so!

*The Private Life of the Great Composers.* By J. F. Rowbotham.

[London, Isbister and Co.]

There would seem to be a demand for books of this kind, for every few years some fresh person rakes over the same stock of biographical anecdotes and hangs them out anew on the rickety clothes-horse of his own construction. We only notice the present exhibition of twelfth-hand articles because it emanates from the pen of a writer of some reputation. Surely, surely, Mr. Rowbotham could find a worthier channel for his abilities than this! To make a fair-sized volume out of the littlenesses, the pettinesses, the sordid details of unhappy artists' miserable lives is not the way to cause art or its votaries to be respected. The deplorable taste for getting behind the scenes, which is fostered by the "society" journalism of to-day should not find an abettor in a man of Mr. Rowbotham's standing. Unhappily, too, there is little compensation offered by the only original part of the book, the criticism of the various composers' achievements. We are told (p. 20), that Beethoven "composed the Ninth Symphony as a testimony to the existence of a God"—that Bach's "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen seyn" (p. 95), "breathes heavenly patience and resignation but without a trace of any desire to combat his affliction"—that (*à propos* of Mendelssohn's popularity in England) our public (p. 167) "places originality above all things,"—that (p. 179) "the harmonies of Chopin will submit themselves to the analysis of no rules,"—that Liszt (p. 227) in the Symphonic Poem, "has achieved the legitimate development of the symphony and the only form in which the symphony, if it is to last, can endure,"—that the famous romance of *Tristan and Yseult*, which some of our greatest poets have not disdained to sing is (p. 329) "fabulous and puerile,"—that *Das Rheingold* (p. 331), "belongs to Wagner's most elaborate period

of style" and that the incidents of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, of which a very incorrect account is given (p. 330 to 336) "follow one another in random and illogical succession. From the elaborate description (p. 176) of Chopin's method of piano practice it would seem that Mr. Rowbotham possesses the ordinary amateur's ideas on this subject and is wholly ignorant of the art of technical study. There is a curious remark, too, on p. 227 about Liszt: "His works have not even yet attained the recognition they deserve, owing to the apparent inability of criticism to shake itself free from popular opinion." What does this mean? We have heard of the inability of popular opinion to shake itself free from criticism, but the converse of this is a novel charge to bring. The chapter on Wagner might almost have been written by Chorley or some other critic of thirty years ago, repeating as it does all the misrepresentations and absurd views concerning the great composer which have long since been disproved. Mr. Rowbotham credits Wagner with the invention of the subjects of his dramas, seeming, (to judge by his comments), never to have heard of the Edda or the story of *Tristan*. His sample given on p. 321 as a specimen of Wagner's poetic powers, is about as unfair as if one were to quote the first scene of *The Tempest* as a specimen of Shakespeare. The preposterous description of "Wagnerianism," on p. 337 is phrased in such hostile language that one is quite unable to conceive why Mr. Rowbotham should have consented to include the much abused Wagner among his "Great Composers" at all.

When folks like Mr. Crowest, compile these scrap-books one takes little notice, but Mr. Rowbotham has the reputation of being a scholar and a musical historian; the waste of his time in writing such a book is even more to be deplored than the waste of his readers' time in perusing, or his critics' in reviewing it.

*Progressive Studies for the Pianoforte.* Collected, Edited, Fingered, and Arranged in Groups by Franklin Taylor.

[Novello and Co.]

If bulk were anything this would be the most important musical work which has appeared in this country for many years. It is a vast compendium of all the best Etudes extant, and embraces not only those well known to pianists, but also a judicious selection of equally valuable studies which have been disinterred from the hecatomb of the second-class composers, besides being supplemented here and there by a few of the editor's own writing. The chief value of the collection is its arrangement into groups under the following headings: Five-finger Exercises, Scales, Broken Chords, Left Hand, Arpeggio, Velocity, Figures in Sequence, Broken Thirds, Sixths and Octaves, Shakes, Double Notes, Octaves, Chords, Staccato, Repetition and Tremolo, Part-playing, Ornaments, Accompanied Melody, Extensions and Skips, Rhythm. There are two or more books of each group, with the studies arranged in progressive order—fifty-two books in all, of which about half are already published. Of course it is not supposed that any student will plod through the entire collection, any more than he would through Cramer or the Gradus, but a selection is to be made according to the particular needs of the pupil. And since the publishers have had the good sense to issue these well-printed books at

the low price of one shilling each, they ought to command a very large sale. Whether they will do so is another matter. Our teachers are all shockingly conservative, and can with difficulty be brought to use anything but the tools they have grown accustomed to. But if Etudes are to be used (and we confess to a certain doubt as to their great utility) surely it is better to get the *Tit-Bits* of all the best writers, Czerny, Loeschorn, Bertini, Köhler, Brenner, Duvernoy, Lemoine, Berens, Schmitt, Döhler, Wolff, Berger, Kalkbrenner, Cramer, Clementi, Moscheles, Chopin, &c., than to confine oneself to one or two of these names. And of the excellence of the selection the editor's name affords a sufficient guarantee.

## A History of the Royal Academy of Music.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from Vol. III. p. 138.)

EVEN with the improvement of the Academy's finance, pecuniary matters seem still to have been in a far from satisfactory state, if we may judge from the following Minute, dated Jan. 26, 1838.

"Lord Burghersh directed that in future the Professors' accounts should be settled three months after each half Year, instead of Six Months as heretofore."

In April of this year Mr. Henry Rowley Bishop was appointed a Professor of Harmony *vice* Mr. Attwood, deceased.

On the 26th of this month an invitation recital of Lord Burghersh's opera *The Torneo* was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, the principal parts being taken by professionals, Mrs. Bishop, Miss F. Wyndham, Signor Ivanoff, and Mr. G. Stretton, while the Academy students filled up the chorus and orchestra. In June the Annual Fancy Ball was given with the splendid result of £1,600 gross receipts, or a net profit of £1,261.

It is worth noting that the father of a female ex-student wrote, about this time, to Lord Burghersh, asking for a remission of a part of the Entrance Fee, "on account of his Daughter's Voice having proved a Failure." Although the young lady had left after two years of Academy training, and sought a more suitable sphere in domestic life, the Committee were infatuated enough to order Five Guineas to be returned. It is to be feared that prosperity was now rendering the Directors extravagant, for on July 31st we find a report from Lord Burghersh on financial matters. The energetic old man overhauled the books of the Institution, and

finding many serious discrepancies and errors in them, at once, on his own authority appointed a proper book-keeper who should look after the Secretary and eliminate the romantic element from his accounts.

In December, 1838, there was trouble in the female department. Mrs. Abbott, the Governess, who, we notice, was always complaining of her Sub-governesses and having them dismissed, was complained against by several of the students for severe and tyrannical conduct. She accordingly resigned, and, at the same time, her Sub., a Mrs. Harris, "whose conduct had been such as could not be approved of." It was "ordered that the documents relating to these transactions be registered and kept ready for reference in case of need," but they have now disappeared. Miss Taylor succeeded Mrs. Abbott.

In his Report of December, 1838,

"Mr. Potter has again to remark that the selection of the Music, though generally good, was in some cases too difficult for the capacities of the Students; this tends to retard their progress instead of advancing it; *viz.*, the works of Beethoven, and Mendelssohn are only suited to *Proficients*;—the Compositions of Clementi, Dussek, Steibelt, Hummel and Moscheles, and even Mozart, are preferable and should precede the first named."

"The Branch of Study in the Academy still the most defective is 'Harmony,' though Mr. Potter has discovered more improvement during this last Half Year.

In February 1839, there is a painful entry in the Minute Book :

"The subject of the trial and condemnation for Forgery of C. S. Packer, an Associate and Honorary Member of the Academy, having been brought before the Committee,—Ordered, that, in pursuance of the 13th Article of the Regulations, the name of C. S. Packer be erased from the Register.

The general expenses, both for tuition and maintenance, now commencing to show a marked increase, and the cost of the public concerts also becoming alarming, an enquiry as to the cause was instituted, but beyond the vague statement that "prices were rising" nothing satisfactory was elicited. This year the Fancy Ball produced £800, which was wisely devoted to paying off a disgraceful accumulation of petty tradesmen's bills, etc. One item in this list (which totals £748) we note, is

"Deficiency on Concert, April 27, £72 12s."

Mr. Casalet resigned the Superintendentship at Midsummer, 1839, but stayed on till Christmas, when he was

succeeded by the Rev. F. W. Vickery. This gentleman was not, however, altogether a success; witness this amusing entry in the Minute Book soon after his appointment.

"Jan. 24, 1840. Mr. Vickery reported that one of the Students, Mr. Goodban,—the Superintendent having refused to white-wash his bedroom—had employed a person to do so at his own expense;—the Committee desire that Mr. Vickery will reprimand Mr. Goodban for that highly indecorous proceeding."

Here we think that the Committee, though naturally wishful to uphold their Superintendent's authority, were distinctly wrong, and that Mr. Goodban deserved praise for his attention to hygiene at a time when so much cholera and typhoid was about.

On the occasion of Queen Victoria's marriage the female students of the Academy sent in a congratulatory address (probably drafted by Lord Burghersh) which is worth quoting as a specimen of the servile manner in which Royalty used to be approached fifty years ago. Respect is one thing but grovelling mock-humility is another.

"Feb. 6, 1840.

"TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

"We, the Female Residents Students of your Majesty's Royal Academy of Music, beg to offer our humble congratulations to your Majesty on your Majesty's approaching Nuptials, which event may God grant as conducive to your Majesty's happiness and welfare as it is hailed with delight by your Majesty's devoted subjects. We, the Members of an Institution existing by and under your Royal Favour, and participating as we do in the National joy on this occasion, beg humbly to approach your Majesty with an earnest prayer, that your Majesty will be pleased to permit us to adopt a bridal favour, as an insignium of your Royal patronage, to be worn on that day when one universal Chorus of Joy will be reverberated throughout your Majesty's Dominions. The slightest token of your Majesty's Royal countenance and favour on that day would render us the proudest as well as the most grateful of your Majesty's subjects, and be treasured up as a Memento of our Queen's benevolence and our Country's joy to the latest period of our lives. That your Majesty's reign may be long over a happy People, and continue as bright and glorious as it has been auspiciously begun, is the prayer of your Majesty's most devoted and loyal subjects:—

(Signed), BESSY RISDON, CAROLINE GRAUGHAN, CHARLOTTE DAVENPORT, EMILY BAKER, CAROLINE GILL, MATILDA DE LUNA, JANETTE E. BELLCHAMBERS, ELLEN MASON, LOUISA MC-KORKELL, EMILY POOLEY, KATE LODER, ELIZA COLE, PAULINE ENGLISH, ANNE SPENCE, MATILDA MASON, MAZZARINA MACREADY."

Shortly afterwards the Prince Consort became a subscriber to the Institution and was goodnatured enough to attend many of the Academy Concerts. A minute analysis of the audience at each one of these is recorded, stating how many paid for admission (not very many), how many were "Director's Orders," "Privileges of Subscribers," etc., the attendance averaging from 450 to 500.

A very typical controversy now demands chronicle, the subject being a sore one even in the present day. One of the fundamental conditions under which students were allowed the benefits of a Royal Academy education was that *at all times* the Institution should have a first claim on their services. Now this stipulation was never, and is never, enforced in such a manner as seriously to interfere with a student's worldly interests, but we regret to say that in the majority of cases pupils have ever sought to evade the slightest compliance with it. The following two letters, the one from a Clarinet player who had been for six years in the Academy and was asked to assist at an Academy Concert, the other Lord Burghersh's crushing reply to him, deserve to be painted up in the hall in letters of gold.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BURGHERSH.

"MY LORD,

"I take the liberty of addressing a letter to your Lordship, in answer to solicitation from Mr. Guinson, by your Lordship's command for my attendance at the next Concert.

"I beg to inform your Lordship, Mr. Vickery some time since requested me to say, if I would attend the next Concert and succeeding Concerts, and as I wished not to make a promise, which I might not be enabled to fulfil, I was obliged to answer in the negative, when he immediately made arrangements for my place to be filled.

"I will presume to acquaint your Lordship, with the cause of my non assenting, and (as far as I am in possession), I believe it to be in common with the rest of the Students; craving your Lordship's pardon for my excess of temerity, being only actuated by a desire, that your Lordship may not consider the conduct of the Students to arise from a feeling opposed to the interests of the Royal Academy of Music, or from a want of the gratitude they should feel for the benefits they have derived from that Institution, on which your Lordship's patronage and influence has been so liberally bestowed.

"Your Lordship will consider, after spending years in ardent and expensive study for a professorship in a science which is to be our only support, on leaving the Royal Academy we enter the world in the midst of established Professors, and we have to depend solely on casual favour, before we can obtain a position of security. If, my Lord, this is

taken into consideration, I trust a remuneration for our time, under these present slender circumstances will not be deemed improper.

"Your Lordship is, I hope, aware that the terms offered to late Students for lessons by the Royal Academy is considerably less than that received by the established Professors. We are thus left unable to subscribe our services as much as our wishes for the prosperity of the Institution would prompt us to do.

"I have taken the liberty of pressing these observations into your Lordship's notice, fearing that, having grown up under your Lordship's kind auspices, I might be considered wanting in a desire for the welfare of an Institution which has contributed so much to the advancement of music, and which must ever consider your Lordship as its Parent.

"I have the honour to be,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obedient and humble servant,

"J. S. BOWLEY."

To this letter Mr. Vickery was instructed by his Lordship to reply as follows:—

"SIR,—I am directed to state that you were not asked to attend the present Concert, and that, therefore, your letter upon that subject must have arisen from some misapprehension.

"With respect to your observations, the Committee, Directors and Subscribers of the Academy have expended their influence, their exertions, and their time and a sum of money now amounting to £40,856 with the sole view of obtaining for you and the other Pupils of the Institute that education, which has placed you in the situation of respectability and profit which you now occupy. The only return, expected by the Society, has been the gratitude and good-feeling of those Pupils, and their desire, when they had attained the completion of their education, to assist the Institution with their talents, thereby enabling it to continue to others the same advantages bestowed on themselves. The payments made by any of the students, as you are well aware, would in no case repay one half of the general expenses incurred for them.

In many instances, the payments would bear no such proportion; and in other cases the whole expense of the education has been borne by the Institution. The engagements, under which you entered the Institution, were, that after your education was completed and you had left the Academy, your services would always be expected when the interests of the Academy were concerned; in return for which also privileges were conferred upon you, and it was in reference to these engagements that your education was afforded you. The Committee took no means of securing this return for the Institution; they trusted to the gratitude and good-feeling of the Students, from whom they have never required or expected that they should relinquish any advantageous engagements, with which their attendance either at the Academy Concert, or upon any other occasions might interfere.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,  
W. F. VICKERY."

(To be continued.)

## What our Old Students are Doing.

DR. MACKENZIE'S "Pibroch" was enthusiastically received at the Hamburg Philharmonic Society's Concert of Feb. 6th. M. Sauret played the Solo part. Dr. Mackenzie's Second Scottish Rhapsody is to be produced at Madrid at an early date.

MISS GRETA WILLIAMS gave an Evening Concert at the Kensington Town Hall on Feb. 7th, assisted by Miss Mary Davies, and Messrs. Edwin Houghton, W. H. Brereton, vocalists; Gerald, Arthur and Herbert Walenn and Septimus Webbe.

THE CLAPHAM PHILHARMONIC CONCERT of Feb. 9th, consisted of a Recital Lecture by Mr. Walter Macfarren, on "The Pianoforte and some Pianoforte Composers."

MISS F. L. FRICKER gave a Pianoforte and Harp Recital (in conjunction with Miss M. Fricker), at the Bow and Bromley Institute on Feb. 12th.

MISS GERTRUDE COLLINS gave a Chamber Concert at the Guildhall, Plymouth, on Jan. 21st. She was assisted by Mdm. Clara Samuell.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY has received a handsome chased silver salver from the Eton College Musical Society.

MESSRS. CURWEN & SONS have just undertaken the publication of a Children's Operetta, by Mr. Cuthbert Nunn.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is preparing a Concert of English Music at Mentone.

THE "Thursday Subscription Concert" at Steinway Hall, of Messrs. William Nicholl, and Septimus Webbe (in conjunction with M. Browne) of Feb. 2nd, was devoted to Schubert. Mdm. Clara Samuell also appeared.

MR. STEWART MACPHERSON'S Noturno was performed by Mr. Stockley's Orchestra on Feb. 2nd, at Birmingham.

MISS ETHEL BARNS made her first appearance on a Birmingham Concert platform on Jan. 26th.

THE WEST HAMPSTEAD Choral and Orchestral Society gave a successful Concert on Jan. 25th, under the Conductanship of Mr. Edward G. Croager.

MR. FRANK HOLLIS gave an Evening Concert at Northampton on the 10th ult. Miss Greta Williams and Mdm. Blanche Powell amongst others assisting him.

A GRACEFUL Pianoforte and Stringed Quartett: "Eight Variations on an original Theme," by Miss Amy Horrocks, was produced at the R.A.M. Student's Chamber Concert of the 27th ult. at St. James's Hall.

MISS LILIAS PRINGLE, Miss Edith Hands and Miss Clara Powell appeared at the City Temple Concert of Feb. 27th.

## Fortnightly Concerts.

PROGRAMME OF JANUARY 28, 1893.

TOCCATA AND FUGUE in G minor—Organ *Bach.*  
Miss KATE A. FIELD.

SONG, "The Brook Sings" *Georg Henschel.*  
Miss LINDA BRYCE.

(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)

PRELUDE AND FUGUE in E minor (Op. 35, No. 1)—  
Pianoforte *Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.*  
Miss ELIZABETH ETHEL SAVAGE.

SONGS { "A Contrast" } *C. Hubert H. Parry.*  
{ "A Spring Song" } Miss GERTRUDE HUGHES.  
(Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS.)

ALLEGRO MA NON TANTO { Quintet for Piano-  
DUMKA—ANDANTE CON MOTTO forte, two Violins, }  
{ Viola and 'Cello } *Anton Dvorák.*

Misses SYBIL H. PALLISER, E. REYNOLDS, GER-  
TRUDE COLLINS, Mr. ARTHUR WALENN, Mr.  
HERBERT WALENN.

RECIT. AND DUET, "To thee, thou glorious son  
of worth" (*Theodora*) *Handel.*

Miss B. E. PEWTRESS, Miss C. TAYLOR.

(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)

RECITATION, "The address to the Citizens"  
(*Philip van Artevelde*) Sir Henry Taylor.

MR. NORMAN ALSTON.

RECIT. ED ARIA, "O Lisbona" (*Don Sebastiani*) Gaetano Donizetti.

MR. TOM JAMES.

(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)

ROMANZA AND TOCCATA (MS.)—Violin  
George B. J. Aitken.

Miss ETHEL BARNS

(Accompanist, Mr. G. B. J. AITKEN.) (Student)  
AIR, "With Verdure Clad" (*The Creation*) Franz Joseph Haydn.

Miss CATHERINE WILLIAMS.

(John Thomas Welsh Scholar.)

(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)

ETUDE, "Automne" (Op. 55) { Pianoforte  
"Toccata" (Op. 39) } Cecile Chaminade.

Miss LILY WEST.

OLD ENGLISH BALLAD, "The Three Ravens"  
Anon.

Miss HETTIE JOHNSON.

(Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS.)

ANDANTE AND RONDO CAPRICCIOSO—Pianoforte  
Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

MR. EARNEST LAYCOCK.\*

PROGRAMME OF FEB. 11, 1893.

PRELUDE AND FUGUE in A minor—Organ  
Johann Sebastian Bach.

Mr. W. H. BELL.

(Sir John Goss Scholar).

"A WINTER'S SONG" (MS.) Maude Wilson.  
Miss ELSIE MACKENZIE.

(Accompanist, Miss MAUDE WILSON.) (Student)  
QUARTET in E flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola,  
and Violoncello Robert Schumann.

Miss MAUDE WILSON, Miss G. COLLINS, Mr. R.  
REVELL, Mr. H. WALENN.

"DIE BEIDEN GRENADIÈRE" Robert Schumann.  
Mr. C. LESLIE WALKER.

(Accompanist, Miss BESSIE WAITE.)

ALLEGRO MOLTO (Sonata in C minor)—Pianoforte  
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Miss M. E. TAYLOR.

SONG, "Winds in the Trees" Arthur Goring Thomas.  
Miss M. E. MILLS.

(Accompanist, Miss GERTRUDE CHANDLER.)

ROMANCE (Op. 41)—Violin ... Max Bruch.

Miss DOROTHEA WALENN.

(Accompanist, Miss SYBIL PALLISER.)

SONG, "When passion's trance" (MS.) W. F. Winckworth.

Miss ELSIE MACKENZIE.

(Accompanist, Mr. W. F. WINCKWORTH.) (Student)

PRELUDE AND FUGUE in B minor. Op. 35—Mendelssohn.

Miss LUCY McDOWALL.

DUET, "La Source" ... Charles Gallois.

Miss BRUCE-JOHNSTON, Miss GAVINE-WOOD.

(Accompanist, Miss KEITH GLEN.)

ALLEGRO (Sonata in E), MS.—Violin and Pianoforte Llewela Davies.

(Macfarren Scholar.)

Miss EDITH REYNOLDS, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.

SCHERZO A CAPRICCIO—Pianoforte

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Miss DRAKE.

## Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE OVERTURE."

DEAR SIR,—George Eliot and Georges Sand were wise in their generation. If a woman wishes to obtain really unprejudiced reviews of her work, she must keep the fact of her sex in the background. This is especially the case with a composer, for as you say, though women have always played and sung, "how many have studied music?" Very few, for, till lately, most people have agreed with Mrs. Malaprop that "thought did not become a young woman;" and parents and guardians are very powerful where a girl is concerned. Therefore, the woman composer has a great deal of very natural prejudice to overcome, and her best plan is to give to the public only her surname and the initial letter of her Christian name. Then she will stand some chance of getting a certain amount of unbiased criticism,—till she is found out. There will always be a few critics who know her personally, and these will allude to her sex in every review, (nobody knows why) and will thus enlighten the others, who will then, with one accord, endeavour to gracefully withdraw from any favourable opinions they may unwittingly have expressed. But by that time, if her work be good, these unenlightened ones will have committed themselves to the statement that she is "a most promising young man" and a credit to English music. I speak of what I know, and can prove. Moreover, it is not only the press who make these little mistakes, but also eminent composers, who act as judges in competitions, and who are wont to rashly conclude that the writers of the three or four best works are men, and to speak of them accordingly. Now these latter, at all events, must know what they are talking about, so I am driven to the conclusion that the weakness of the female hand is only easy of detection when the female name is on the title page.—I am, Sir, Yours very truly,

"NON QUO, SED QUOMODO."

\* With whom this subject is a second study.



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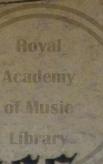
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Fugue in D minor	...	...	...	...	...	...	2 6
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## Foreign Competition.

WE live in a free country: that is a statement so frequently made that we seldom take the trouble to realise what it means and involves. England has for years past committed herself to the extraordinary policy of non-protection, under the infatuated idea that other countries would imitate her. Why should they? Whether in commerce or in art we lay ourselves out to be plundered by all other countries, and feebly expect them to do the same. The natural consequence is that we are rapidly losing all our painfully acquired prosperity, and that England has become the general battlefield where the strongest men of every nation can alone hope to survive. For seventy years we have been striving to regain our long-lost supremacy in the domain of music; for seventy years have we laboured, by means of music-schools and societies of various kinds, to foster a race of strong musicians. The soil was not fruitful at first, but it is becoming more and more so, by judicious cultivation. Yet we are raising a crop of musicians and a legion of musical performers without any thought of what we shall do with them when they are ripe. We have no taste in the land, for opera, and very little for orchestral music, consequently there

is scant room for the hundreds of violinists we are bringing up. The existing mass of first-rate music is so enormous that no one wants new composers; and, although a fresh work is a kind of amusing curiosity to be listened to once in an indulgent mood, it is harder for it to obtain a second hearing than for a rich man's eye to pass through a camel, as Lord Dundreary used to say. All this is disheartening enough; but what chance has the wretched English musician against unrestricted foreign competition? Our composers, to whom it is quite an event, and a heavy pecuniary sacrifice to compose a Symphony, can hardly stand much chance against the Germans, in whose country a decent piece of work will find so many bands ready to play it, that it will pay a publisher to engrave the score and parts. Sterndale Bennett's Symphony and beautiful concertos have never yet been accorded the dignity of print in score. Again, if a conductor should happen to be wanted, he would naturally be sought for in a country where alone he can have served the necessary apprenticeship to his trade. The recent Glasgow appointment which has caused so much clamour, is an instance of this. It is very well for us to declare that an Englishman of equal ability to Herr Weingartner could have been found; but the fact remains that his ability would have had to be taken largely on trust, whereas it is easy to pitch upon a dozen men in Germany who are experienced conductors. A still more unpleasant instance of successful foreign rivalry has just occurred, and for this again our system of non-protection is responsible. Sir Augustus Harris being desirous of engaging a band for a period of eight months, the members of the Italian opera orchestra declined to sign on the grounds that it would interfere with their Festival and other engagements. Upon this, rather than go to the trouble of raking up players from here and

there who would all be unacquainted with the works, he simply sent over to Germany and imported forty experienced bandsmen as easily as you would a box of soldiers. And what is the use of crying Shame! and getting indignant over it? If we are to abide by the existing laws of supply and demand, there is really no valid objection to this lamentable proceeding. A man wants an article, and he has a perfect right to buy it where it is readiest and cheapest. Of course trades-unions form a check to this unpleasant form of competition, but our musicians are far too feeble to think of combining, they are waiting for some strong and disinterested person to arise and undertake their championship. Meanwhile they have received a very serious stab. Every German musician who journeys over to our shores comes to stop, for the simple reason that he can work better and cheaper than nine-tenths of those whom he comes amongst. Not that he has been any better—perhaps not nearly so well—taught, but he has worked harder, learnt better, and is not above his place, as so many of our foolish creatures are. It is with bandsmen as with clerks; their employers want men who will take a pride in their work and not shirk or give trouble. This character is common among Germans, but there is no denying that it is getting rarer and rarer among Englishmen every day. There is a necessary amount of drudgery to be done in the world, and we are all getting too proud to do it, that is the fact. Whether it be agricultural labouring or domestic service, chorus singing or orchestral work, we cannot find many of our fellow countrymen who are content to do it well and zealously. Come now, you young violinists who are being put forth in such numbers by our music schools! We have scolded the vocalists enough; it is your turn to be talked to. Do you think you are all going to be Sarasates and Joachims? Why, the world can only afford to support two or three of that breed at a time. Yet you think that when you can play the Brahms concerto you are fully equipped for the life-and-death struggle with the world. You come forth with your half-dozen solos, which you can play really very charmingly, but you are surprised to find that you cannot live on casual concert engagements; and there you

are—stranded. Meanwhile, the country is yearning for really superior <sup>library</sup> violin teachers, who are few in the land, and if such a thing as a trainer of quartet playing, or an orchestral conductor who is also a practical violinist be wanted we have to send abroad for him. Pianists are a shade better, in that they are always educated with the knowledge that they will have to depend upon teaching for a livelihood, but singers and violinists study only with the idea of “showing off,” they think that they are going to take the world by storm, and when they are disappointed they have nothing to fall back upon. It is all very well to say, that, in order to become distinguished in any one branch, it behoves a man to give his entire time to that particular study; this is all fudge. When, after ten years or so of all-round musical study, a man finds that he is possessed of exceptional talent in one direction, he will do well *then* to make it his chief (but never his sole) study, but few indeed are such individuals; the bulk of us need all the knowledge we can get—of every kind. To bring up a child, as is often done, from its earliest years, with the intention that it shall be a wonderful performer on some instrument, is both cruel and stupid, but a far more prevalent folly is that for which only the vanity and laziness of students themselves are responsible. We are being ruined by foreign competition because we deserve to be. Musical talent is not so abundant in our country that we can afford to lose any of our talented ones. Can anything be done to improve their prospects? No, because they are too proud to drudge. The man who, whatever his talents, will work for small pay or no pay when he can't get good pay is likely to do well; but the man who is not too proud or too one-ideaed to take any kind of work if there is no opening in his own particular line—this is the man who is bound to succeed in life. That is how our American cousins get on so well. If a man falls out of work in one line he can take up another. Are we getting too stupid for this kind of versality? If so we shall certainly fall behind in the race, for as competition grows ever keener each man must be better prepared to seize his chances in whatever form they may come. The race is not to the swift so much as to the quick-witted.

## Passing Notes.

THE Paris *Ménestrel* has a notice of one of the recent Lamoureux concerts which reads like some of those criticisms of behind-the-age fogies which we have reprinted from time to time as *Wisdom of the Ancients*. We thought it was universally known that M. Saint-Saëns adopted the "Symphonic poem" form with its artificial metamorphosis of themes from Liszt, and we also thought that the "Siegfried Idyll" was pretty generally accepted as a marvel of technical skill and thematic development; but hear the opinion of the *Ménestrel* on these points: "Wagner" he says, "was represented by the 'Siegfried Idyll' and our native composer Saint-Saëns by his symphonic poem 'Le Rouet d'Omphale,'" so often heard and always applauded. It is interesting to compare the two styles and the two minds; on the one hand the German hotch-potch, formless and flavourless, passing like a perpetual macaroni, an indigestible and heavy viand for the stomach of the surfeited listener; on the other, a dish both substantial and light at the same time; artistically concocted by a skilful cook and agreeable to the digestion: here, absence of form, vagueness and indecision; there, clearness, harmonious disposition, precision in every detail. It is true that Saint-Saëns has preserved the French spirit, the French characteristics; he has not, like our *fin de siècle* youngsters, yielded to the attractions of the German Circe, expert in metamorphoses, and he remains above all else a national composer." We will forgive the critic all his inept metaphors save this last: the "Circe, expert in metamorphoses" is really the most unhappy simile he could, under the circumstances, have chosen, considering that the piece in question is little else but metamorphosis all through.

THEY have been having some very funny experiments at a place in America called the "Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts." "Professor Gilman, instructor in psychology" played several pieces of music on the piano, and the audience had to write down their impressions. This is criticism for (or by) the million, with a vengeance! We are told that the hapless critics were kept at it from eight p.m. till midnight without intermission. They cer-

tainly ought to have achieved some better results than those recorded—but then we are not told what refreshments were served. A portion of the first movement (the 2nd subject) of Beethoven's sonata in D, op. 28, (called *Pastorale*) for instance, produced such varied impressions as the following. "Joyful contentment—the opera—song—chorus—a jaunt on the cars—Renaissance work—something frivolous: a comic opera—a vague impression of regret—serene confidence—the joyful consent of many—a demand—a bitter disappointment—rocking in a boat on a dancing, sparkling sea"—and finally "The joyful uplifting of an oppressed soul that feels itself released from depths of anguish through faith in a kind heavenly Father."

The writer of this last "impression" is evidently a Comprehensionist—if any of our readers know what that is.

THE impressions of Bach's stately prelude (No. 8 of the 48) in E flat minor were even more curiously divergent, considering the marked character of the piece. Here are a few: "Religious—unsatisfactory—instability—not light enough for *fantastic*, too much matter for the merely negative *disjointed*: whimsical—satisfactory—soothing—heavily monotonous—non-emotional—languor—contentment—the massiveness of a cathedral, with the delicate tracery of the frescoing and pillar ornamentation occasionally revealed by the light. This kind of thing declines to be expressed, except as, say, a seraph's song, a song of one excelling in knowledge."

This last impression is distinctly good; in fact it could hardly be bettered.

A WRITER engaged on several of our contemporaries appears to have smarted severely under some remarks we once made on the unfairness of one man pretending to be five or six independent and infallible critics. In the course of some remarks upon ourselves which do equal credit to his politeness and his imagination, he calls our criticism "a mixture of platitudes and puns." Why not? All truth is open to the charge of platitude, and it is better to be truthful, good friend, than merely smart. But the sneer about puns comes at least oddly from a gentleman

who is nothing if not facetious, and who does not disdain in his next paragraph but one to appropriate without acknowledgement a jest (one of the least worthy) from the columns of the journal he despises.

An important addition to musical journalism is announced, in the shape of a Quarterly Review, the first number of which is to appear at the end of this month. Technical criticism of important new works is, we believe, to be the leading feature. A number of distinguished names are announced as supporting the new scheme, to which we accordingly wish every success.

In 1773 the Hon. Daines Barrington reared linnets under skylarks, woodlarks, and titlarks. In every case the young bird learned the song of its foster-parent instead of its own, and though one of the linnets, reared under a titlark, was afterwards hung for three months in a room filled with linnets, it continued to sing only its acquired titlark song. From all this it is painfully evident that, in spite of the injunctions of the Education Department, these birds sing by ear. The cuckoo, however, is reared by many parents, but always keeps its own song. Evidently it sings by note.

At the Bach Choir concert on the 10th there was a fine performance of the Trauer Ode, but there is no use in mincing matters, the effect of those trumpets is far from beautiful. Antiquarianism has its uses, and is no doubt a good thing, but when it results in such cacophony as this, we begin to remember what we used to write so painfully in our copy-book at school—"Temperance in all things." We did not like to make the confession over our own experiments in Bach revival, but our honest conviction, after all, is that whatever kind of instrument the trumpet of the period may have been, and however skilfully played, the effect of the soaring screaming parts Bach wrote can rarely have been tolerable, and in certain places must have been, then as now, quite detestable.

By the death of Edwin Richards, which occurred on the 9th inst., at the early age

of 35, English violin-making has sustained a loss. Apart from his practical skill as a violin-maker and repairer he possessed much of the traditional knowledge of the violin trade; and as unfortunately the number of persons acquainted with this knowledge is every day becoming less, the loss of such a life carries away much information that is never regained. Although practically self-taught, Mr. Richards was born into an atmosphere of fiddles, and his earliest recollections were of his father's shop and instruments. The father, well known by his soubriquet of "Stoney" Richards, is still living, and it would probably require the pen of a Charles Reade to adequately describe his connection with the violin. A knowledge of English fiddles and of traditions of the English craft was not the least of Mr. Richard's attainments. The subject of this notice had been ill for some time, suffering from a pulmonary complaint; and there is much pathos in his early death, especially as he leaves, unprovided for, a widow and three children. Should any reader of this care to help to get his children into a school or asylum Messrs. W. E. Hill & Sons, of 38, New Bond Street, or Mr. George Hart, of 28, Wardour Street, will be pleased to answer any communication.

### Thomas Wingham.

It is with the deepest sorrow that we have to record the death of Mr. Thomas Wingham, composer, organist and eminent teacher of the piano. Born on Jan. 5, 1846, he commenced his career at the age of ten, as organist of St. Michael's Mission Church, Southwark. In 1863 he entered Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music, and in 1867 came to the Royal Academy, where he studied composition under Sterndale Bennett, and piano under Harold Thomas. In 1871 he was appointed professor of the piano in that institution, a post which he held with the highest credit until his death. In 1882 he was appointed organist to the Brompton Oratory. Among his compositions may be mentioned 4 Symphonies, 6 Overtures, an orchestral Serenade in E $\flat$ , several Masses and Motets, a Te Deum,

an Elegy on the death of Sterndale Bennett and a Pianoforte Concerto. Most of these works have been performed by Mr. Manns, the truest champion of English music we have; but none are published. Mr. Wingham leaves a young wife and hosts of friends to deplore the loss of one of the kindest and truest men that ever breathed.

### In the Interval.

"May I ask" said the Genius "if you have read the volume of Wagner's prose works, translated by Mr. Ashton Ellis?"

"No, sir!" growled the Senior; "I have not—and I don't intend to. In my time composers were content to write their music and leave its appreciation to other people, but in these days of much cry and little wool if a man produces an opera or a symphony he seems to find it necessary to write a ponderous treatise to explain how and why he did it. I have no patience with such stuff."

"I don't quite see how your excellent strictures bear upon Wagner's prose-writings, though," mildly objected the Genius, "nor why you should so strongly object to what you haven't read."

"The insipidity we observe in so many of our neighbours would disappear on a closer acquaintance—as the shark remarked when he snapped at the sailor and missed him." This came from the New Student.

"Haven't read!" exclaimed the Senior. "Why I have had a copy of Wagner's *Oper und Drama* for the last twenty years and have never got beyond the first two pages. I always use it as an infallible soporific."

"That must be like the big book that Captain Cuttle used to read on Sundays" put in the New Student. "Don't you remember? Five lines of it invariably reduced his intellect to such a state of chaos that he never succeeded in discovering of what subject it treated."

"I am really anxious to know" said the Sub-professor, who suffers dreadfully from fits of earnestness, "what is the nature of an *Intermezzo*, and why everybody goes in now for writing it."

"As for what it is" responded the Well-Read One, I must refer you to the recent review of Brahms' *Intermezzi* in *The Overture*. As to why everybody writes it, it is obvious that Mascagni alone is responsible."

"But what is there in common between Schumann's 'Six Intermezzi,' the Intermezzo in Goetz's Symphony, Brahms' pieces and that shockingly unoriginal air of Mascagni's?"

"Ask me another, dear child," answered the Well Read One. "I only know that I had a prelude and fugue for five trombones, the first movement of an ocarina quartet, a fantasia on the 'Men of Harlech' for harp, and an anthem for Whitsuntide refused by the *Musical Times*; I just arranged them for piano and called them Four Intermezzos, and now the publishers are simply besieging me like a pack of ravening wolves, and I am thinking of putting the copyright up for sale by auction at the reserve price of a thousand guineas."

"Strange—if quite true," murmured the New Student.

"I have reason to believe," said the Half-Student "that *The Overture* is not properly appreciated by one section of the Academy students. I allude to those young ladies to whom the Princess Novlette and the Family Herald Supplement form the entire range and scope of literature."

"Are there any such?" asked the Sub-editor incredulously.

"Heaps of 'em, my boy. 'We don't want all that dry stuff about music,' they say. 'Give us a story and we will subscribe to your old paper with pleasure.'"

"'Your old paper' sounds disrespectful, somehow," said the Sub-editor. "Had it been 'your old-established paper' now, how different!"

"Well, can't you give them something in the *Charles Aucchester* line?" persisted the Half-student. "Or, say, after the style of Marie Corelli, when she drags in Sarasate by the heels in order to rave about him."

"There is a certain apologue of Aesop's concerning an old man, his son and their ass," returned the Sub-editor coldly. "We run this paper not to please other people, but to tickle our own vanity. If

'sentiment should happen to be wanted,' as Nanki-poo says, the bookstalls are groaning with it. Tell your depraved fellow-students (in whose existence I refuse to believe) that henceforth we shall be more serious than ever, if that be possible."

"I am sorry I spoke," said the Half-student humbly; "but the poor girls didn't know you know."

"Another terror is added to life," groaned the Genius. "It will soon be worth Messrs. Cook's while to personally conduct parties to some select eastern wilderness, where they may flee away and have four bars rest."

"The flea is never away from any of the wildernesses I have met with in the East," rejoined the Sub-editor, "but what is the latest hitch?"

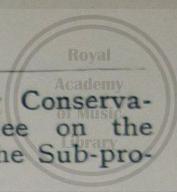
"Why, there is actually a Company formed, calling itself *The Civil Service Musical Instrument Association, Limited*; for the purpose of supplying its members with pianofortes and harmoniums at a subscription of five shillings a month, with immediate possession—there's the villainy of it—thus bringing the instrument of torture within the means of the very humblest."

"There will indeed soon be no place at all like home," condoled the New Student. "Life in a boiler factory would be comparative peace. But how do they ensure the payment of the subscriptions and the non-conversion into whiskey of the unpaid-for music-box?"

"Why, it seems they look after their own much the same as the Hire-system people, only they act more fairly and don't calmly confiscate your already paid instalments. They sell the instrument and pay themselves the sum owing, and then give you the balance—if any."

"Hm! Not a very inviting prospect. A pupil was asking me how he could get a fiddle at the very lowest cost, but I should hardly advise him to go that way to work, as I know he would be irregular in his payments. He has only the wreck of a once good instrument by Hill."

"Better to bear the Hill's he has than fly to others that he knows not of," quoth the irrepressible New Student.

  
Royal  
Academy  
of Music  
Leipzig Conservatorium  
on the  
10th of March," remarked the Sub-professor.

No one exhibited the slightest sign of interest.

"I like these commemorations, and think they help to keep alive the interest in an institution," he went on. "Why don't we do something of the sort at the Academy?"

"We did" responded the Old student. "In spite of the fact that we were in very low water at the time, we celebrated our 50th anniversary in 1873, with mild rejoicings and an Overture written by one of the students."

"Rather a peculiar way of arousing joy and gladness that must have been," sneered the Failure.

"Well, this year is the real Jubilee" persisted the Sub-professor. "The seventieth anniversary of the opening of the Academy. Why is nothing being done to commemorate it?"

"Do you call it nothing," asked the Professor "to get up that operatic performance, that last orchestral concert and that display of 80 fiddles? I think our good works are the best sort of commemoration."

"O, of course; but some little special affair, you know, advertises our success and does no harm."

"Inasmuch as how, for instance?"

"Well, why not reproduce the very first public concert ever given by the Academy, with the programme in facsimile and all the students dressed in the old uniform?"

"You would have to be clever to get our young gentlemen to make frights of themselves in tight pants and blue high-waisted coats with brass buttons, let alone getting the girls to wear frocks of 1823, hair in pigtails and other atrocities. But a little bird has whispered to me that some sort of commemoration of the kind—only far more interesting—is in contemplation next term 'after the opera's over.'"

"I am glad to hear it" quoth the Sub-professor.

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"TELL me, ye learned, shall we forever be adding so much to the bulk—so little to the stock? Shall we for ever make new books, like apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?"—STERNE.

## Musical Fallacies.

### No. 2. THE COMPOSER'S MEANING.

I HAVE a fancy for book-hunting, and chatting with the old bookstall-keepers, among whom I have many friends. The younger men are a degenerate race who keep books to sell. The older race kept them because they loved them ; and it was often quite a wrench to part with them. The other day I had been listening to the rehearsal for the Symphony Concert, and had sat just in front of a superior young man, with eye-glasses and a drawl, who poured scorn on Henschel to two admiring girls, for his failure to understand "the composer's meaning." The phrase recurred so often that I grew quite weary of it, and fell a-dreaming on the possibility of some art of divination, to discover the author in his work. The rehearsal over I awoke, got some lunch at an A.B.C. and set out on a book-ramble.

I visited several stalls without finding anything of special interest, and at last turned into Mr. Blake's shop. He is a gaunt old man with almost white hair and black eye-brows ; he is clean-shaven and dresses always in black, even wearing a black ribbon to his watch which he carries in a fob. He told me he had a treasure to shew me, a first edition of Microcosmus, a mystical work of divination—very rare, if not unique. He would not bring it into the shop, but asked me to go inside to see it. Just as we reached the inner door someone hurriedly entered from the street, dressed in rusty black ; but the chief thing I noticed about him was that his eyes were of a depth and piercing quality I never saw in anyone else. He shouted out, "Oh Blake, Blake, have you still got it ? I claim it ; it's my purchase." Mr. Blake took me forward and introduced me, saying that he was just about to shew it to me—there was no question as to what "it" was—and would he come too. He replied courteously that of course in that case the first right was mine, but it was with such evident constraint upon himself, that I hastened to set his mind at rest, saying that I expected it would be too expensive for me, and, in fact, was not thinking of buying. His soul came back into his face, and we went into Blake's sanctum to view the treasure, which he brought out from the depths of a safe,

his long lean hands caressing it tenderly as if it had been a child. He took an opportunity of whispering to me that this was a man worth knowing, one deeply read in mysticism and divination, and we fell to admiring the volume, which ultimately, though sorely against Blake's will, who wanted to keep possession a little longer, changed hands for £70.

The stranger's talk was fascinating, He spoke with pity, tinged with contempt, of us poor matter-of-fact people who only see what is before our noses. Kabbalistic lore flowed from him, and seemed to become real before one's eyes ; and when the phrases "the hidden meaning," "the seer's intention," "the arcana," and so on, fell from him, I thought with some amusement of the drawling youth and his audience of admiring girls. He seemed to consider himself under an obligation to me for resigning my right in the book to him, unable apparently to understand that I could have looked at it without buying it ; and, asking me to go with him to see some of his own treasures, we left the shop together. As we turned away he said, "I can see you are yourself quite an infidel—Confess, now, you don't half believe in the Kabbala."

" You are quite right," I replied—" While I feel impelled to get behind the form, where more seems to be meant than meets the ear, I am by no means of those who are always seeking hidden and sinister meanings in the most innocent phrases; who shudder at the nefarious arcana lurking behind the historic 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan,' or who tremble at the villainy concealed in the words 'chops and tomato-sauce.'"

" Ah ! you assume to be more of a scoffer than you really are," he said, " my powers of divination, you see, will carry me as far as that."

" Well," I replied, " you'll admit it wasn't a very hard case ; but seriously, I am a good deal bored by the cant about 'the composer's meaning,' that goes on in musical circles ; I was plagued with it this morning beyond endurance, and perhaps that has set my bristles up. I used once to worry over the etching of Burne-Jones' 'Golden Stairs,' because I could not make out its 'inner significance' ; the other day I saw the original, and it was clear to me, at once, that I had been seeking what did not exist. 'The

composer's meaning' there, is simply what you see—the exquisite arrangement of perfect forms and curves, hands, feet, limbs, draperies."

"True," he said, "This miracle of all outward loveliness, the human frame, (the male as much as the female, if only people could see it), is in this case sufficient: but it is an unlucky shot of yours, for you must own that to the human original there is distinctly a 'composer's meaning,' or the man is but a galvanised corpse—but here we are—come in!"

He opened the door of a large, quiet-looking house as he spoke, and we entered. The hall was lined with books from floor to ceiling, and was almost dark, a swinging lamp on the stairs shedding a feeble light that only increased the gloom. We went up into a large room; there were book-cases all round to a height of about five feet, and, on them, statuettes and oriental curiosities of all sorts. In a recess was a fine copy of the *Beata Beatrix*, and on an ivory table before it a lambent blue flame burnt in a curiously wrought gold lamp, having a cup in which lay a beryl-stone. A piano, painted with the *Orpheus*-myth, was standing open, and on it was the "Moonlight."

"See here," I said, "I have often been struck with this when I have heard people talk so glibly about 'the composer's meaning.' How many of the most initiated Mahatmas have *schwärmed* over this work—the delicate ripples of the lake in the silver beams, the sighing of the dark trees, and all the rest of it! And behold, the fairy Disillusion touches the airy fabric with her wand and it vanishes like a breath. The name is a fancy-name, and Beethoven meant nothing of the sort."

"Well," he said, "it is a love-song at any rate. To tell you the truth I was thinking of trying it with the beryl; will you?"

"No thank you," I broke in, "I would rather not; that sort of thing leads one a sad *ignis fatuus* dance!"

"Well, well, you would certainly see nothing, then. But many musical works, not to speak of poems, are certainly vehicles of hidden ideas. What of the C minor? Beethoven's phrase 'So Fate knocks at the door,' is at once its key and my warrant."

"It is always a question," I said, "whether some even of those works which avowedly have inner meanings, did not receive them after their birth. Composers

and poets have always a tendency, in thinking over their works, to read their after-thoughts into them, and at last believe that they wrote with those ideas clearly present to their minds. Beethoven may have done so in this case."

"It is fairly the meaning of the work, nevertheless," he said, "whether he were conscious of it or not. The famous introduction to Mozart's Quartet in C, is, I think, also an expression of his sense of the inscrutable ways of Fate, and produces much the same impression on me as the '*Oedipus*,' or the '*Schicksalslied*: ' but I think it very unlikely that he knew exactly what it meant. It was the feeling of his soul, but not, probably, formulated in words."

"Well," I said, "I resent the assumption of these Esoteric Minstrels, and comfort myself with the notion that where I can see no mystical arcana their fancy is all moonshine. I think it's usually safe to suppose that the 'composer's intention' consists in the sound produced by the notes written. It is only very few who ever get beyond that, and a good thing too—we all know what novels with a purpose are like. It takes a very big man indeed to write, paint, or come with a hidden meaning and not be a bore; when the smaller men do it they are usually so proud of the achievement that they proclaim the meaning from every steeple, point it out in every program (sad nonsense it usually is) and altogether worry and cluck over it like the proverbial hen. The smelling after these truffles may be an exciting pastime, but it sometimes leads even sensibly and well-disposed people into the most extravagant absurdities—and truffles don't grow by every tree. How any sane man could take the *Song of Songs*, with its lovely, though very sensuous imagery, for esoteric writing passes me. How any one could take such lines as these from Shakspeare's sonnets:—

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,  
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;  
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;  
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort—  
  
as addressed to 'The Poetic Art' is  
beyond me altogether. 'Why, this is very  
Midsummer Madness.'"

Here, however, the talk drifted away into other matters, and I spent the rest of the day wandering with him into many curious bye-ways of speculation, only

reaching home late. As I strolled along a few choice spirits of the great democracy—with concertinas, passed me, shouting “The man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo!” at the top of their voices; and I thought to myself “I wonder now what was ‘the composer’s intention’ when he wrote that.” The answer came pat, and, like all true answers, is of wider application than appears at first sight—*L. s. d.*

### Songs of the Century.

#### No. II. PROFESSOR JONES.

Professor Jones was very old,  
I’m told

His lessons once were paid in gold;  
But fashions change and hands grow stiff,  
Young people at old fogies sniff;  
He who once mounted Royal back stairs  
Has done with life, but no one cares.  
And we bury him to-morrow, to-morrow

Ah, sorrow!

The funeral’s to-morrow.

Behold his pile of manuscript!  
Unripped

The binding and of cover stripp’d.  
The buttermen refuses it,  
For every purpose ’tis unfit,  
'Twas never read, 'twill ne'er be played,  
'Twill burn but badly, I'm afraid,  
So I'll bury it to-morrow, to-morrow

Ah, sorrow!

The funeral’s to-morrow.

He owned a tabby Thomas cat;  
So fat

Was he, he scorned to catch a rat,  
But stood all night upon a wall  
And yowled like a professional.  
But on the day his master died  
I bought a dose of cyanide,  
And we bury him to-morrow, to-morrow,

Ah, sorrow!

The funeral’s to-morrow.

I'm the professor's legatee;  
To me

He left his only pupil. She  
Had never learned a scale or shake,  
Nor played two bars without mistake.  
She murdered tune, she murdered time;  
I've saved her, though, from further crime  
And we bury her to-morrow, to-morrow,

Ah, sorrow!

The funeral’s to-morrow.

### Reviews—Major.

*The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, By Robert Browning. Set to Music for Tenor and Bass Soli, Chorus and Orchestra, by Richard H. Walthew.

[London: Novello, Ewer & Co.]

This work, the composition of a young musician who is still, we understand, a pupil of the Royal College of Music, shows really remarkable firmness of hand and command of resource, for one whose experience is (presumably) so small. It is not every composer who would care to attempt the setting of so grotesque and unlyrical a poem as *The Pied Piper*, and there are certainly not many to whom the whimsical humour of the words would be anything but a discouragement. Mr. Walthew, however, takes as his motto, “Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold!” and his temerity is deservedly successful. That his power of melodic invention will yet develope and ripen we sincerely hope, and we would earnestly recommend him to strive for improvement in this matter, which most students believe to be “a gift” and consequently neglect. If harmony, rhythm, and instrumentation have their technique, which must be learned, why not melody? Beyond the slight dryness of the phrases at which our remarks point, Mr. Walthew’s music is irreproachable. It is vigorous, lively, dramatic, and above all, distinctly humorous. The motive of the piper

*Allegro.*

the little *fugato* passage where the Town Council consult and shake their heads

and the chorus, “Into the street the Piper stept” shew this latter quality in a very marked manner. The work has already been successfully performed by the Highbury Philharmonic Society, and we trust that it will enjoy a wide popularity. Also

that its composer may not have his head turned by a first success, but may strive to become, as he promises, a real ornament to his profession.

*Musical Bibliography.* A Catalogue of the Musical Works (Historical, Theoretical, Polemical, etc.), published in England during the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, chronologically arranged, with notes and observations on the principal works, by Andrew Deakin.

[Birmingham : Stockley & Sabin.]

A leading Birmingham musician has, by this compilation, laid all students under considerable obligation. There are, however, certain features to which we must take objection, and we will first clear these away.

To begin with, the title is somewhat misleading. By the term "Musical Bibliography" one would naturally understand a detailed list of musical compositions, such as Eitner's elaborate work, or Goovaerts's, or Rimbault's "Bibliotheca Madrigaliana." Instead of music, however, books about music are the subject of the work. It is true that our terminology is so vague that "musical works" may mean either Beethoven's symphonies or the lucubrations of Mr. Haweis and Mr. Crowest ; that there is no convenient term for books relating to music. It would, therefore, be difficult to suggest a better title. But, having once set about the task of cataloguing the English books relating to music, Mr. Deakin need not, we think, have inserted (quite occasionally and capriciously) certain collections of music. We should very much have preferred a systematic catalogue of *all* the music published up to a certain date, say 1700 ; but Mr. Deakin has only selected some, here and there, without any definite method, and they seem quite out of place. The introduction of many large and small works upon related subjects (such as the theatre, and dancing), is perfectly justified by their influence upon music. Again, Mr. Deakin inserts an essay upon the state of music in England before and during the 15th century ; and this essay is in places both defective and inaccurate. All the recent discoveries in musical history are apparently unknown to Mr. Deakin ; and one may be quite certain that he has never opened Haberl's "Bausteine

für Musikgeschichte," where the priority of England in the invention of polyphony is definitely proved. Even the publications of Coussemaker seem unknown to him, for he speaks of the early English theoretical works as mostly lost, or still in manuscript. And his account of the later periods is questionable. Here is a specimen: "During the ruling of the Stuarts the art of music was debased as it had never been before. The heads of the Commonwealth found it and left it in its low estate. The restorers of monarchy sought the revival of excellence by adding glitter to corruption. Through many changes, and threatenings of destruction, music maintained a more or less miserable existence." Surely the great number of gifted composers who flourished "during the ruling of the Stuarts," beginning with the later madrigalian composers, Orlando Gibbons, etc., and finishing with Purcell, is a sufficient contradiction to this extraordinary statement of Mr. Deakin's.

However, we have now finished our faultfinding, which extends only to details. Coming to the praise, we can distribute with full hand. All students of English music should at once obtain this book ; as it is the first attempt to bring together the titles of the long succession of writings dealing with musical subjects, and will be a veritable boon to future investigators. It is nicely printed and has an attractive appearance, and though only 200 copies were struck off, costs only 3s. 6d. However well-read a musician may be, he will, we doubt not, continually find something fresh in this list of works, some book or tract whose title reads suggestively interesting, and promises to throw more light on the period when it was published. It is true that many of the earlier works are known to us only by entries in the Stationer's Registers, and were either not printed, or have been lost, but in the Georgian era the number of treatises, "observations," "remarks" etc., is very great, and most will repay perusal. The amount of sound common sense, practical experience and cultivated taste displayed in essays of the 18th century is very remarkable, as literary students know ; and though none of the great writers, from Addison onwards, were very musical, (Arbuthnot, Goldsmith and Cowper were the most gifted in that

respect), yet the good qualities of the century are not missing in the many essays and pamphlets upon music.

The labour of preparing this list must have been immense; and English musicians will ever owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Deakin for it. How far it is correct we are unable to say; to copy out quotations correctly seems almost beyond the power of mortal man, and we have no doubt Mr. Deakin shares human weaknesses. A fresh edition should, we suggest, contain the following improvements. The introductory essay should be revised in accordance with the discoveries of the last half century; collections of music should be systematically inserted or systematically omitted; it should be stated if works are unknown: and if they are unique, or scarce, it should be stated where they are preserved. Mr. Deakin in his preface invites corrections or additions; and if he be properly assisted by other musicians, a really exhaustive Musical Bibliography may be constructed. He deserves the highest credit for being the first to attack such a task.

## Reviews Minor.

ARABESQUE, Op. 61, LES SYLVAINS, Air de Ballet, Op. 60, STUDIO, Op. 66, LA MORENA, Caprice Espagnole, Op. 67, Pianoforte pieces by C. Chaminade.

[Enoch : Paris and London.]

These latest efforts of Mdlle. Chaminade's agile pen shew as much grace and taste as anything she has before achieved, but it would be untrue to assert that they shew any advance. In point of fact, perhaps from familiarity with her methods, we perceive here more clearly than ever an extreme flimsiness and meagreness which used to be less apparent in Mdlle. Chaminade's writing than in most drawing-room composers'. We own to a certain feeling of disappointment, bright and dainty as these trifles are. The composer, however, may justly point out that she can get a handsome price and universal popularity for sixteen bars of airy nothings, spread out, by the arts of which she is a perfect mistress, into a piece of six or eight pages, whereas another Trio or set of concert studies means wholly unremunerative labour. We can only "answer with a sigh: Excelsior!" Leaving generalities, we venture to think that the only addition to our composer's reputation will be made by the piece called "La Morena." This is intended to be played (like most of her pieces) with a great deal of *rubato*, to indicate which Mdlle. Chaminade has adopted a new device in notation, the hurrying being indicated by a straight line and

the slackening by a wavy line. This is somewhat akin to the plan suggested by Mr. Matthay some time since in our columns.

IRISH SONGS AND BALLADS. The Words by Alfred P. Graves, the Music arranged by C. Villiers Stanford.

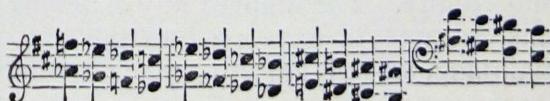
[London: Novello, Ewer & Co.]

Few indeed are the really satisfactory collections of Folk-songs. Either the assemblage is undertaken from an antiquarian or from a literary point of view, the consequence being that the music usually comes off second-best. In some collections—such as Baring Gould's Songs of the West—the tunes suffer from unskilful harmonisation; in most, little pains is taken to get the most correct version and point out variants. The present volume however, does not profess to be complete or authoritative, or anything but a modernized version of some thirty charming and little known tunes, with new and excellent words and musicianly accompaniments. We hardly know whose share of the work to praise the most: if Mr. Graves has written, in "The roving pedlar," "The darling," "The Kilkenny cats," and "Chieftain of Tyrconnel," lyrics of rare elegance and power Dr. Stanford has, in "The Hush Song," "Bright love of my heart," and "The song of the ghost," exhibited more skill and taste in the writing of his accompaniments than we ever remember to have seen displayed in this class of work. One would think that such a song as "The roving pedlar" would be a godsend to our public vocalists—but it is as hard to get a new song into these good folk's repertory as into the heads of their audiences.

*Compositions by Nicolo Tesori. Intermezzo for Piano.*

[Hull, James Archibald.]

We have enormous quantities of second and third rate music sent us for review, but what earthly good can it do to waste pen and ink upon them? Two classes of works only claim admittance to "Reviews—minor,"—unambitious works of genuine merit and ambitious works of intolerable badness. To the latter class belongs the production—we cannot call it a composition—now before us. The publisher, appears, good soul, to have rushed at anything under the title of "Intermezzo," and has actually issued a special advertisement announcing that he has "made arrangements with the talented young composer, Nicolò Tesòri" (pray observe the accents, master printer!) "for the sole publication of his compositions in England. About the composers' nationality we have our own opinion, but concerning his absolute ignorance of everything connected with the art of writing music there can be no question. This preposterous affair begins in the key of B minor, and wanders aimlessly about until it finishes up in A flat major, whereupon ensues the following simple rectification of the little oversight:



followed by two bars of F sharp chord, and there you are, don't you know. The publisher says, "It is believed that the original and interesting character of these pieces will secure for them a wide hearing; they will also be found exceedingly useful for teaching purposes. As a curiosity this specimen may perhaps find a certain sale, but whatever its value for teaching purposes—or porpoises—can be, passes all conjecture."

### A Wrinkle for Operatic Composers.

[This article, which appeared in the *Musik-alisches Wochenblatt* some 18 years ago as a satire on the Rubinstein biblical opera, is worthy of reproduction, if only as a rare specimen of humour in German musical journalism. Our translation is a very free one.—ED. OV.]

THE complaints of operatic composers about the dearth of good librettos are as old as the institution of opera itself. If we are to believe all we hear, there are scores of composers ready to produce their scores of operas, but only waiting for really interesting subjects. Very well, gentlemen! An old professional myself, I have cudgelled my brains how to help you in your emergency, and here offer you the fruits of my cogitation. And all free, gratis, for nothing! Out with your pens and paper, gentlemen, for it shall not be my fault if the "Huguenots" of the future remain unwritten.

But my rare disinterestedness awakes your misgivings, does it not? You scent beneath it an impracticable idealism and the cobwebs of so-called "higher culture," something "utter and supreme," so dear to æsthetic hearts and so boring to our worthy public. Nay, have no fears! An old hand like I, knows very well that high art, beautiful as it may be, doesn't *pay*: it brings no applause, no full houses, no treasury, no percentage to the composer. No, no! we must be practical, eminently practical, if we want to succeed. Perhaps we can afford a little corner for high art to stand in, why not? but first we must attend to practical considerations; the rest will take care of itself.

Starting with this idea I undertook to discover what requirements are necessary in an opera libretto in order to enthrall the public and give the composer every opportunity. The simplest way of finding this out was to examine into the complaints made by the unfortunate composers, for they one and all ascribe their failure

to the badness of the book, and the critics even are unanimous in this one point. Never yet did an opera make a fiasco but the librettist had to bear the entire blame. Where then lie these serious defects in our modern operatic books which not even the greatest musical genius can surmount?

I discovered the following facts:

A great deal of the grumbling over our modern operatic attempts arises from the increasing scarcity of tenors. What is the use, wails the composer, of writing lovely tenor parts if there is nobody who can sing them? Assuredly it will not do to simply write for baritones instead, à la Ambroise Thomas; the public quickly perceives that it is done out of an important part; you can't write for two leading baritones either, so instead of the usual leading tenor and leading baritone you only get the one. That is dubious.

No, if you cut out the tenor you must have instead some other musical attraction which shall be able to make as much impression as that. And here lies the librettist's first problem.

Next we have to remember that the public, debauched by the gorgeous modern style of instrumentation and also by the clamorous sounds of military bands, can never have enough of instrumental effects. But here the poor composer is in a sad dilemma. If he gets a libretto of such a nature that exuberant instrumentation seems not out of place, and if he crams his orchestra with Tubas, English Horns, Saxophones and Gongs, till it overflows into the stalls, then the black-hearted critic comes along and cries shame upon the accursed claptrap effects, until the public (which in its heart found the music really to its taste), is led to believe that the music is all wrong; for which of us dares to say he was pleased with a work when the arbiters of taste have decreed otherwise?

Then, on the other hand, if the composer abjures the seductions of modern art and satisfies even the most rigid purists by his chaste abstention from all the sinful valve-instruments, what will the public say? It will discontentedly turn its back on him, and rather than be bereft of its beloved cornets and drums, will prefer to go and see the guard turn out of barracks.

What are we to do, then? There is

only one way of escape from this dilemma; we must invent a plot which demands all the resources of orchestration both as regards ensemble and solo-effects. There you are!

Finally, it is also necessary to give the public brilliant scenic effects: at the very least we must dish up old successes in this line, but it were better to invent new ones. A really original idea in this direction combined with practicability—aye, that is what it behoves us to discover if we want to ensure the success of our opera.

I am now prepared, I think, to contribute as much of my share in such a success as a mere librettist may, and without further preface invite your attention to the following sketch which entirely fulfils all the above conditions. I call it

## THE TROMBONES OF JERICHO.

GRAND HEROIC OPERA IN FOUR ACTS.

Before we go into particulars, I would ask you to draw back and survey this title from a distance . . . now how does it strike you? Doesn't it suggest large pictorial "posters" and show-cards in the music-shops? How naturally it will read in a concert programme "Overture: The Trombones of Jericho," "The popular Intermezzo from the opera, etc."; why, the very name conjures up Fantasias by Kuhe and Sydney Smith, while only think of the extra royalties on all possible and impossible arrangements! But all this by the way: let us now give our attention to the scenario of the work.

ACT I. Camp of the Israelites before the walls of Jericho. Night. Camp fires are burning; in the distance is heard the monotonous chant of the sentries; the moon is just setting. From a tent steal forth *Miriam*, Joshua's daughter (light soprano) and *Koschru*, a young chieftain of the beleaguered city (baritone). Impelled by his love for *Miriam* he has stolen into the hostile camp. (Arioso: "Impending death I do not fear, nor Israel's hostile sword and spear.") The blissful night of love has passed; Duet: "I must away—thou must not stay—Beloved, fly!—Farewell for aye!" At the last cadence there suddenly dashes on from the O.P. side *Jubal*, a young Levite. *Koschru* draws his sword, *Jubal* snatches it from him and is

about to kill the spy, but can only threaten in pantomime, for *Jubal* is dumb. He has only one other means of making himself understood,—his trombone; for he belongs to that tribe of priests whose music accompanies religious and military service (see Exodus xxv. 9-19, Josh. vi. 4 and 5). For the present he makes no use of his instrument. *Miriam* rushes between the two, declaring that *Koschru* is no spy and has only come hither for her sake—in vain! *Jubal* raises the sword for a mighty stroke and *Koschru* prepares for death:

"Farewell thou world of love and joy,  
And *Miriam* dear, to thee.  
Farewell to her who hope doth buoy,  
My sister *Zanemi*!"

*Zanemi*! At this name *Jubal* drops the sword. Shall he then slay *Zanemi*'s brother—one whom *she* loves? No, no, it must not, cannot be. Seizing the favourable moment *Koschru* swears never to reveal anything he has discovered in the Israelite camp and *Jubal* suffers him to depart. Then he seizes his trombone and blows the morning summons; other trombones answer from different parts of the camp. Sunrise chorus; enter *Joshua* (venerable priest—*basso profundo*) his solo; morning prayer with chorus. Day dawns with operatic promptitude; sun rises (yellow slide to your lime lights), procession; tableau; warlike finale: "For Jehovah, Israel's Lord, will victory afford! To arms! To arms!"

ACT II. Interior of *Koschru*'s house at Jericho. A female chorus for the opening of a second act being *de rigueur* we must have his sister *Zanemi* (dramatic soprano) with her attendants, or companions of some sort, lamenting the absence of their lovers in the battle: solo and chorus. *Koschru* enters, the chorus go off, their song dying away in the distance. *Koschru* reveals to *Zanemi* his love for *Miriam* and expresses fears for her future; if the Israelites are defeated may she not in the confusion fall a prey to some villain? *Zanemi* reminds him of the other side of the question, Jericho may be taken and he himself be killed. "O guard thee for thy sister's sake" with violoncello solo. *Koschru* is indignant: patriotism; *Allegro marziale*; *Zanemi* warns him to remember the old prophecy ("I prithee tell it me") that not by force of hostile arm Shall Jericho be brought to harm But when the

seven Winds of Heaven In sweetest harmony unite Then perishes the stronghold's might. *Koschru* derides the prediction; duet: exeunt both. From behind the tapestry steals forth *Jubal*: he has overheard all! *Zanemi* has formerly shewn him this secret entrance by which he has come. She now re-enters; grand duet for Soprano and Trombone, which towards the end swells to such a *fortissimo* as to be overheard by *Koschru*, who returns. Trio for Soprano, Baritone and Trombone. *Koschru* recognises *Jubal*, remembers that he owes him his life and repays the obligation in kind. Farewell cavatina for Trombone (this is the popular number of the opera and will be published, with words, in three keys; also arranged for violin, harp and organ, etc.), *stretto* of the *terzetto*; exit *Jubal*. *Miriam* mourns; consolatory chorus of convenient maidens who always turn up in the nick of time for this sort of thing; *Koschru* sweetly singing underneath " Yet holds thy heart one other, Thy ever loving brother" and the chorus finishes with a beautiful *pianissimo* as the curtain slowly descends.

Act III. Tent of *Joshua*. His aria (may be transposed a tone higher for *basso cantante*) anxiety for the result of the siege, love for his people. *Jubal* enters and gives him tablets on which he has written the prophecy concerning the fall of Jericho which he has overheard. (Prophecy motive with its weird harmony and foreshadowing of the ensemble in the next act very prominent here.) *Leah*, *Joshua*'s sister (a small contralto part this), who is a woman skilled in mystic arts, is called and interprets this to mean that if the seven-year-jubilee trombones unite their blasts in harmony the walls of the city will fall down. *Joshua* bids *Jubal* summon the priests and elders with his instrument, and communicates to them the prophecy and its explanation. Stormy debate and final conclusion to make the attempt. Prayer and promise exacted by *Jubal* that in case of success he may be granted three requests; the elders consent. General oath—tremendous melody in unison.

(This act you will observe, is nearly all for male voices, contrasting nicely with the previous one. But as it is sure to be found a trifle heavy, here will be the place to turn on your *Intermezzo*, founded on the melody of *Jubal*'s trombone solo. This is a dead encore and will restore the

spirits of the audience, besides giving time to prepare the heavy "set" for the next scene. You see I have neglected nothing.)

(To be Continued.)

## What our Old Students are Doing.

MESSRS. JOSEPH WILLIAMS have just published a set of "Six pieces for Pianoforte" by Miss Amy E. Horrocks. They consist of: a Boat-song, Minuet, Romana Spinning Song, Waltz and Mazurka. They are marked Op. 14.

M. AUGUSTE PELLUET has been appointed professor of the French language at the Academy.

AMONGST the names of our "old students" to appear at the Norwich Festival in October we find Mr. J. E. German's, whose Symphony is to be produced; and, as singers those of Mdmes. Helen Trust and Marian McKenzie, and Messrs. Ben Davies and Bantock Pierpoint.

MESSRS. BREITKOPF AND HÄRTEL have just published Mr. Arthur Hinton's Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte.

MISS EDITH PURVIS gave a Pianoforte Recital at St. Peter's Hall, Brockley, on the 2nd ult. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, Miss K. Richardson and Mr. Philip Brozel each sang twice and Miss Lilian Pringle acted as accompanist.

SOME songs by Dr. G. J. Bennett, were sung at the Monday Popular Concert of Feb. 27th.

MR. EDWIN HOUGHTON has lately been singing with success at Gloucester and Manchester.

MR. A. W. DACE played some Piano solos at the Albert Hall, Edinburgh, on the 24th of February.

MISS ETHEL BARNARD gave a Concert for the Royal Hospital for Incurables, at Putney, on March the 4th.

MESSRS. RUDALL, CARTE & CO. have just published a Pastorale and Bourée for Wind Instruments by J. E. German.

A NUMBER of Royal Academicians appeared at the Winchmore Hill Popular Entertainment of March the 8th—Miss Helen Saunders and Miss Florence Bethell amongst the singers; Mr. Percy Elliott (who played, amongst other Violin Solos, a Meditation of Mr. Lane-Wilson's), and Miss Ada Burt, who, besides acting as accompanist, played some Piano solos by Chaminade and Mendelssohn.

MR. ARTHUR BARLOW has taken the position of principal Bass at the Foundling Hospital.

THE CLAPHAM PHILHARMONIC CONCERT of March 9th, under Mr. Walter Mackway's conductorship, consisted of Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, a Quartet and

Chorus from Dr. Mackenzie's Dream of Jubal, and a selection from G. A. Macfarren's St. John the Baptist.

MR. FRYE PARKER played the Romanza in A minor from Max Bruch's Violin Concerto, at the Westminster Orchestral Society's Concert of March 15th, Mr. Stewart Macpherson conducted.

MISS SUZETTA FENN, appeared at the Annual Irish Ballad Concert of March 17th, at St. James Hall.

MISS ELEANOR REES and Miss Cecilia Gates, appeared at the Bow and Bromley Recital of the 18th ult.

MR. TOBIAS A. MATTHAY'S R.A.M. class had a "Meeting" by kind permission of Messrs. Bechstein at 40, Wigmore Street, on March 16th.

THE following is a list of the ASSOCIATES elected at the Directors meeting of March 16th:— Miss Florence K. S. Brown, Mr. H. Stanley Hawley, Miss Grace M. W. Henshaw, Mr. Frank Hollis, Miss Hannah Jones, Mr. Ellis Kelsey, Miss Edith E. Mann, Miss Dora Matthay, Mr. E. Cuthbert Nunn, Miss Ada Tunks.

## Scholarship News.

THE competition at the Royal Academy of Music for the Santley prize took place on the 18th ult. The examiners were:—Messrs. Waddington Cooke, Ernest Ford, and Fountain Meen (Chairman). There were 8 candidates, and the prize was awarded to Stanislaus Szczepanowski. The examiners highly commended G. F. Wrigley.

THE competition for the Llewelyn Thomas Gold Medal (contraltos), took place on the 23rd ult. The examiners were Miss Marian Mackenzie and Messrs. David Bispham and R. Watkin Mills (chairman). There were 17 candidates and the prize was awarded to Mary Thomas. The examiners commended Edith Hands and Vena Galbraith.

THE competition for the Evill Prize (Basses), took place on the same day and with the same examiners. There were 9 candidates and the prize was awarded to Tom James, Arthur Appleby being commended.

THE competition for the Louisa Hopkins Prize (female pianists), took place on the 27th ult. The examiners were Miss Clynton Fynes and Messrs. Leonard Borwick and Wilhelm Ganz, (chairman). There were 31 candidates and the prize was awarded to Ida Betts (Liszt Scholar), Jessie Davies and Lavinia Powell being highly commended.

THE Robert Cocks Prize (male pianists, prize-holders excluded) took place on the same day. The examiners were Miss Dora Bright and Messrs. C. Gardner and A. Gilbert (chairman). There were 6 candidates and the prize was awarded to Harold E. Macpherson, G. B. J. Aitken being highly commended.

## The Royal Academy Operatic Performance.

At the Royal Lyceum Theatre, by kind permission of Henry Irving, Esq. On Saturday, 25th March, 1893, Albert Lortzing's Comic Opera in three acts, "Peter the Shipwright," (Czar und Zimmermann.)

### CHARACTERS.

*Peter I.* (Czar of Russia, under the name of Peter Michaelhoff, a Shipwright) Mr. Arthur Appleby; *Peter Ivanhoff* (A young Russian Shipwright) Mr. Philip Brozel; *Her Van Bett* (Burgomaster of Sardam) Mr. Arthur Barlow; *General Lefort* (Russian Ambassador) Mr. John W. Foster; *Lord Syndham* (English Ambassador) Mr. Fred B. Ranallow; *Marquis of Chateauneuf*, (French Ambassador) Mr. James Horncastle; *Widow Brown* (Proprietress and Mistress of the Shipyard and adjacent Tavern) Miss Vena Galbraith; *Maria* (Niece of the Burgomaster) Miss Lilian Redfern.

*The Bride*, Miss Gertrude Chandler; *The Bridegroom*, Mr. Gerald Mirrilees.

*The Bridesmaids*.—Misses Nellie Gann, Mary Howard, Annie Howard, Magdalene Lockie, Lillie Mills, Annie D. Morgan, Emily Rasey, Edie Reynolds, Katie Thomas, Bessie Stibbs, Ethel Thompson, and Ida Webb.

*Peasant Girls*.—Misses Kate M. Alston, May Bailey, Ethel Brierly, A. Louise Burns, Mabel Bruce Johnstone, Ada Canning, Hylda Cunningham, Beatrice Creegeen, Janet Dick, Bessie Dore, Mrs. C. S. Harkness, Misses Ada Harrison, Louise Lancaster, Elsie Mackenzie, Elizabeth Pewtress, Louise Rock, Annie Stanton, Mary Stiven, Lettie Speight, Louise M. Sympson, Mrs. Isabella Thorpe-Davies, Misses Janie E. Wilson, Isabella Walker, Charlotte Walters, Margaret Willis-Bund and Amy Young.

*Waiting Maids to Widow Brown*.—Miss Margaret Moss and Mrs. G. P. Kingston.

*Flower Maidens*.—Misses Marie Atkinson, Lilian Burden, Florence Dawes, Jessie Ferrar, Marie Hoare, Marie Oborn, Miriam Timothy and Gracie Wilde.

*Shipwrights*.—Messrs. Alston, Barton, Beaumont Brophy, Clements, Dale, James, Jonas, Ottewell, Price, Rarsher, Rees, Richards, Robertson, Stephens, Stott, Thorne, Tinmore, Walcorn, Wallis, Walters, and Wilson.

*Musicians*.—Messrs. Audus, Bell, Duncan, Green, King and Lorimer.

*Parish Clerk*.—Mr. F. C. Pigggin.

*Officer*.—Mr. T. F. Thorne.

*Soldiers, Sailors, Councilmen, &c.*—Messrs. Brogden, Coblez, Dark, Ellis, Idle, Langran, Moore, Pathan, Pigggin, Scutts, Smith, Warburton, and Vincent.

Act I. *A Shipyard at Sardam*.

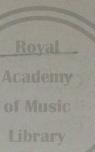
Act II. *A Room in Widow Brown's Tavern*.

Act III. *Grand Hall in Sardam Mansion House*.

### ORCHESTRA.

*1st. Violins*.—\*Mr. P. Cathie (*Principal*), \*Miss G. Collins, \*Mr. W. H. Dyson, \*Mr. P. Elliott, \*Mr. M. Jacoby, \*Miss K. M. Robinson, \*Miss M. Rooke, \*Miss W. Williams.

*2nd. Violins*.—\*Mr. E. Maney (*Principal*), \*Mr. Handley Davies, \*Mr. G. Saker, \*Miss J. Scruby, \*Miss K. Wilson, \*Mr. C. Vionée.



*Violas.*—\*Mr. H. Channell (*Principal*), \*Miss A. Einhauser, \*Mr. H. Löhr, \*Mr. R. Revell, \*Mr. G. E. B. Street, \*Mr. A. Wallen.

*Violoncellos.*—\*Mr. B. P. Parker (*Principal*), \*Miss G. Hall, \*Mr. H. Wallen, \*Miss A. Vernet, \*Mr. H. Woodward.

*Double Basses.*—Mr. A. C. White (*Principal*), †Mr. A. E. Harper, Mr. E. F. †Maney.

*Flutes.*—\*Mr. C. Brooks, \*Mr. M. Donnawell.

*Oboes.*—†Mr. G. Horton, †Mr. E. Horton, Junr.

*Clarionets.*—†Miss F. Thomas, \*Mr. P. Egerton.

*Bassoons.*—Mr. J. Hutchings, †Mr. C. Hunt.

*Horns.*—Mr. T. E. Mann, Mr. J. Williams, Mr. A. Borsdorff, Mr. A. C. Brain.

*Trumpets.*—†Mr. J. J. Solomon, Mr. F. Backwell.

*Trombones.*—Mr. T. C. Colton, Mr. A. Matt, Mr. R. Booth.

*Drums.*—\*Mr. T. K. Barnard.

The Sabot Dance specially arranged by Mr. B. Soutten, Professor of Deportment.

Professor of Elocution, . . . Mr. John Millard

Director of the Operatic Class and Conductor, } Mr. G. H. Betjemann.

\*Student

†Past Student

## R.A.M. Excelsior Society.

PRESIDENT, DR. A. C. MACKENZIE.

Programme of Invitation Concert, given at the Royal Academy of Music, (by kind permission of the Committee of Management), on Monday March 20th, 1893, at 8 p.m. Conductor, Mr. C. H. Allen Gill.

### PROGRAMME.

#### Part I.

QUINTETT Piano, two Violins, Viola & 'Cello  
Dvorak, Op. 81.

Mrs. RALPH, Mr. PHILIP CATHIE, Miss D. WALENN,  
Messrs. A. & H. WALENN.

SONGS { (a) "As once in May" Lassen.  
(b) "The Spinning Wheel" Henschel.  
Miss ELSIE MACKENZIE.

REQUIEM ... "Three 'Celli" Popper.  
Messrs. H. WALENN, J. F. CARRODUS, and  
C. H. ALLEN GILL.

#### HUNGARIAN SONGS—

(a) "Far and high the Cranes give cry" {  
(b) "Had a horse, a finer no man ever saw" {  
arranged by F Korbay.

Mr. BANTOCK PIERPOINT.

PIANO SOLO, ... Ballad in A flat ... Chopin.  
Mr. SEPTIMUS WEBBE.

TWO FAIRY SONGS— A. E. Horrocks.  
Soprano Solo, Chorus of Female Voices, Strings,  
Harp and Triangle.  
Solo—Miss MINNIE ROBINSON.

#### Part II.

SONG, ... "At Parting" 17th Century, arranged  
by J. Girtley.

Miss MARIAN MACKENZIE.

SONGS ... { Ragnhild } ... Grieg.  
... { Ragna } ...  
... { Epilog } ...

Mr. W. NICHOLL.

SUITE ... String Orchestra ... H. Hofmann.  
Op. 72.

## Fortnightly Concerts.

PROGRAMME OF MARCH 11, 1893.

AIR WITH VARIATIONS } —Organ Henry Smart.  
FINALE FUGATO } MR. R. H. MACDONALD.  
(*Henry Smart Scholar.*)

SONG, "Dawn, gentle Flower" W. S. Bennett.  
Miss J. FRANKLAND.  
(Accompanist, Miss SPICER.)

STUDY IN C—Pianoforte A. Rubinstein.

MR. REGINALD STEGGALL.

CANON IN UNISON, "Waken not the  
sleeper" (Op. 163, No. 3.)

CANON BY INVERSION, "Happiness ever  
is fugitive found" (Op. 163, No. 8) Female Voices

CANON BY INVERSION, "Prayer on the  
waters" (Op. 163, No. 11) Reinecke

MISSSES ALSTON, BRYCE, CARTER, FAIRLIE, G ANN  
LOCKIE, MILLS, OGILVIE, PRYCE, STAN YON  
WALKER, WOOD.

SONATA in E flat, No. 2—Flute and Pianoforte J. S. Bach.

MR. C. BROOKS, MR. ROLAND REVELL.

SONGS (MSS.) { ("An Offering") } Isabel Coates.  
{ ("Memory") } (Student.)

MR. ARTHUR APPLEBY.

(Accompanist, Miss ISABEL COATES.) ROMANCES, NOS. 2 and 3 (Op. 28)—Pianoforte Robert Schumann.

MR. HUBERT G. OKE.

RECITATION, "The Spanish Mother" Sir F. Doyle.  
Miss KATE LEWIS.

SONG, "Who is Sylvia?" Franz Schubert.  
Miss K. LLEWELLYN.

(Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS.) SONATA in B Minor—Pianoforte F. Chopin.

MISS SYBIL PALLISER.

SONG, "Die Loreley" F. Liszt.  
Miss EMILY RASEY.

(Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS.) POLONAISE in E—Pianoforte F. Liszt.

MISS MABEL MOLYNEUX.

## Answers to Correspondents.

RIDLEY PRENTICE, O. PRESCOTT and others.—Received with thanks.

A PUPIL'S MOTHER complains bitterly that her daughter *will* play by ear and try to pick out on the piano the tunes which she has heard instead of practising the pieces given her. Who says that girls are not musical? Give her our sincere compliments, madam, and bid her continue in the same all the days of her life.

JENNY asks for advice under the following circumstances: she has had, for two years, a pianoforte pupil who can perceive no difference between long and short notes, and whose ear is so dull that she can hear no difference between a seventh and an octave. The parents think that it is time that the pupil should exhibit some results for all her expensive lessons, and would never believe the teacher's report of the true state of things.—Dear Jenny, we all have to undergo this unpleasant experience at some time or other; you must lie and flatter and deceive parents and pupils if you want to get on; but if you are only an honest artist you will tell the truth and trust in Heaven not to let you starve through your folly. "Fie upon Jenny's care!"

# THE MUSICAL TIMES

(ESTABLISHED 1844.)



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**The Musical Times** is the largest and best Musical Journal in existence, and its circulation far exceeds that of any other Paper devoted to the Art, either Foreign or English.

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WRITTEN BY MUSICIANS FOR MUSICIANS.

No. 3—Vol. IV.]

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# Musical Calendar for May, 1893



WEDNESDAY, 3.

Madame Essipoff's first Pf. recital, St. James' Hall, at 3. M. Lennart Lundberg's first Pf. recital, Steinway Hall, at 3.

THURSDAY, 4.

M. Isidor Cohn's Pf. recital, St. James' Hall, at 3. Fourth Philharmonic Concert at 8; Stanford's Irish Symphony, Hiller's F sharp minor Concerto (Miss Kleeberg) Beethoven's Violin Concerto, (Mr. Willy Hess) Prelude, etc. from "Colomba," Vocalist, Mr. Santley.

SATURDAY, 6.

Mr. Tivadar Nachez' Concert at 3; Royal Amateurs at 8, both at St. James' Hall.

MONDAY, 8.

M. Emile Sauret's Concert, St. James' Hall, at 8.30. Beethoven's Septet, Mackenzie's "Pibroch" etc.

TUESDAY, 9.

Madame Essipoff's second recital, St. James' Hall at 3.

WEDNESDAY, 10.

"Elijah" Royal Albert Hall at 8.

THURSDAY, 11.

Miss Nellie Kauffmann's concert at 3; Miss Annie Burghes concert at 8, both at St. James' Hall.

FRIDAY, 12.

M. Lundberg's second Recital, Steinway Hall at 3; Mr. Moberly's Ladies' String Orchestra St. James' Hall at 8.30—Serenades by Dvorák and Volkmann, works by Handel, Saint Saëns and Glazounoff.

SATURDAY, 13.

Madame Berthe Marx's Orchestral Concert, St. James' Hall at 3.

MONDAY, 15.

Madame Essipoff's third recital, St. James' Hall, at 3.

TUESDAY, 16.

Bach Choir, Princes Hall, 5 to 6.30. Works by Palestrina, Marenzio, J. S. Bach, Morley, Brahms, and Stanford. Miss Kleeberg's Pf. Recital, St. James' Hall at 8.

WEDNESDAY, 17.

Westminster Orchestral Society's Concert, St. James' Hall at 8.

THURSDAY, 18.

Sir A. Harris' Concert, St. James' Hall at 3. Philharmonic Concert at 8.

WEDNESDAY, 24.

Miss Muriel Elliot's Pf. Recital, St. James' Hall at 3.

THURSDAY, 25.

Mr. Hans Wessely's Orchestral Concert, St. James' Hall at 8.30. Violin Concertos by Brahms and Mendelssohn; Pf. Concerto in E $\frac{1}{2}$ , Beethoven, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Conductor.

SATURDAY, 27.

Madame Berthe Marx's Pianoforte Recital, St. James' Hall at 3.

TUESDAY, 30.

Mr. Schonberger's Pf. Recital, St. James' Hall at 3.

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# The Overture.

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## Nothing to Say.

GOOD Gracious! Here is press day come round and we haven't written the leading article. Not that this wondrous spring has made us lazy or that we have been too busy, but simply for the reason that no subject has turned up during the last month. What *can* we write about? Come to think of it, what a desperate little there is left to say about music. There is nothing doubtful, nothing controversial to be argued about in these days of light and education. The position of all the dead composers has long ago been settled: even the Wagner question, which for thirty years or so afforded unlimited "copy" to the musical journals, and an inexhaustible subject for jabber amongst amateurs, is at last at an end. Since Mr. Prout has published his theory books no one dare raise a discussion on any point of harmony or form, and so much has lately been written on the somewhat unexciting topics of musical education and the use of criticism that we dare not imperil our "infinitesimal circulation" (as a contemporary kindly calls it) by harping any more upon these strings. Yet surely there must be *something* left to talk about? If there were to be a Conference of Musicians, would not some of our esteemed friends get up and read papers or make

speeches to any extent desired? *They* would find something to say; then why not we?

All the same, conferences or meetings of musical men are very curious things, for they never seem to have any tangible result. It is true that this accusation is brought against all conferences whatever, but there certainly are questions affecting the profession at large, which one would expect to find at least grappled with at such times, and only to be adequately solved by a large representative body. Unrestricted foreign competition in all its branches—the salaries of organists—their *status* in a church—the recovery of fees—the gradual improvement and simplification of musical notation—the issue of really worthy and scholarly editions of native classics—a definite attitude in the matter of public examinations—these are some of the matters which only a really representative body of musicians could hope to deal with. Have we no such body? The Incorporated Society of Musicians and the Musical Association seem to keep aloof from such practical questions, though they comprise all the names of light and leading in the country. Meanwhile anyone may flood the country with cheap German editions, pianos and fiddle players, to the ruination of the prospects of the young musicians we are labouring to turn out; anybody may sweat the unhappy organist with impunity and make him humbly subject to an unmusical vicar; anybody may forget to pay for their singing lessons; and nobody has any authority over that hopeless creature the music engraver, to make him write music as if it were meant to be read. The Germans contradict an accidental two or more bars after it has occurred (as if anybody would be likely to put one where it was *not* marked), the French kindly put in a parenthesis any black notes whatever which the amateur is likely to leave out;

we do neither—on the rare occasions when our music is printed in our own country. And we haven't a single complete edition of any classical composer's works which is worth looking at. As to our own composers, Bennett himself, Macfarren, and the old writers Purcell, Arne, Shield, Bishop, etc., no one will probably ever find it worth while to do for them what the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel has done for not only the greatest German composers, but many of the second-rate ones, so that it would seem that the bulk of our musicians are content to be shut out from all knowledge of their great predecessors, or at least content to form a bowing acquaintance with them in a few public libraries. Why is it that we have always so neglected our great composers? It really doesn't speak well for our love of art. No, we are contented to "pig along" without rules, without tools, and without organisation. Yet we get along somehow, for it must be confessed that there have been more worthy English compositions produced and more excellent English artists (not counting singers) turned out during the last ten years than during the previous eighty. And it is said that good work is never lost. Hum! wasn't Purcell's "good work"?

Still we have not found anything to say. We have considered what the musical societies might say and don't (we might also consider what some of our contemporaries ought not to say and do, but it is not good form for papers to wrangle); we do not want to repeat what we ourselves have been saying in various forms for years past; shall we then discuss the subject of an uniform pitch? Nay, for who can touch pitch and not be defiled? Shall we try to find something new to say about the Local Exams.? Nay, the result of these is equally depressing, whatever be the percentage of "passes." Shall we make merry over the lucubrations of the provincial musical critic, or the misprints of the provincial journal? Alas, this also is vanity! What we want is an energetic, aggressive and fiery-tempered new composer whom we can abuse and assault with all the weapons of journalistic skill. He will retort in kind and the more furious the battle rages the more famous he and we will become. Even if we worry him into an early grave it will not matter. Public attention will have been

directed to his works and we shall then take credit for having built up the edifice of his fame. But such luck as this does not come often. Failing this, shall we dig out old volumes of forgotten musical journals and quote extracts to show what gables the critics of years ago were? It is hardly safe, for it causes the public to mistrust modern critics also, and this leads to dangerous ground. Shall we dig out some forgotten composer and vow that he is greater than Mozart or Beethoven? This has been attempted once or twice, but the public takes—for once—a very sensible view on this question. If so much good music has to be neglected because there is simply not room for it certainly we cannot afford to increase the quantity. If there are plenty of acknowledged excellent composers whom we have not time to listen to it is not likely to be worth our while to dig up another.

Surely we have gone over the entire field of musical journalism here? There is really no subject worth discussing which has not been threshed dry long ago. The past, present and future have been alike dealt with, and we end, as we began, by declaring that we have got nothing to say. But at any rate the proving of this position has enabled us to fill two or three columns, for which our readers ought to be grateful.

### Passing Notes.

SAINT CECILIA has got into trouble again. All students of music know how in the 16th century her radical proclivities nearly caused her excommunication from the Roman Catholic Church, and how that it was only through her doughty champion Palestrina that she was still permitted to take a share in the services. Recently, however, it would appear her conduct in Church has caused the lifting of many shoulders and eyebrows in the Holy City, and her "goings on" have been reported to the Pope. But even a Pope does not feel equal to sitting upon her Saintship, and His Holiness has referred the whole matter to the "Congregation of Rites" who in turn have appealed for advice to certain leading Italian composers and organists. To put it tersely, all they want is a simple definition of "sacred music." We hope they will get it, and shall be extremely curious to hear it when they do.

An odd case of misdescription recently came under our notice in the British Museum Subject Catalogue. Under the name Bohn we found a work described (in German) as "Bibliography of the printed Musical books until 1700." Asking for it, we were given a comparatively small book, which however had the same title on the cover; but upon examination it proved that there was a second half to the title, and that the whole when translated should have read: "Bibliography of the printed musical works until 1700, which are preserved in the libraries at Breslau." How few people can quote correctly!

The Dictionary of National Biography has now just reached the letter M. The last two volumes have contained no important articles of musical interest except that on Matthew Locke, in which we are glad to welcome a fresh accession to the list of contributors, Mr. W. H. Cummings, F.S.A. With the Restoration period Mr. Cummings is especially familiar; his article is admirable; and we shall look with interest for his signature in future volumes of the Dictionary. Some of the shorter articles in recent volumes still bear the stamp of compilation from reference-books rather than original research; but at least full authorities are always given, even if those authorities be not always quite trustworthy.

In the report of an interview which a representative of the *South Manchester Chronicle* recently had with Sir Charles Hallé, that eminent conductor is supposed to have delivered himself to the following effect concerning Berlioz: "He was a marvellous man. Berlioz used to give concerts in Paris with his huge orchestra, and I played at those concerts. I well remember one of the series, at which I gave a concerto by Beethoven. We had a very long rehearsal. I forget at this particular time what delayed us so, but the rehearsal lasted some hours. At length Berlioz gave a sign that it was over, and the musicians went away. They had all gone, and I was standing there with Berlioz. Suddenly he put his hand to his forehead, and exclaimed, 'Good gracious, I have forgotten the overture!'—which was the 'Carnival Romain.' It had never been played before. It was to be given that evening for

the first time. He had forgotten this—his own work—and it had never been rehearsed. I was really almost trembling. Turning to me, Berlioz said in a firm voice, 'Well, it shall be all right; it shall go.' That evening he conducted it before a large audience, and really it did go well. It is no child's play. It is very difficult, but it went splendidly, without rehearsal. Of course, they were all trained musicians, but few composers and conductors could do that. He was a marvellous man."

Now surely Sir Charles Hallé does not require to be told that if a work is well performed without a rehearsal, the credit rests entirely with the band and not with the conductor. As it stands the paragraph appears to imply that Berlioz needed rehearsal to enable him to conduct his own overture!

Messrs. George Rogers & Son, of 60, Berners Street, announce that they have a "Janko" keyboard on view during the present month and will be very glad to shew it to any of our readers who may feel curious in the matter. It should be remembered that this invention really renders *all* pianoforte music, without exception, easier to perform.

### In the Interval.

"THESE interferences with great composers, who are dead and can make no protest, are simply disgraceful—yes, disgraceful!" foamed the Purist. (We had just been listening to Liszt's pianoforte transcription of Bach's G minor organ fugue).

"Are you quite sure," ventured the Sub-editor "that the great composers *would* protest against what you call disgraceful interference?"

"Sure? Why, what do you mean, sir? Would *you* like to have the work you had written for one instrument deranged so as to be played upon another and all your colouring and character and—and that sort of thing entirely altered?"

"As far as that goes" answered the Sub-editor slowly, "I suppose there never was a composer yet who did not both have his works transcribed and transcribe the works of others. When a practice is so universal as this I don't quite see the grounds for condemning it."

"Isn't it ground enough that Bach has written splendid fugues for piano as well as organ and we have no business to turn the one into the other?"

"Who says so? He used to do it himself, and a man who could turn a Vivaldi fiddle concerto into a symphony for four pianos and string quartet cannot have had very much respect for the composer's intention. I think he would have been as delighted at Liszt's arrangement as I should have been, in his place."

"Might I point out" insinuated the Sub-professor "that every time you play this fugue on the organ with different registration to that which Bach used you perform it on a different instrument. That a similar disregard of the composer's intention occurs when the pitch is lowered or raised, or the speed altered, or—"

"Sir!" uttered the Purist, collecting himself into a Johnsonian dignity, "You are a fool!"

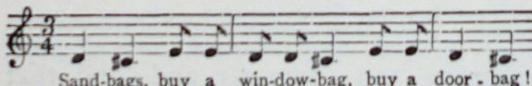
We expected a more powerful repartee than this.

"Or" persisted the Sub-professor, declining to be crushed "when you play one of those splendid fugues, which you say Bach wrote for piano, upon a modern Bechstein."

The Purist swelled like a turkey-cock, but found no answer.

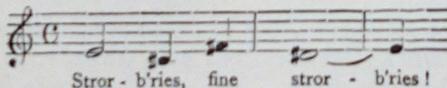
"I AM glad," remarked the Well Read One, "to see that one of our contemporaries has taken up the subject of street cries. Many of them are very quaint and curious, and I should like to see a complete collection made."

"It seems to me," replied the Faddist, who was slightly bilious after his dinner, "that it is not worth wasting thought upon. Everything that has to be shouted in the streets must crystallize itself into definite notes and rhythm suitable to the sentence shouted, from the wintry yell of



Sand-bags, buy a window-bag, buy a door-bag!

to the more pleasing, but equally unmusical summer call of



Stror - b'ries, fine stror - b'ries!

We hapless Londoners are deafened by these howls and at last get so used to

them that we scarcely notice them. Then comes along your superior person and thinks he does something clever in printing and publishing them. It is just to show the world that he can write down a phrase he has heard."

"Not altogether, I think," smiled the Well-Read One. "I admit the extremely small interest attaching to such things, but even trifles may throw light upon the state of music in a nation."

"Absurd!" exclaimed the Faddist, "I despise such fads. You might as well consider it worthy of record that all children in all Board schools or infant schools chant their replies to the teacher's questions on two notes, a major third apart."

"And so it is," replied the Well-Read One. "It throws light upon the origin of the Gregorian tones, which we see to have been a spontaneous and not a deliberate invention."

"May I venture," put in the Sub-editor "to give you a little experience of my own? I was enjoying the Easter-holidays at Brighton when I heard a ragged primrose seller crying his wares with a most melodious strain. Feeling in my pocket for a sixpence, I approached him and asked him where he learnt that song. His face beamed with pride as he told me that he invented it himself."

"Which clearly shows," said the Optimist, "that we are in a fair way to become a musical nation."

"Not conclusively," replied the Sub-editor; "for the man was a liar. His song was but a perversion of that most beautiful and ancient street cry, the Lavender Song, which (for of course you don't know it) runs thus:

"And did you give him the sixpence?" asked the Optimist.

"No: all men are liars, you know. There never was any sixpence."

"Sarasate's a puzzle to me," said the Full-Fledged, coming up, "What a superb performance! And yet they say he never practises—hates it like poison."

"Ah," said the Sub-Editor, "that's a statement to be taken *cum grano*; they said the same of Paganini. Perhaps they'll go a little farther presently and assure us that Sarasate too has sold himself to the devil."

"Wouldn't be such a bad speculation either," murmured he whom they call The Cynic, "since we have become so cock-sure that the bond will never be presented for payment."

"Ah!" said the Senior, ignoring him, "in my time people were content to practise nine or ten hours a day, and go to concerts for five or six—thought of nothing but their art. Now they all want to be fine gentlemen, and Art will go to the dogs. Jean de Reszke is an owner, goes in for the turf; Sarasate declines to practise; Verdi has a stud-farm, where he is delighted to see you as long as you like to stay—only not a word about music."

"Oh well, look at Wagner, and Rubinstein, and Paderewski, and the infant prodigies (two new ones, now)," said the New Student.

"Yes, poor little beggars," put in the Sub-Editor, "If I had my way I'd make it penal to treat them so."

"That's my opinion," broke in the Failure, "I give you my word I played the Appassionata the other night and the public was as cold as ice; one of these little wretches came on and they went into fits."

"Very sad," remarked the Sub.

"Well, but what do you think about it, practising I mean," said the New Student turning to the Editor.

"Why," he replied kindly as he looked at the lad's bright face, "I think the truth lies, as usual, between extremes. If you want to make money, shut yourself up and practise. You must specialize so highly as to be fit for nothing else if you want to make money—like those poor fellows in the screw factories who spend their lives for ever doing one tiny operation."

"Yes," said the Genius, "and in doing so nine-tenths of your life vanishes. At the best we are only alive in patches, and these unhappy beings, in only one very small patch. If you want to live fully and humanly, you must, while doing one thing thoroughly well, still see that you keep up your life and interest in other directions. For my part I'd rather not

play like Paddy; the price is too high."

"Yes, you must be content not to 'get on' as they call it; not to make money," added the Sub-Editor.

"Precious fool you'd be then!" exclaimed the Full-Fledged.

The New Student said nothing, but went thoughtfully back to his seat.

"Have any of you chaps been to the opera?" asked that intolerably familiar Half Student.

Several eye-glasses turned on him like limelights, but he was not withered up by the glare.

"I am told," said the Purist, at last, "that some entirely new readings of 'The Bohemian Girl' have been given, but I see no attraction in that circumstance."

"Well!" ejaculated the Half Student "I would have laid long odds on the German band that plays in my street on Mondays for beauty of tone, but the Drury Lane German band can give them points. You have heard the story about their fiddles, I suppose?"

We admitted our ignorance and summoned up all our powers of incredulity.

"Why, the English bandsmen at Drury say that when these Germans came over they had packed all their worldly goods inside their fiddles, so these had got somewhat damaged by the Customs—they would, you know. Their tone was so remarkable that Harris insisted on their getting new instruments. They came across a shop in the Strand, where half a dozen Thuringian Strads were hung up in the window, and they asked the price. 'Thirty shillings apiece,' they were told. 'Herr Gott!' cried the spokesman, deeply shocked, 'zat is mosch too dear,' and they finally pulled up at the Lowther Arcade, where they bargained for a dozen or so of those toy fiddles strung with pack-thread. That night 'Carmen' was performed. I am told that all the Covent Garden orchestra took stalls and laughed till they nearly died."

"But how does the public stand such goings on," demanded the Purist.

"The public? Why my dear sir they simply revel in it. Never were such good houses. Don't you know that there is nothing the British public dislike so much as a good band and nothing it adores so

much as a bad one? You can't have been to many theatres if you don't know that.

"And now, gentlemen, would you mind being serious for a few minutes?" pleaded the Sub-professor. "I want to collect your opinions on this question: Should music form part of every girl's education?"

"That need not detain us long" retorted the Failure. "Put it still more shortly, like the lines on the bills of those beastly penny papers. 'Should Girls Learn Music?' My answer is an unqualified negative."

"The matter cannot be dismissed so summarily," said the Senior. "There are such things as musical girls nowadays, though they did not exist in my time. But what our friend desires, I presume, is to elicit our opinions as to the value of music as an educational influence, apart from the possession of musical gifts."

"Well, and that influence" replied the Failure, "is—to use a very vulgar phrase—all Tommy-rot. If you mean that it keeps them out of mischief I admit it, but Euclid would do as well and would be equally hopeless as a study for the generality of girls. But I do think that an appalling waste of time takes place in grinding music into the unmusical."

"Let us try to be exact and to know what we mean when we say these things" remonstrated the Lady Professor. "Some people believe that the true method of teaching the piano is yet to be discovered; but waiving that, do you call teaching girls to perform pieces on an instrument 'grinding music' into them?"

"She has you there, Tommy" murmured the Half Student.

"None of you have quite seized the idea at which I was driving" said the Sub-Professor. "The difficulty is this. Out of any number of female pupils, however and whatever they may be taught, a certain percentage (we will not say whether large or small) will appear to be successes; one or two will even show extraordinary promise. Why is that promise so very rarely fulfilled? I find that the man of genius goes on, as a rule, improving up to the age of forty, or even longer, and seldom deteriorates except through evil living, but the girl of genius after about two and twenty seldom improves and almost always relapses into

amateurishness. That is why I think it hardly worth while educating girls, but I should like to know the reason for it."

"My opinion" said the Failure "is that the love of art is a hysterical and unnatural condition in an English girl, like being in love; she passes through both conditions and returns to her normal state for the rest of her unnatural life. Girl is to me an entirely loathly creature."

"Don't mind him" whispered the Sub-editor to the Lady Professor. "He has just been jilted for the fifth time."

"I remember well" said the Senior, "what my friend F. Hole, the violinist used to say on the subject. 'I'd rather have ten boys than one girl,' he declared 'Three times have I spent my little all to start my daughters in the world, and look at the result! So long as they were in leading strings all was well, but when they had to earn their own bread they tried feebly for about six months and then turned it up and got married.'"

"But those are the weak ones" urged the Shrieking Sister; "there are men as well as women who are unequal to the task of earning their own living. I can show you plenty of brave girls who have pursued their careers—artistic or otherwise—with as much energy and success as any men, and under far greater difficulties."

"Then they are the exceptions which prove the rule; that is all" replied the Senior, taking refuge in that shameful retreat for the beaten in argument.

The Shrieking Sister was about to deliver a scathing rejoinder but just then the band began to play.

### Rebietus—Major.

*Mass in D*, composed by Antonin Dvorák, Op. 86.

[Novello, Ewer & Co.]

The splendid talents of the Bohemian composer do not develope quite so luxuriantly as his warmest admirers would desire. It is now ten years since the English musical world was surprised and delighted by Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*; just as the last great German composer was borne to his resting place in the garden of Wahnfried, a new light burst upon us from the Czechs, and many thought (and

still think), that the supremacy in music was being transferred to the Slavonic nations. There can be no doubt that the Slavs are decidedly more musical than the Germans, just as the Celts of the British Islands are more musical than the Saxons; but the Slavs have not yet shown that they can produce a genius of the highest rank, and the Celts have done still less. It is very possible that where the average of musical gift is high (as it certainly is among the Slavs and Celts), the soil is less favourable to the production of exceptional gifts than among the Teutonic nations, where the average is lower, but the highest points are very much higher. Facts certainly seem to tell in favour of this suggestion. It would not be difficult to extend the idea—there is a line of Matthew Arnold's which makes a good commentary: "France, famed in all great arts, supreme in none." Much might be written on this topic, but we must reserve it for a future occasion.

The Mass now in question was originally written for a village church, and was accompanied by the organ; but it has recently been scored for concert orchestra. Since the work was written for practical use in an unambitious service, it is necessarily on a small scale; and in concert performance lasts only three-quarters of an hour. No one acquainted with Dvorák's works will be surprised to hear that it is of very unequal merit; that there is no sign of that assured even touch which marks the accomplished master. As we said when discussing Dvorák's "Requiem" some eighteen months ago, Dvorák cannot create a homogeneous flawless whole with the unfaltering equal hand of Mozart. With all Dvorák's glorious invention, and wonderful mastery of figures and of rhythmic complication, there is yet something wanting in almost all his works. What is it? Taste, self-criticism, intellect, or what? Sometimes (oftenest in the *Stabat Mater*), nothing is lacking; for instance, it is difficult to believe that Mozart could have improved the bass solo and chorus "Eia mater," or that Beethoven could have improved the Symphonic Variations in C.

In the Mass, we are best pleased with the last number, the "Agnus Dei," treated in a kind of Canon form, exceedingly melodious and beautiful. The opening

"Kyrie" is little inferior to it; the middle portion is particularly good. The "Sanctus" is also a well-designed and impressive number, but the "Benedictus" is decidedly weak. The "Gloria" and "Credo" are interesting in places; but the dogmatism of the texts is not favourable to Dvorák's peculiarities. He requires picturesqueness above everything in his material. With "miserere nobis" or "Crucifixus," "passus et sepultus est," he can do something; but one can see he is longing for a "Spectre's Bride," a headlong rush through wild dangers and supernatural terrors. It is not without significance that his best sacred music has been called forth by the beautiful cult of Mariolatry, or the tremendous cataclysms of a world assembling before its Judge. The highest moods of religious feeling require a kind of genius different from Dvorák's: a higher, severer mind and a sterner training than have fallen to his portion, can alone produce the highest kind of sacred music, in whatever school it may be written.

*Catalogue of the Music in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.* By J. A. Fuller-Maitland, M.A., F.S.A., and A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc. Oxon.

[Clay & Sons.]

The great collection of music accumulated in the Fitzwilliam Museum is admirably catalogued in this neat volume. We may welcome it as another instalment of conscientious sound compilation—exactly that department of literature in which (as Matthew Arnold pointed out with such insistence) England has been far inferior to France. It is pleasant to find Musical Bibliography treated in so scholarly a manner as of late has been the case.

155 pages are occupied by the general manuscripts; 72 by Handel's manuscripts; and 27 by the printed music. The latter section, though it contains a good many little-known English works of the 18th century, is the least interesting; and there are not many early treatises, though Morley and Locke are represented. There are original editions of the works of Lully, Lalande, Colasse, Couperin, Marchand, and Rameau; many publications by Walsh, of Handel and his Italian and English contemporaries.

The Handel manuscripts—some auto-

graph, some in J. C. Smith's writing—have been catalogued by Dr. Mann, who has made many discoveries among them. For instance, No. 264 contains 8 pages which are the conclusion of the grand Double Concerto in F, published by the Hændelgesellschaft in an imperfect state, the portion at Buckingham Palace containing only two bars of the last movement. There are also unpublished instrumental and vocal pieces, a great many of Handel's sketches, and a Mass by Habermann which Handel has evidently used as the clay out of which he created "Jephthah." Perhaps future researches may show that Handel, when beginning a great work, *always* took some existing work as his material. It seems easy enough to do likewise: try, try just once. There are sketches for almost all the oratorios, and one page of ideas for the "Messiah" has been photographed for the forthcoming Hændelgesellschaft edition.

The principal part of the collection is occupied by the great mass of miscellaneous manuscripts, mainly by Italian composers. There are also many valuable English manuscripts, and especially the splendid volume which somehow acquired the name of Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and which contains 290 pieces by Tallis, Byrd, Bull, Dowland, Phillips, Morley, and others of the golden age of English music. One manuscript contains more than 40 anthems in the handwriting of Purcell, with the date 1673, when he was 15 years old; there is also much music copied by Dr. Blow, John Immyns, Dr. Boyce; and 10 of Purcell's dramatic works and odes, copied by Dr. Croft. Men had to labour in those days.

Yet at the same time, this catalogue suggests many sad reflections. How completely *dead* very much of this music is. All these Italian cantatas and arias, for instance, are as dead as 18th century magazine poetry. And how enormous, prodigious, appalling, the amount of existing music is! In fact, students are already beginning to limit themselves to one particular period, just as literary students have long been compelled to do. The reading public contents itself with a few specimens which somehow catch the popular ear, and forgets all else; while the student finds that there is an incredible number of others worthy of know-

ledge. The three or four familiar pieces of Herrick's may serve as a typical example. In music, the fate of deserving composers is worse. One can read poetry for oneself; if any one has acquired a taste for the verses of Charles I.'s time, he need not stint himself to Herrick's "To Daffodils," "To Blossoms," and "Night-piece to Julia." But music, to be really alive, has to be performed; and how many of these works will ever be performed again? The collection was originally begun at the time when Italian music was just at its height of fame, when the *bon ton* would hear of nothing else; and Lord Fitzwilliam is said to have employed Kelway the organist to travel in Italy and collect music. Consequently the Library contains scarcely anything but Italian and English music. German composers are represented almost entirely by "Signor Hendel;" there is an autograph symphony of Haydn's, a recent presentation; Beethoven appears only by one Waltz in a collection of Clementi's; and a few pieces by Bach and Mozart have somehow strayed into the list. It is gratifying to add that by the munificence of Mr. Pendlebury a large addition is being made, including the publications of the Hændelgesellschaft and other complete series; these acquisitions (as they are still in progress), do not appear in the present volume, though slightly touched upon in the preface.

One only thing is not quite to our taste in the appearance of the book. The composer's names are, except in the index, printed in the same type as the description of their works, and in many cases do not stand out quite so clearly as might be desired, especially when there are many contributors to a single manuscript. Pages 27-28, may serve as an illustration of our meaning.

The catalogue of the great Virginal Book had already been printed in Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," and Mr. Barclay Squire's account of this most important volume is here reprinted, in conjunction with the admirable catalogue which was also originally prepared by him. Certainly none of the great French and German bibliographical works have been better executed than this volume, which is a credit to the scholarship of English musicians.

H. D.

**Songs of the Century.****III. THE CRYSTAL PALACE PROGRAMME**  
**BOY EXPOUNDETH HIS VIEWS OF ART.**

*Intelligent lad in the uniform gray  
Declare me thy thoughts and reflections I pray,  
'Mid such cultured listeners threading thy way.*

**ProGRAMME—b'k th' WORDS—sixPENCE!**  
Well, there—I don't want to give lip an'  
talk rude

But to see all them swells as I holds up  
my book at 'em

Sittin' on chairs like as if they were glued,  
As unhappy as whelks on a barrow to look  
at 'em—

I arks you now, where is the sense  
Of suffering here for two hours in the draft  
While that band grinds away and not  
nothing don't come of it?

Playing at odds—(lord, I often have  
laughed!)

Yet it ends altogether like one, which  
seems rum of it.—

**ProGRAMME—b'k th' WORDS—sixPENCE!**

*But hath not this musical art atmosphere  
Developed and ripened thy musical ear?  
To thee is all dark that to others is clear?*

Ga-arn! 'Oo yer gettin' at? Ain't I  
enough

To do all the time after my customers  
hoverin',

And not to put them I squeeze past in a  
huff,

Let alone runnin' out to get change for a  
sovereign?

It ain't 'cos I'm stupid and dense  
That them thundering symphonies I so  
detest;

You mayn't sell till they're done, and them  
æsthetes despise a book.

I like miscéllainous concerts the best;  
People want's to know what's bein' sung  
so they buys a book.—

**ProGRAMME—b'k th' WORDS—sixPENCE!**

*Poor child, has it never occurred to thy mind  
To wonder what pleasure these listeners find?  
That music has beauties to which thou art blind?*

You're coddin'! D'ye think I don't know  
how they're bored?

They comes here becos its *the thing* in  
Society,

I know they'd have much rather sat out  
and roared

In the transept, where we just *have got*  
some Variety.

I tell you that show is immense. Library  
O I know! You're for doin' the High Art  
chy-ike;  
Despisin' Variety's one of your fallacies,  
Well, sneer at our Artistes as much as  
you like;

Without 'em there wouldn't be no Crystal  
Palaces.

**ProGRAMME—b'k th' WORDS—sixPENCE!**

**Curious Discoveries.**

THERE is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, a set of part books, which in Oliphant's catalogue of the musical MSS. had the description:—

“Sacred music for four voices, consisting of a Kyrie eleeson, &c., for each day of the week.”

The covers bear the arms of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon. Our collaborator, Mr. H. Davey, recently examined this collection, and found that it consisted of seven complete masses; each including the usual movements, and in addition an Alleluja and Hymn to the Virgin between the Gloria and the Credo. One of the four part-books was probably intended for a priest, as it contains many unharmonised chants and intonations not found in the other three; and the words are also differently apportioned in this book. Altogether the arrangement of the words deserves the attention of liturgiologists, as the Credo sometimes finishes at “mortuorum,” the (supposed) priest's part going on alone; the Gloria also is sometimes shortened.

At the end of two of the books is the composer's name, Nicholas Ludford. The date must be between 1509 and 1533, and probably before 1520.

Another discovery of Mr. Davey's is a Passion according to John, composed by Tye: that is, a harmonized setting of the fourteen utterances of the “crowd.” This must be earlier even than Vittoria's Passions, which were composed in 1585, when Tye was long dead; there is more life and movement in them than in the plain chords of Vittoria.

The soprano part may be found in Add. MSS. 30, 480; and there is a complete score in an eighteenth century manuscript, Add. MSS. 31, 226. The setting

is for three voices, and is written in the soprano, alto, and tenor clefs. As specimens of the style, we give the first and simplest of the sentences; and also the most animated. The contrast with the plain chant of the ordinary passages is most beautiful.

Je-sum Na-zA-re-mum, Je-sum Na-zA-re-mum.  
 Tol-le, tol-le,  
 Tol-le, tol-le, tol-le, tol-le, tol-le, Cru-ci-  
 Tol-le, tol-le, tol-le, tol-le, tol-le,  
 - fi-ge, cru-ci-fi-ge, cru-ci-fi-ge, Cru-ci-fi-ge e-um.

There is nothing to indicate the date of Tye's work, except that it was probably composed before the accession of Elizabeth in 1558, and possibly in Henry VIII's time.

# A Wrinkle for Operatic Composers.

(Concluded from page 30.)

Act IV. Beneath the walls of Jericho.  
Grand procession of Israelites, war-march  
with band on the stage, tableau, (300  
people on the stage in this scene, the  
papers say.) Stirring address by *Joshua*,  
urging them to smite the infidel hip and  
thigh. "To the assault, to the assault!"  
The crowd divides, the priests advance,  
headed by *Jubal*; grand trombone septett  
and chorus. At the first verse a few  
pinnacles drop from the walls, at the  
second the entire fortifications fall in with  
a crash. The Israelites rush in through  
the breach; general scrimmage, alarms,  
and excursions. The prisoners are led on,  
*Koschru* amongst them. *Miriam* rushes  
towards him in anguish; rage and threats

of paternal malediction from *Joshua*, when *Jubal* suddenly appears, holding *Zanemi* in his arms. In powerful tones he blows the "Halt!" and indicates in dumb show that the plan has succeeded and he demands his promised reward. During a short ensemble of doubt "What would he say? What will he crave? Whose life is this he seeks to save?" he writes his three demands upon his tablets. Pardon for *Koschru* and *Zanemi*; *Joshua's* consent to the marriage of *Koschru* with *Miriam*, and that of the priests for his own union with *Zanemi*. General hesitation, but *Joshua* bethinks him of his oath and grants the boons. Union of the lovers, universal chorus of joy and triumph (don't make this too long), illumined by the flames of the now burning ruins of Jericho. General dance round the ark of the covenant. Carriages may be ordered for 11.30.

Here is my subject, the subject of the future. I don't want to brag or praise my own work, but just to show how much more considerate I have been for the composer's interests than most, you must permit me to point out and dwell upon a few of the strong features.

Firstly it will be noticed that the *primo tenore* part is dispensed with, but that in its place I have inserted a musical effect which is absolutely novel. Dumb people on the stage are as plentiful as blackberries, but never have we had one whose voice was replaced by a musical instrument. And besides the intimate connection of the trombone with the plot of the piece, there is no instrument so well adapted as a substitute for the hero-tenor voice ; sweet and tender as a sucking-dove in *cantalena* it can also " roar that it shall do any man's heart good to hear," in the *forte* passages. Lastly, and best of all, think how comparatively easy it will be to fill the part satisfactorily. Fine, well-grown handsome bandsmen are to be found in every regiment and they can use their instruments a precious deal better than most tenors their voices ; while as to a trifle of acting and dumb show—bah! I will warrant that an average stage manager will knock more stage address into a soldier in three weeks than into a tenor in a lifetime. Now is'nt my idea truly practical? Moreover, the exponent of *Jubal* will not be in a position to give himself airs or strike for higher terms, because his salary will be fixed by his

colonel and there will be plenty of other trombonists to replace him.

Next I would ask you to look at the manner in which I have fulfilled the second requirement; that of the instrumentation. Bands upon the stage we have often had in "Norma," "Aida," "Rienzi" etc., but just think of our grand effect of a special Trombone Septett in addition to all these normal forces! I will grant that an actual septett of trombones may present difficulties of treatment and execution, but there are many ways out of these. Either they can all play in unison (to split the ears of the groundlings) or other instruments may be disguised as trombones. Bless you, the public is wholly uncritical in these points and few indeed are the critics who know a bass trumpet from a trombone. By the way, to meet the possible objection that *Jubal's* exertions in working the slide of his instrument will exercise a disturbing effect upon his acting, or the audience's gravity, I would propose that he should use a valve-trombone. To those hyper-critics who complain that the intervals on this instrument are not always perfectly in tune, I have only to reply that the intonation of the average tenor leaves far more to be desired in the way of accuracy than the worst valve-trombone ever made.

In conclusion I would point out that besides numerous original vocal and instrumental solo and combined effects (female chorus and baritone solo, male chorus and contralto solo, duet for soprano and trombones, etc.) my subject affords ample scope for the display of what is known as "local colour." The cheapness of this trick of using a scale with an augmented fourth, to give an impression of any other nationality than our own does not hinder the very greatest composers from perpetually availing themselves of it. It never fails; people listen with delight and say "how quaint and original! How" —Jewish, Turkish or Scandinavian, as the case may be. *Verbum Sap!* Take care of your tritones and the rest will take care of itself. Those gudgeons, the public, love fishy scales. Also forget not to use some utterly preposterous harmony in just one or two places. It gets talked about and is a fine advertisement. Only you must be careful not to overdo this, or it will have an effect the reverse of what

you intended. So get to work, gentlemen, and when you want any more, I am always at your service. My invention has by no means exhausted itself with the present effort.

## Musical Fallacies.

### No. 3. AN ARTISTIC RENDERING.

#### SCENE I.

*A dingy room—An Italian singing-master seated at a piano giving a lesson to Miss Streatley who stands with unconcerned impassive face before him.*

*Prof.* (stopping her), No, no, not so, *diminuendo—diminuendo*; again—so, zat isbettare—Now go on—(they proceed, then, after a few bars)—no—no—no—no—*corpo di Bacco*, you do see it is marked *pp*—*per che* you sing it like zat? Quieter—quieter—now, *ancora*, *piu piano*—sh—sh—so, *diminuendo*, sh, sh—Now again *da capo*, sh—pia-a-a-no—*crescendo*—*crescendo*—(jumping up in a fury) Ah! *Sacramento!* it is *ff*. My dear young lady, you haf a vare beautifool voice, yes *per bacco*, *una bellissima voce*! But you haf no music,—you haf no brains. Do you not see it? Figure it to yourself—The ship burns—you run to your—(what you say?)—cabina—ze man enters who would betray you—would you let him save your life!—never—you leap past him and plunge into ze sea—So! all zat—and you sing it in zis mannare—My dear Mees, it is not play, it is not pique-nique, it is ze life and ze death—*Corpo di Bacco!* you do sing it like a girl of school. (*Seating himself*). Now, try again—*crescendo, crescendo—ff*. So, zat isbettare—Continue—sh—sh—now *crescendo, ff* zat doh in alto'—not *diminuendo*, (*clapping his hands*). Ah! no, no, no—My dear Mees Streatley—you can not sing as you do imagine, because you are not able to imagine—you must sing like a parrot—here *crescendo*, here *diminuendo*, there *ff*, just what I tell you, zen ze publica cry *brava, bravissima*, because you haf fine voice, beautiful voice, but no brains, no heart. Now sing again—So, so,—yes, zat it bettare—Now, not *diminuendo* there, mind, you do rush past Giovanni with a great scream and plunge in ze sea—continue—

(left rehearsing).

## SCENE II.

*A Concert-room.* Miss Streatley's song just finished—*A storm of applause—A party of four gather up their things and move off towards the door with a few others.*

*Gushing young lady*—What a splendid performance!

*Enthusiastic youth*—Magnificent! What a superb rendering! I never heard anything like it.

*Masculine (but just) young lady (with an air of decision)*—Most artistic.—How she brings the scene before one! One would never have given her credit for having so much emotion hidden in her—she seems such a very bread-and-butter miss.

*Languid youth*—Er—who's her master?

*Enthus. Y.*—Oh! Old Rinaldo—Why do you ask?

*Lang. Y.*—Oh! I thought perhaps he might have something to do with it.

*Enthus. Y.*—Just like your diabolical cynicism, you always remind me of Irving in Faust.

*Lang. Y.*—Th-a-nks awfully.

*Masc. Y. Lady (with asperity)*—I suppose you look down on her because she's a woman. It's always the way—Is it likely now, that that old—fossil should have all that passion and fire, and this young girl be cold and impassive!

*Lang. Y.* Well, from what I have seen of them both, I should say yes, decidedly.

*Enthus. Y.*—I have long thought there was a latent fire of suppressed passion lying hid beneath that calm exterior, that—

*Lang. Y.*—My dear fellow, don't be so diffuse—"Latent" is a good word,— "suppressed," is a good word—"lying hid" also expresses your sense very well; one of them would serve your purpose admirably, but why all three?

*Enthus. Y.*—Confound you, you are a fellow for pulling one up.

*Gushing Y. Lady.*—But, I wonder what she meant by that extraordinary *diminuendo*, when she is supposed to rush past Giovanni.

*Enthus. Y.*—Yes, she must have meant something by it.

*Masc. Y. Lady.*—To suggest some psychological truth. In so artistic a rendering as this, everything has its purpose.

*Lang. Y.*—Er—if I might suggest, er—I should say that she did what her singing-

master told her not to; and, if she were smaller would be whipped for it—that it is no part of the "artistic rendering" at all. As it is, I suppose I must hold my peace. (They go out.)

*Rinaldo, (in the tail, a little behind),*—Ah! Young lady! So you do begin to have ze head turned by ze bravas and bravissimas! Ah, well! I shall permit you once to sing from your own head, wizout ze help from me. Ha! I shall laugh ze next morning when you shall come back, to pray me to forgive you! (Exit, smiling grimly.)

## Wisdom of the Ancients.

It may be interesting to our readers to know the estimation in which Beethoven was held by average musicians at the time of his death. Two articles in *The Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review* of 1827, seem to us to give a very fair idea of the general feeling at that period. One, which we shall quote another time, gives an account of the Choral Symphony; the other is devoted to a more general survey of Beethoven's artistic position and influence. There is an earnestness and studied temperateness in the criticism which compel respect for the writer, however wrong we may now believe him to have been.

"The death of Beethoven is an event which cannot be disregarded by any one who takes an interest in the musical history of Europe, and who considers the influence which his writings have had and may have on the public taste. He would have been considered bold, who on the decease of Haydn, should have said that one would immediately appear to contest the palm with him and Mozart: nay, in the opinion of many, to carry it away from both. But there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, and the impulses of extraordinary genius are among them."

"If the most intense feeling, which carries you along with it in spite of extravagance; which often approaches to absurdity; if the wildest trains of thought and the most touching expression, are indications of genius, then may the term be applied to Beethoven. Indeed it is to his genius that he seems mostly indebted, for his works bear few such marks of study as

distinguish those of his great predecessors; with some exceptions they resemble grand sketches, which the artist has wanted the power or the inclination to finish. In truth, Beethoven appears to have disdained that severity of discipline to which Haydn and Mozart submitted, that they might acquire a command over all the resources of their art, and therefore his compositions are inferior to theirs in order and design. Even in his mass and in his oratorio of *The Mount of Olives*, where we might particularly expect to meet with it, there is not one example of a fugue regularly conducted, but his subject is generally quitted after having been once answered, or when it is resumed, it is only treated, as the Italians say, "alla fuga."

"These observations may subject me to a charge of pedantry from some persons, but I would beg them to recollect, that no composer of established fame, no one whom the united voice of the musical world pronounces "great," has yet existed, without distinguishing himself by the production of fugues or canons; let them consider also the care with which such specimens of art are preserved. How many volumes, nay, how many schools and particular styles of writing have gone down to "the tomb of all the Capulets" since "*Non nobis Domine*" first appeared, yet we still hear it with unabated pleasure. And may not the same be said for the fugues of Bach and Handel? They bear no stamp of age, and we of the present day listen to them with delight equal to that which was felt by those who lived when they were first written. . . .

Now, although the fiery mind of Beethoven seems to have disdained the labour which is necessary in the composition of regular fugues, his works abound in imitative passages of great beauty—at times, however, the imitation is productive of a degree of harshness which more patient study would have enabled him to avoid.

"Musicians are divided in their opinions concerning the early and later works of this wonderful man: for my part, I do not hesitate to class myself with those who prefer the former. They have more symmetry; and for regularity and concatenation of thought, they equal those beautiful models which Haydn and Mozart have left, while they are as much characterized by the peculiarities of the author's genius as are any of his subse-

quent productions. Take, for example, his first symphony in C major, and his septuor: these are perfect gems of instrumental writing. In them every passage tells, and with reference to them, we may say, as Johnson said of Gray, when speaking of his elegy—"had he often written thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him." Very different is the case with the later compositions of Beethoven—although he is said to have preferred them so much, that he felt highly offended whenever anyone praised his early productions. This only proves which has been a thousand times asserted, that authors are not always the best judges of their own works. In those now under consideration, there are parts of great magnificence and beauty; there are also whole movements which are exquisite in effect, but these are mixed up with much that is turgid and extravagant, and with not a little which borders on the ridiculous.

"Haydn and Mozart indeed often approached the very verge of propriety, but the caution with which they planned their works, preserved them from remarkable excesses. Beethoven, however, following only the impetus of his imagination, and disdaining those constraints which sober judgment would suggest, rushes madly on, and after

"Plays such fantastic tricks  
As make the Critics weep."

The history of the progress in art of a mind like Beethoven's, would be most interesting and instructive. As I have before hinted, he does not seem to have devoted much time to close study, but to have acquired his powers of composition by continual practice. Notwithstanding this, the beauty of his first works, their novelty, and the effect which they produced, raised him up immediately a crowd of admirers. These persons quickly made him "the god of their idolatry," and as became true believers, would not allow that there could be spot or blemish in his creations. Thus situated, and with an impetuosity of temper which made interference of any kind a dangerous office, it is not surprising that Beethoven should occasionally, have entertained false notions of his art: that he should have mistaken noise for grandeur, extravagance for originality, and have supposed that the interest of his compositions would be

in proportion to their duration. That he gave little time to reflection, is proved most clearly by the extraordinary length of some movements in his later symphonies, to which we might apply the epithet "Romans de longue haleine," given to certain French novels of the old school. The great fault which Beethoven committed, in making many of his compositions so long, will be seen, if we consider that music, though the most vague, is the most exciting of the arts; and not all the finest passages from Homer, nor an exhibition of all the battles of Le Brun, would produce half the effect on the minds of a party of British soldiers going into action, as would be produced by "God save the King," or the "Grenadier's March." . . . The great error which Beethoven has committed in this respect, is strikingly shown by the following circumstance—at Vienna, where he passed his life, and where all his great works were produced, his symphonies are never performed in an entire state, but are given piecemeal. Nay, so completely has he dosed his countrymen, and so thoroughly has he exhausted even their patience, that they do not scruple to lay hands on the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, and give them in the same manner."

(To be Continued.)

## A History of the Royal Academy.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from p. 15.)

THE occasional entries in the Minute Books throwing light on the student's pranks while resident in the Institution, are never devoid of interest. Under date July 10, 1840 we read :

" Mr. Vickery submitted the following Report upon the Subject of the Letter of Mr. Hicks, having reference to the recent removal of his son from the Academy:—

" With regard to the complaints in the letter of Mr. Hicks respecting the ' laxity of government and arrangement in the Academy ' I have deemed it my duty to institute the most careful enquiry, and the result is such as to satisfy me that the different charges contained in his Letter cannot be substantiated. There certainly have occurred two instances of intoxication during the period of my superintendence, and the offending parties were reprimanded at the time, but I did not deem it expedient to make a special report of their misconduct, as they both promised that I should never witness a repetition of the offence. Furthermore, it appears that the boy Hicks did undergo the

process of what is called 'mummifying.' This was inflicted by Bull, Wheeler, Hoffman and Carron. This practice obtained generally in the Academy from a very early period, but has been discontinued for the last five years, and was only revived, I am informed, in consequence of Hicks' insolent and ungracious deportment towards his fellow-students."

The next incident—not of thrilling interest now, perhaps, was a thorough investigation, by Lord Burghersh, of the housekeeping accounts, which had been very extravagant. A Report was drawn up shewing how a number of economies might be instituted and fixing an allowance of victuals per head, a very liberal one. It consisted of  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. meat, 1 lb. of bread,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. butter, 1 oz. cheese, 1 pint of milk and 1 lb. potatoes, on which substantial daily portion the students ought to have grown fat. Tea and coffee were expensive luxuries in those days, it should be remembered, and were therefore treated as extras, to be provided by the consumers themselves. Close upon the heels of this investigation came another. Mr. Hamilton during his Superintendentship had laid in a private stock of wine, the remainder of which he did not remove on his resignation but left it for the use of the Academy in cases of illness, etc.

Behold the terrible consequences!

" July 16, 1841. An investigation has taken place in reference to the statement of the abstraction of Wine from the private Cellar of the Academy, as set forth in Mr. Hamilton's Letter of the 28th June, noticed in the Minutes of the 2nd Instant. In the first instance Mrs. Davison was questioned in the presence of Mr. Vickery and Mr. Lundie, when she denied that she took away any of the wine during the time that the Key of the Cellar was in her possession, and at the same time affirmed that Mr. Cazalet had certainly opened four Bottles of the Wine in her presence, and furthermore that the servants of Mr. Cazalet had frequent possession of the Key of the Cellar. To the whole of this statement Mr. Cazalet gave an unequivocal denial. Lord Burghersh then requested that Mr. Cazalet would see Mrs. Davison upon the subject, but Mr. Cazalet being unable to attend through illness, repeated to Mr. Vickery on seeing a written account of Mrs. Davison's explanation, that he had never either taken himself or authorized Mrs. Davison to take any portion of Mr. Hamilton's wine.

" On Saturday the 10th Inst. Mrs. Davison was desired to attend for the purpose of being further questioned in the presence of Messrs. Hamilton, Vickery and Lundie, when she refused to appear, stating that, if wanted, she was to be found in her own room. Upon this refusal, Mr. Smith, the Secretary, was requested officially to desire her attendance; but Mrs. Davison still preserved in her refusal. Under these circumstances it was considered useless to prolong the enquiry after

Mrs. Davison's contumacious refusal to attend, and after Mr. Cazalet's explicit denial of the truth of her statement; and therefore Mr. Smith was instructed, in the name of the Committee, to communicate to Mrs. Davison that she would not be continued in the situation of Housekeeper,—that one Month's Wages from this day would be paid to her,—but that she would be required to leave the Academy on the 23rd Inst. or at an earlier date if the Committee should think proper to dispense with her services.

"Lord Burghersh, having called at the Academy immediately after the communication of this decision to Mrs. Davison, expressed his entire approbation of the manner in which the enquiry had been conducted.

"As it was considered proper that every point of evidence connected with this transaction should be clearly and fully explained, Ann Mackay, the housemaid who usually attended upon Mr. Cazalet during his residence as Chaplain and Superintendent, was called up on Tuesday the 13th Inst. and questioned in the presence of Mrs. Wyse the Governess, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Vickery, Mr. Cazalet and Mr. Lundie. On her examination Ann Mackay stated that neither she nor any other servant of the Institution ever had possession of the key of the Wine Cellar; that the key was always in Mrs. Davison's possession, except for a short period, during which it was with Mr. Cazalet; that she was never in the Cellar unless accompanied by Mrs. Davison; that she was well aware that there was wine in the Cellar belonging to Mr. Hamilton, and remembers taking 3 or 4 pint bottles from Mr. Hamilton's stock at Mrs. Davison's desire and conveying the same to Mrs. Davison's room, but never to Mr. Cazalet's apartments. Ann Mackay further states that she knew the wine to have been drunk in Mrs. Davison's room, and reports Mrs. Davison to have said that Mr. Cazalet had told her that she and Mr. Gimson might take any portion of Mr. Hamilton's wine and that if anything was said about it, Mr. Cazalet would pay for it."

With much more to the same effect. A general reformation was therefore made in the housekeeping department and the thunderstorm cleared the air for a time.

At this period there is an entry referring to the procedure at the half-yearly examinations which will bear quotation.

"In consequence of a letter addressed by the Professor to the committee requesting that the half-yearly Examinations of the pupils may be conducted on a more extensive scale and that the Professors may all be officially present throughout the same, Lord Burghersh desired Mr. Vickery to write to Mr. Potter, stating that it was his Lordship's wish that Mr. Potter should hold the examinations as heretofore, but that he should call in the aid of such Professors as he may think fit:—say Messrs. Cramer and Lucas. On these occasions Mr. Potter should be in a separate room and call in each Class, that is the Pupils of each Professor, separately,—requesting each Professor to enter the Room with his Pupils and to remain during their examination. This being over the Pupils with their Professor will quit the Room and be succeeded in like manner by another Class with

its Professor. If the Professors are unable to devote their time to this examination Mr. Potter must proceed in their absence."

The results of the examinations this time were unusually favourable, even the Harmony showing improvement. "But Mr. Potter begs to remark that those Students who compose should nevertheless continue the study of Harmony and Counterpoint, that they may become perfect musicians." And he makes the inevitable comparison between the singers and the pianists as regards understanding their work.

(To be Continued.)

## What our Old Students are Doing.

MISS DORA BRIGHT gave Three Musical Evenings at Princes' Hall during April,—on the 12th, 19th and 26th. Among others who assisted her, were, Mdm. Clara Samuell, and Messrs. W. E. Whitehouse and Frederick Griffith.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S "Macbeth" Overture was performed at the Philharmonic Concert of March 23rd.

MR. W. G. MCNAUGHT has recently been lecturing at the Society of Arts on "Music in Elementary Schools."

MISS MAUDE VALERIE WHITE has just published (Edwin Ashdown) a set of fourteen Pianoforte "Pictures from Abroad."

DR. WALMSLEY LITTLE and some of his pupils gave a Pianoforte Recital at the South London Institute of Music, Camberwell, on the 16th ult.

At the "Owl Club" Concert of the 10th ult., at the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. A. Payne, (Violin) and Mr. Alfred Izard (Pianoforte) played with much success.

MRS. BETHEL sang the Soprano solos on the 11th ult., at the Music Hall, Edinburgh, at the Concert of Mr. Kirkhope's magnificent choir.

THE last Concert of the Clapham Philharmonic Society was given on the 13th ult. and consisted of Chamber music given by the Hann family, varied by some part-songs and madrigals by the Clapham Choral Society, under Mr. Walter Mackway's direction.

DR. MACKENZIE'S "Bethlehem" is in the press, and will shortly be issued.

AT THE BOW AND BROMLEY INSTITUTE of April 22nd, a Pianoforte Recital was given by Miss Ida Betts, Miss Dora Matthay, Miss Edith Purvis and Miss Lily West, members of Mr. Matthay's R.A.M. class. The vocalists were Mdm. Belle Cole, and Miss Clara Dowle. The programme included Brahms' Rhapsody in G minor, Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, and fourth Scherzo, Liszt's Paganini-

## THE OVERTURE.

étude in E, Chopin's Polonaise in A flat and fourth Scherzo, and smaller pieces by Schumann, Kirchner, Chaminade, Matthay, Hermann Göetz, N. von Wilm and Mozskowski.

MISS CHÉRON has been giving successful Concerts at Johannesburg, South Africa.

MR. EDWIN HOUGHTON acted as principal Tenor at the recent Winchester Festival. Dr. MacKenzie's *Benedictus*, was performed, and Mr. Eaton Fanning's setting of the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis was used at the Sunday Service, some 6000 people attending

MISS HORROCKS' "Fairy Songs," for female chorus, recently performed at the semi-public Concert of the R.A.M. Excelsior Society, are being published by Joseph Williams, who is also bringing out a set of Eight Canons for female voices, from her pen.

## Scholarship News.

THE competition for the Sterndale Bennett Prize took place at the R.A.M., on March 30th. The examiners were Messrs. Herbert F. Sharpe, Leonard Borwick, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann (in the chair). There were 38 candidates, and the prize was awarded to Lilias Pringle. The examiners highly commended Keith C. Glen and commended Anna Stern.

THE competition for the Sainton Scholarship was also decided on the same day. The examiners were Messrs. Frank Arnold, Alfred Burnett, W. Frye Parker, Hans Wessely, and Emile Sauret (in the chair). There were 22 candidates and the scholarship was awarded to Florence E. Moss. The examiners highly commended W. J. Read and commended Lilian O. Cook and W. B. Carter.

## Fortnightly Concerts.

PROGRAMME OF MARCH 27, 1893.

{ "WIEGENLIED" } Pianoforte.  
PRESTO in C sharp minor } Henselt.  
Sterndale Bennett.

MISS ANNA STERN.

AIR, "La Feuille s'envole" (Suzanne) Emile Paladilhe.

Miss M. BRUCE-JOHNSTON.

(Accompanist, Miss KEITH GLEN.)

"LEGENDE"—Violin Wieniawski.

Miss MARION EASTON.\*

(Accompanist, Miss EDITH O. GREENHILL.)

ARIA "Ch'io mai vi possa" Handel.

Miss HELEN RUSH.

(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)

POLONAISE IN A flat—Pianoforte Chopin.

Miss EDITH PRATT.

SONG, "A Summer Night" Arthur Goring Thomas.

Miss J. SPICER.\* Violoncello Obbligato—Mr. H. WALENN.

(Accompanist, Miss L. M. MILES.)

RECITATION, "The Hunchback," Act ii., Scene 3 Sheridan Knowles.

Julia—Miss ETHEL THOMSON.

Helen—Miss HYLDA CUNNINGHAM

Sir Thomas Clifford—Mr. THORNE.

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FANTASIA AND FUGUE in A minor (Op. 104)—Organ Mr. D. J. MAYBERY.

CAPRICE, "Echoes of a Waterfall"—Harp Thomas.

Miss LIZZIE POPE.

{ SONG, "O let thy tears" } Jensen.  
" SERENADE " Raff.

Miss AGNES MATTHEWS.

(Accompanist, Mr. ARTHUR APPLEBY.)

RECITATIVE AND AIR, "Waft her Angels" (Jephtha) Handel.

Mr. WRIGHT BEAUMONT.

(Accompanist, Mr. S. SZCZEPANOWSKI.)

"IN VACANZA," Quartettino for Violoncelli (MS.) Piatti.

Mr. CLEMENT HANN, Mr. B. P. PARKER, Miss VERNET, Mr. H. WALENN.

AIR, "Wise men, flattering" (Judas Maccabæus) Handel.

Miss JEAN HUNTER.

(Accompanist, Miss ETHEL BARNS.)

ALLEGRO MODERATO } (Trio in B flat), Op. 79—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello Beethoven.

Miss ADELAIDE BURT, Mr. P. CATHIE, Mr. B. P. PARKER.

AIR, "Le printemps qui commence" Saint-Saëns.

Miss A. WALLACE.

(Accompanist, Miss JOSEPHINE TAYLOR.)

ANDANTE } (Sonata in D)—Two Pianofortes FINALE Mozart.

Miss Alice Crawley,\* Miss Pattie Bennett.\*

\* Indicates those with whom the subject is a second study.

## R.A.M. Student's Orchestral Concert.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY, MARCH 28TH, 1893.

## PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE "Anacreon" Cherubini.

ARIA "Hear ye, Israel" (Elijah) Mendelssohn.

Miss MINNIE ROBINSON.

MASSIG LANGSAM } (Concerto in B flat), Op. 18—

LANGSAM Pianoforte Goetz.

Miss EDITH WILLIAMS.

ARIA "O Lisbona" (Don Sebastian) Donizetti.

Mr. TOM JAMES.

CONCERTO IN D MINOR, No. 3, Op. 58—Violin Max Bruch.

Miss E. REYNOLDS.

"MIGNON'S SONG" ... ... ... Liszt.

Miss VIOLET ROBINSON.

ALLEGRO BRILLANTE (Concerto in E flat)—Harp Parish Alvars.

Miss A. E. M. CARNES.

ARIA "Convien partir" (La Fille du Régiment) Donizetti.

Miss ELSIE MACKENZIE.

MODERATO ASSAI } (Concerto in D Minor), Op. 70—

ALLEGRO ASSAI —Pianoforte Rubinstein.

Miss M. MOLYNEUX.

(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)

(Macfarren Scholar.)

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# Musical Calendar for June, 1893

THURSDAY, 4.

Mlle. Chaminade's and Mr. Oudin's recital, St. James' Hall at 3; Philharmonic Concert at 8.

SATURDAY, 3.

Sarasate Orchestral Concert, St. James's Hall at 3.

MONDAY, 5.

1st Richter Concert, St. James' Hall at 8.30; Mr. Edgar Haddock's Concert, Steinway Hall at 3.

TUESDAY, 6.

Mr. Schönberger's Recital, St. James's Hall at 3; Dental Hospital Concert, same hall at 8.

WEDNESDAY, 7.

Miss Fanny Davies' Recital at 3, Handel Society Concert at 8, both at St. James' Hall.

THURSDAY, 8.

Sir Augustus Harris' Concert, St. James' Hall at 3.

SATURDAY, 10.

Sarasate Concert at 3, St. James' Hall.

MONDAY 12.

2nd. Richter Concert, St. James' Hall at 8.30; Mr. Edgar Haddock's Concert, Steinway Hall at 3.

WEDNESDAY, 14.

Sir W. G. Cusins Concert, St. James' Hall at 3.

TUESDAY, 15.

Sir Augustus Harris' Concert, St. James' Hall at 3; Philharmonic Concert at 8

SATURDAY, 17.

Sarasate Orchestral Concert, St. James' Hall at 3.

MONDAY, 19.

R. A. M. Student's Concert, St. James' Hall at 3; 3rd. Richter Concert at 8.30.

TUESDAY, 20.

Golden Legend, Crystal Palace at 3.

THURSDAY, 22.

Sir Augustus Harris' Concert, St. James' Hall at 3; Mrs. Henschel's Song Recital, St. James' Hall, 8.30.

SATURDAY, 24.

Last Sarasate Concert at 3.

MONDAY, 26.

4th Richter Concert.

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## Taking Notice.

"HE takes notice quite wonderful, bless him!" says every fond mother of every goggle-eyed sucking. Now whether it is that we live in such a whirl that one impression is blurred by the next following so quickly, I do not know, but certain it is that comparatively few people can be said truly to "take notice"; that is, to hold clear mental photographs of the commonest things around them. Ask any Londoner how many kinds of soap he remembers to have seen advertised and he will, with an effort, recall perhaps five or six, whereas, no less than twelve vie with each other as to which shall be most exasperatingly obtrusive. Who remembers the names or even the description of the shops in any one street that he passes daily? Who remembers how many stairs there are in his own house, though he ascends and descends them continually? Few can even describe the character and position of the objects on their own mantelpiece correctly, and I myself have the greatest difficulty in recollecting what I had for dinner yesterday. The reason of all this forgetfulness is that we only see what we want to see and only remember what we have an interest in remembering—and not always that. Now, in music, the powers of observation and memory are taxed in a

very high degree; but seeing the immense importance of remembering correctly it is rather surprising to find that few people's powers are equal to the call upon them. It is a daily experience with me in teaching harmony to pupils who have learnt what they call "music"—that is the pianoforte—for ten years or more, to find that they have never noticed a single detail connected with music—such as that a piece always ends with the tonic chord, that the leading note has a tendency to ascend, that a suspension usually falls, that phrases are usually of two or four bars in length etc., etc. In matters of notation it is still worse; though they may have been familiar with written and printed music all their lives, many of the cleverest require to be told which side of a note to put an accidental, how to range the sharps or flats in the signature, when and how quaver tails are joined together, and many similar matters. I have *never* found a definite acquaintance with and comprehension of the methods for indicating speed or manner of performance in any student, but this is, perhaps, not to be wondered at. The point in which taking notice is most needed and least exercised is the matter of pitch. It is almost universally believed that a feeling for definite pitch is "a gift," which means that those holding this idea believe themselves incapable of acquiring the sense. But might I ask how it is that there are not two persons in a thousand but can discriminate between the sounds of the various bells in their houses, though they have no means of comparing them? As a matter of fact, all the sounds which we are interested in recognising we can and do differentiate, however similar they may be. The various bells in a house are often very slightly different in tone, but most servants learn in a few weeks to tell one from another. Yet we pretend that it needs a special sense to enable us to tell

the sound of A or B. It is purely an effort of memory and nothing else. The present writer well remembers how as a boy he had, like most students, paid no attention to the matter, and had, moreover, been much confused in his ear by the very different pitches of Germany, France and England. It seemed a marvellous thing that a mere pianoforte tuner or a common bandsman should be able to tune an instrument to concert pitch without a fork, but by dint of recalling that most frequently heard of all musical sounds, the tuning of a fiddle, the actual sounds of A and D become very easily fixed in the memory and by degrees all other notes were learnt from these. To learn the definite sounds of notes is not half so difficult as to mimic the tones of another person's voice—a common accomplishment.

There is another and more important matter on which the art of taking notice needs to be exercised. This is in the memorising of actual compositions. Most people learn, with more or less difficulty, to perform a piece of music by heart, but this is a purely mechanical proceeding and usually requires the piece to have been repeated many scores of times. To remember a tune of eight bars, only heard once is a power possessed by very few, just as very few people, a handful of matches being thrown on the table, can say at a glance how many there are. The way in which nine-tenths of the music people hear fades away from them, is often brought very curiously to one's notice. It is probable that not six students in the Royal Academy could quote a single theme from a pianoforte concerto they have not themselves learnt, yet they hear all the most popular concertos every Tuesday and Friday, over and over again.

Worse than this, last year, in the second division harmony paper, two melodies were given with slight errors in notation to be corrected. One was the 2nd subject of the "Frieschütz" overture, the other the second half of "The last rose of summer." Will it be believed that out of about 150 students who attempted that paper we have not been able to find one who recognised either tune? The fourth division students, who are supposed to know something about music were asked to "give any particulars you can as to key, &c., of Beethoven's Symphonies, quoting any of

the subjects," but only one student attempted to answer that question at all, though most of the symphonies are constantly being heard in our concert-room. And this is nothing exceptional; the general public, including even the best of amateurs, seldom notice tunes well enough to be able to reproduce them, unless it be a tune dinned into them. They positively take so little notice as to be amazed at the discovery that some particular musical phrase has ever been used before, while the musician is painfully aware that a new phrase of any musical merit has certainly not been invented during the last hundred years. Anybody can learn to know things when he is taught them, but the person who uses the senses God has given him, who keeps his eyes and ears and, above all, his memory ready, this is the man who is of some use in the world and who alone may be said to live. Many go through the world like a mirror; they reflect all that comes in their way, but retain nothing. The mind should be like a piece of blotting paper, ready to receive every impression and preserve it, even if in a distorted or blurred form. To remember is to live; forgetfulness is death; the strongest prayer of every right-minded human being should be "Lord keep my memory green."

### Passing Notes.

IT is curious at this time of day to see such an article as that in the current number of a professedly musical contemporary called *The Minstrel*, headed "The Classical Music Fad," and apparently written with the object of decrying all kinds of music beyond the ballad. We say apparently written, for the article in question is (fortunately) so vaguely worded that the writer's exact contention is not at all clear. He certainly takes the popular view when he defines classical music as "any music that is wholly unintelligible, and was written by some foreigner who has been dead for a number of years and whose name is unpronounceable," leaving us to suppose that if he were a compatriot of Mozart, say, and could understand his music and pronounce his name, then Mozart would not be "classical." As a sample of haziness the writer's concluding sentences will bear

quotation. "We are bold to confess," he says, "that we prefer the so-called popular 'trash' to the 'classical' trash with which the country is surfeited. Music is not good just because it is difficult; neither is it 'trash' because it is simple. A singer who artistically presents a ballad by a living composer is far better than the conductor who murders an oratorio. 'Home, sweet Home' is a simple piece, and yet the matchless manner in which Patti sings it has done more to make her popular than any aria she ever sang." It will be noticed that while this paragraph is a string of truisms, not one sentence bears upon the other, so that the argument is more unintelligible than any "classical" music. Curiously enough this article is signed with initials which have done plenty of service in the musical world. But we would undertake to swear that they do not represent F. Chopin, F. Cellier, F. Chrysander, F. Chwatal, F. Clay, F. Clement, F. Cowen, F. Cliffe, nor any other musician known to the Editor of this paper, from F. Couperin to F. Crowest.

ANOTHER, and more estimable contemporary, has lately had several articles connected with matters of notation. One of these pleads for an exact indication of the length of a pause in music. With all respect to the writer we must entirely oppose his views. When a composer intends a pause of definite duration he easily indicates it by notes or rests of the required length. That many people are careless in their notation is another matter. But the well-known sign for a pause is purposely only a vague indication of a break in the music, which need not be made twice alike, and which, if considered as having a fixed duration would have to be reckoned for in the rhythmic periods of the composition. Such real pauses, like the pauses made by an elocutionist, would be made longer in a large room than in a small, longer on every subsequent occurrence, and in fact, if made definite would be for the performer no pauses at all. Another article in the same paper urges the necessity for a more definite indication of *crescendo* and *diminuendo* than that afforded by the words themselves or the well known angle lines. Here again, the fault is only with the carelessness of some composers, just like

all the other shortcomings in our notation. People like Wagner, who know exactly what effect they want, simply put at the end of the angle lines the sign for *mezzo forte*, *forte*, *fortissimo* or whatever dynamic strength they wish, while others let the engraver dash in his signs anyhow and anywhere, trusting to that rare thing, musical sense on the part of the reader, to get their works properly played. Every publishing house ought to have, as one or two only have, a competent and experienced editor, who should look after these matters, in which many even first rate composers are terribly vague. But the ordinary editor thinks he has done his full duty when he has corrected most of the wrong notes and added a few slurs and some fingering.

MESSRS. NOVELLO & Co. have made a handsome and valuable donation to the library of the Royal Academy of Music in the shape of a complete set of Full Scores of all the orchestral and vocal works published by them. The opportunity for studying the scores of modern masters thus afforded to students is of inestimable value, and will be warmly appreciated. There are no less than 57 important works, contained in 54 beautifully bound volumes, the following being a complete list:—

Barnby, J., *The Lord is King*; Benedict J., *St. Peter*, *St. Cecilia*; Bennett, W. S., *The May Queen*; Corder, F., *Prospero Overture*; Cowen, F. A., *Ruth*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Symphony No. 4*; Dvorák; A, *St. Ludmilla*, *The Spectre's Bride*, *A Patriotic Hymn*, *Stabat Mater*; Gadsby, H., *The Forest of Arden Overture*; Gounod, Ch., *Troisième Messe Solennelle*, *By Babylon's Wave*, *Mors et Vita*, *The Redemption*; Handel, *Acis and Galatea*, *Samson*; Haydn, *The Creation*; Henschel, *The Music to Shakespeare's Hamlet*; Jensen A, *The Feast of Adonis*; King, Oliver, *Among the Pines Overture*, *Night Symphony*; Lloyd, C. H., *Hero and Leander*; MacCunn, H., *The Land of the Mountain and the Flood Overture*; Macfarren, G. A., *May Day*; Mackenzie, C., *Rose of Sharon*, *Concerto for the Violin*, *Twelfth Night*, *Benedictus*, *The Story of Sayid*, *Jason*, *The Bride*, *Colomba*, *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, *Rhapsodie Ecossaise*; Burns' *Second Scotch Rhapsody*; Mendelssohn, *Hymn*

of Praise, Elijah, St. Paul, Hear my Prayer; Mozart, Twelfth Mass; Munderlla, L., Victory of Song; Parry, C. H. H., Blest Pair of Sirens; Saint-Saens, C., The Heavens Declare; Spohr, The Last Judgment, God Thou art Great, Calvary; Stanford, C. V., The Revenge, Irish Symphony in F Minor, Suite for Violin Solo and Orchestra, Symphony No. 4 in F.; Sullivan, A., In Memoriam, The Golden Legend, The Tempest.

THE Tonic Sol-Fa College holds its annual meeting at Exeter Hall on May 29th. Besides the separate and combined forces of the South London Choral Association and the Temperance Choral Society the *tutti* is to be enhanced by the voices of the audience, who are invited to take part in two numbers, Handel's chorus "And the glory of the Lord" and a new part-song. No rehearsal (this is unkind) is allowed, but those who are not quick sight-readers may buy copies of the two pieces for threepence. We remember one or two previous occasions on which the same attempt has been made, but audiences seem to resent being turned into performers. Doubtless they feel sure that they can sing quite as well as the folks on the platform, but, they argue, they pay their money to listen, not to work. If the concert-givers expect them to perform the payment ought to come from the other side.

WE have much pleasure in welcoming the first number of *The New Quarterly Musical Review*, a publication which, there can be no harm in revealing, owes its birth in a considerable measure to *The Overture*. Among the more important articles in No. 1 are "Modern Orchestration" by Dr. Mackenzie (being a *résumé* of his Royal Institution Lectures on this subject), an extended review of Rubinstein's "Moses" by the Editor, and an account of the first performance of "Carmen" by Mr. R. A. Streatfield. We shall look with interest for the succeeding numbers of our youthful relative, to which we wish every success.

*The Musical Times*, had a paragraph pointing out a strange blunder made by M. Pougin, who, in the *Ménestrel*, had interpreted a heading of Beethoven's "in modo lidico" (in the Lydian Mode) as a misprint for "in modo lirico" (in a lyric style). Our contemporary jokingly advised the editor to keep his eyes open upon his contributors. Shortly afterwards another Parisian paper, *Le Monde Musical*, in its London letter, takes up the cudgels in a paragraph whereof the following is a translation. "The *Musical Times* is very angry because M. Arthur Pougin, whom it believes it has recognised under the initials A. P., has taken the liberty, in the *Ménestrel*, of pointing out an error in the English journal"—this is carrying the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance!—"and the eminent writer is warned to mind what he is about, for henceforth a watchful eye will be kept upon him." When you are making a translation it is as well not to be slavishly literal, but it is also possible to err in the opposite direction. We should recommend the English correspondent of *Le Monde Musical* to put himself through a course of Ollendorff before he grapples again with the language of perfidious Albion.

### In the Interval.

"It is all very fine to jeer at the notion of Key-colour," said the Well Read One; "but I talked the matter over with some blind musicians recently, and they were unanimous in the opinion that keys have a distinctive character. That is to say that, whether the music be gay or sad, there is a distinct but indefinable *timbre* given by one key which is not given by another."

"All that," contended the Sub-editor, "is merely an unconscious association of ideas. When you have a harmonic progression in one key your memory compares it with a previously made impression produced by a similar passage in another key. All such mental impressions can only be comparative."

"Allow me, then" rejoined the Well Read One "to crush you with no less an authority than Dr. Hugo Riemann. In his Analysis of Bach's 48 Preludes and Fugues he writes as follows: 'Prelude

An amusing instance of French journalists' ignorance of English has just occurred. Last month our contemporary,

and Fugue in C sharp major. Kroll has written this number in the key of D flat, . . . . The C sharp prelude, however, affords convincing proof that his (Bach's) powers of feeling and of invention were definitely influenced by the key: this ardent midsummer mood, this flashing, glimmering and glistening, were evolved from the spirit of the C sharp major key; the veiled soft key of D flat would have suggested treatment of a totally different kind.' How do you feel after that ? '

"Well, I only gather that Dr. R. has a vague notion that Bach's Prelude has not much in common with Chopin's in the same key, in which I cordially agree with him. But if he can tell me whether I learnt it from Kroll's edition or not when I play it by heart he is cleverer than I take him to be."

"I have lately invented" complacently declared the Faddist, "a little table, or numerical scheme of the keys. I think it quite one of the neatest formulæ I know of. May I invite your inspection ? "

It was useless to refuse, and we thought that the small scrap of paper wielded by the Faddist could hardly contain an unendurable amount of boredom.

"You will observe," continued he, "that if we take a scale of notes a tone apart commencing on C, and write the ascending scale above the descending one, the line of even numbers I have written between gives the number of sharps in the upper row and the number of flats in the lower. Thus :

C. D.	E. F sharp.	G. sharp.	A sharp.	B sharp.
o. 2.	4.	6.	8.	10.

C B flat,	A flat,	G flat,	F flat,	E dble. flat,	D dble. flat.
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Is not this remarkable ? "

Liar s that we were, we all protested that it was highly interesting.

"Further," pursued our tormentor, "if we write a similar pair of scales from G, the sharps and flats in these will be indicated by the odd numbers, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11. Strange—is it not ? "

Again did we all steep our souls in perjury and declare that it was positively thrilling.

"But what" ventured the New Student "is the use of all this ? "

"Its use, young sir," crushingly retorted the Faddist "is to impress upon the youthful mind that everywhere in the world of art we may find symmetry."

"Kensal Green is the nearest, I believe"

replied the New Student, thoughtfully. "I beg your pardon, but several of these gentlemen were looking as if anxious for the information."

"In the course of my professional duties" remarked the Sub-editor, "which are not wholly unconnected with the paste-pot and scissors—"

"What, on the *Overture*? You surprise me," put in the failure.

"— I often come across remarkable paragraphs, but usually hand them over to—ahem!—other papers. Yet is there one contemporary whose slightest allusion to musical matters delights me to that extent that I can seldom bring myself to share the joy with others. I allude to the *Queen*—the ladies' newspaper—wherein I read the other day that

"MISS NELLIE KAUFFMANN, a young pianoforte pupil of Mr. Graham P. Moore, of the Royal College of Music, who will make her *début* at St. James's Hall on May 11, announces that she will wear on this occasion a costume specially designed for her by Mr. Oscar Wilde."

"I fail to see," said the Shrieking Sister, "that this is any more inartistic than for a violinist to announce that he will play upon a thousand-guinea Strad, or a work to sue for admiration because it was suggested by some series of romantic incidents."

"Quite so," responded the Sub-editor; "but two blacks don't make a white, you know, and we thought that the *fin de-siècle* young lady was above such vulgarity."

"I have yet to learn," retorted the Shrieking Sister, coldly, "that it is vulgar to have a dress designed for one by an artist, or to let the fact be known."

The Sub-editor smole a smile.

"I wish I knew French," sighed the Half-student.

"If you pay your fees they can *try* to teach you," hinted the Sub-professor.

"I mean because I have invented a beautiful paragraph; just that kind of paragraph that can only appear first in *Le Ménestrel* or some other French paper. It is to the effect that Monsieur so-and-so (any name that happens to be before the public) is starting a new choral body of male voices, the members of which are all to be musical critics, past or present."

"The joke would be too subtle without explanation," said the Voice-Producer, "I myself once conducted a small body of composers, whose voices were—well, you know that "*voix de compositeur*" is a French proverbial phrase. And my friend Groenings once suggested a choir of conductors, each member beating his own time."

"But wherein lies the humour of the critic's choir," asked the Born Genius.

"Why, don't you see? In the difficulty of getting anything like unanimity out of them," sniggered the Half-Student, "They would all want to sing in different keys."

"I should like to know," grumbled the Born Genius, "why one of our contemporaries has lately thought fit to present its readers with portraits of the professors at the Leipsic Conservatoire."

"The photographer" said the Sub-editor, "like the poor, is with us always. That is the only reason I can give."

"But why Leipsic?" urged the Born Genius. "It isn't as if it was one of the leading music-schools, as it was thirty years ago. And it isn't as if the good looks of the professors would be likely to be an attraction. A more ornery set of unshaved Johnnies I never set eyes upon. The portrait of Reinecke alone is enough to frighten away any intending students."

"Ah, this is the shop for good looks," said the New Student, slyly. (The Born Genius is, in fact, appallingly plain).

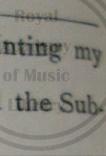
"No sir!" replied the other, firmly. "I am ready to believe in the talent of the Leipsic men just because it is a notorious fact that musical genius is *never* allied to good looks. But I certainly think that it would have been more interesting if our contemporary had given the portraits of the distinguished musicians who ought to be (but are not) sitting in the front rows of benches here to-night."

"Not a bit of it," retorted the Sub-editor, "A foreign school and its teachers will always command more respect in English eyes than one located at home. Distance lends enchantment to the view, you know."

"That is all right, if there were only reciprocity on the part of other nations," said the Born Genius. "But it is like our Free Trade; too beastly one-sided."

Catch a foreign paper ever printing my portrait, for instance."

"They know better," replied the Sub-editor, ambiguously.



## Provincial Portraits.

### I. OUR TOWN.

ONE thing which a Londoner has great difficulty in understanding, is that London is not the entire world. It is not even the whole of England. The only time when the Londoner realizes this great fact is in moments of political excitement. If there is a bye-election at Dulworth, Dulworth looms large on the political horizon, and its true importance is insisted on in both the Tory and Radical press. For a week before the election we, the inhabitants of that favoured town, are told that we possess a great deal more than the average intelligence, and that our opinion is of greater weight than that of any constituency of equal size. But in matters of art we are never alluded to, and nobody cares two-pence whether we cultivate music, for instance, or no. Well, we return the compliment in full. We do cultivate music, and we go on our way and pay no attention whatever to anything that occurs in the metropolis. I propose in this and two or three subsequent papers to display our musical life, and to sketch portraits of our musical leaders; and, by way of introduction I must rapidly indicate what sort of a town Dulworth is. There are thousands like it, scattered up and down the face of England, and by the time I have done, I hope I shall have convinced my readers, that if they seek the bubble reputation, they must not be satisfied with being known in London, they must not rest until they have conquered Dulworth and its sister towns.

In many respects Dulworth is a favoured spot. We have a beautiful old Abbey, we have a public school and we have a castle. We are remote from the world, for, although we are a station on the great South-Northern line, that mighty corporation only allows its slowest trains to stop there, and the country between us and the cathedral city of Tortown on the one hand, and the other cathedral city of Plainbury on the other, is uninhabited pasture-land. Thus the shocks of the

world only shake us very gently. We never hear of anything till the next day, and events which send the London evening papers into hysterics of capital headlines are reduced to insignificant paragraphs by the time they get to us. All this would seem to make for peace, and ought to render Dulworth fertile ground for cultivating the muses. Unfortunately we don't always agree amongst ourselves as well as we might. For the plant of most flourishing growth in our precincts is clique-ism. I despair of giving you any idea of our clannishness. Judge for yourselves. First, there are the Towns-People. Some of these are churchmen and go to the Abbey. But the Abbey is at present in the cure of a very low-church Vicar, and our ritualists are consequently in a constant state of suppressed irritation. The non-conformist sects are too numerous to mention. We have specimens of every kind, from Wesleyan to Salvationist, and we have a particular shade of Plymouth Brethren which, I am told, is not to be found anywhere else. And now, if you please, a Roman Catholic Convent has been established under the shadow of the Abbey! I need hardly remark that the members of these several sects have very little to say to each other, indeed they are only willing to act in concert when they want to get something out of the Squire for the good of the whole town. Then their unanimity is delightful. The social question is still further complicated by politics. We have every possible sort of political organization. The Primrose League takes the lead, because the Squire opens his park to it every now and then, and the greatest Music-Hall artists come down and do things. But in the intervals between these entertainments the other clubs and associations go very strong. Taking everything into consideration it is obviously difficult for the townspeople to be on cordial terms with each other. The School people form a little circle of their own. These are the masters and their wives, and they move in an orbit round the Headmaster, who is a very great man indeed. The School-people think themselves the salt of the earth; no mere private citizen of the town is fit to associate with them, and they are at constant feud with the tradesmen because they deal at the stores. They have only one crumpled rose-leaf, and that is that the County-people

keep them at a cold and cheerless distance. I will not attempt to say anything about the County-People. They are too lofty a theme for my humble goose-quill. They live like gods in a world where there is no work. They seldom pay their debts; the wives frequently run away from the husbands; and the husbands sometimes die of drink. They have a real good time.

I have now shown you the material on which the provincial artist has to work. In my next paper I propose to introduce you to one of our principal musical lights: Mr. George Frederick Handel Howells, F.C.C.S., commonly known as Dr. Howells. He is a very great man, and he deserves a paper all to himself.

### A Concert Notice.

It is often a cause of objection to this paper that it does not give notices of concerts. Now we maintain that in a monthly journal these are a mistake, besides affording the dullest of dull reading. If it were possible to give them beforehand, now,—well, perhaps we will try that experiment some day. But we are going to break through our rule for once and give a notice of the last Philharmonic concert, just to show that we can if we like. And in order to read a fine moral lesson we will copy the procedure of Robert Browning in "The Ring and the Book" and criticize from three different standpoints. Here goes:

### HALF GUINEA.

"Fie, what a roaring day we've had!" The last Philharmonic concert was really a surfeit of good things. Approved classical masterpieces we have always with us; it is only just that occasionally our contemporary talent should have a chance to show itself. And of all the modern composers, who more worthy to open a Philharmonic concert than Joseph Rheinberger? He is no riotous would-be Wagnerian, but one who walks in the footsteps of Beethoven and is not ashamed. His Overture to "Demetrius" is not only a fine piece of workmanship and scoring, but the themes are interesting and varied. It was brilliantly played and heartily applauded. Next we had a new pianoforte

concerto by Hans Huber, another of the shining lights of Germany to-day. There is nothing *fin de siècle* about Hans Huber, whose style is the natural development of Schumann and Brahms. The modern tendency is to make a concerto like a symphony, with an instrumental obbligato, also to run to undue length. Both of these faults, we must own, Herr Huber commits, but when the soloist is Otto Hegner, they sink into insignificance, and we are grateful for anything that gives us an excuse to listen to such artistic playing. A graceful tribute to national art was the production of Mr. Erskine Allon's Cantata "Annie of Lochroyan," and the composer showed himself by no means unfit for the distinguished company in which he found himself. Mr. Allon's talent is very original, yet perfectly free from affectation. He has a distinct vein of melody and the details of his score, if lacking in the clearness that only comes of experience, are always interesting. Miss Lehmann sang the soprano solo part like the artist she is, and the choral and orchestral portions were—it is needless to say—done full justice to by the forces at Dr. Mackenzie's disposal. The next pearl on the string was Piatti's melodious and effective concerto for violoncello, superbly played by that great artist, Herr Klengel, whose tone and technique astonish us more every time we hear him. The long concert—yet not so long but that we were sorry a number had been eliminated—concluded with a perfect performance of Beethoven's second symphony. The last movement in particular, though played to a rapidly departing audience, we never remember to have heard rendered with more spirit. It is another feather in Dr. Mackenzie's already well-garnished cap.

#### THE OTHER HALF GUINEA.

If the Philharmonic Society, deaf to all remonstrance, persist in giving such preposterously long concerts, why do they not seek to turn an honest penny by putting up the audience for the night? I am sure I should have felt grateful for such an offer, for after my sufferings at the hands of Messrs. Rheinberger, Huber, Allon & Co., I hardly felt equal to the task of getting home, even after a refreshing *douche* of Beethoven. Rheinberger's overture may be compared to the sweepings

of a concert room at the end of the season, or the conductor's reminiscences. Scraps of Beethoven and Brahms, snatches of Strauss waltzes, Russian national airs and all sorts of things strung together most cleverly and effectively, I admit, but,—is it art? As to Hans Huber's piano-forte concerto I can hardly trust myself to write about it. The beastly thing was forty-five minutes in length and had but one theme, consisting of three crochets, G, A, D. In the first movement the D went down and in the last it went up, like Mr. Crowe's famous waltz, and, by *g.a.d.*, I nearly went crazy. The piano was playing accompaniment passages to the orchestra the whole way through, but whether poor little Hegner played well or ill I defy any mortal to say, for the piano part was absolutely smothered by the dead weight of sustaining harmony in the strings. The only time, to my knowledge, this miscreant composer has had justice dealt out to him was in the very first number of THE OVERTURE, and even then he was let off far too easily. One line in the programme book brought tears to the eyes of the audience. It was "Herr Huber is still living." There is one comfort; should he write another concerto Nature herself must rise in revolt, and we shall have a cataclysm of some sort. Of Mr. Erskine Allon's Cantata I have not much to say. It is a youthful and turgid work; good intentions are evident, but he handles the orchestra nearly as badly as Herr Huber. Miss Lehmann seemed in bad voice and did not do what she might with the agreeable solo "O dinna ye ken." Herr Klengel played Piatti's feeble concerto with the surprising execution for which he is famous, but his tone did not seem very strong, and at first he played abominably out of tune. Smetana's Comedy Overture being the only thing I really wanted to hear—it is magnificent—of course they had taken it off the programme, and the wearisome concert concluded with a fair performance of Beethoven's Symphony in D. But why did the trumpets start in E flat, and why was the repeat of the first movement omitted, and why was the slow movement taken so slowly? A concert of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours without a break, the programme consisting almost entirely of second-rate modern works, is mere folly, and we shall be surprised if the directors of the Society do

not speedily reap the disastrous results of their insane policy.

## TERTIUM QUID.

I am no technical musician: I don't understand anything about High Art, but I know what I like; and a Philharmonic Concert is a thing that serious people like myself can thoroughly appreciate. But when I was young we used to have an Overture by Weber or Cherubini, a Concerto by Mendelssohn or Spohr, a couple of Italian opera songs and two Symphonies, one by Beethoven, the other by Haydn or Mozart. Wasn't that good enough for anyone? But now they go and fill the programme with these rubbishy modern works that I can make neither head nor tail of. Rheinberger's overture may be all very well for those who like it but there were only about four bars of a kind of waltz that I could catch hold of. Huber's concerto may be very fine but I confess I should have liked to hear what Otto Hegner could do. The little Schubert piece he played for an encore was a real treat. Mr. Allon's cantata had got several distinct tunes in it but I thought it very melancholy, though to be sure the words are not particularly jovial. The violoncello concerto I disliked very much. It is not decent for that instrument to caper about and play passages suggestive of the housemaid smashing the crockery. I was much distressed that I could not wait to hear the Beethoven Symphony, which I love so, but my wife always likes to go before the last piece in order to avoid the crush, and really I find I cannot listen to music with comfort for so long as I used to in my young days. Ah, they were concerts then!

Now the curious thing about these three criticisms is that they are all equally true—or untrue. Each critic has noticed the points that seem to *him* most vital and has ignored all the rest. And the moral of that, as the White Queen says, is that we should not jeer when critics differ. If a man sits in a draught he will only be able to notice the bad points of a performance; if he has just won a bet the good points alone will strike him. The opinion of the man who talks about the "good old times" is alone entirely worthless.

## Hamlet's Advice to the Pianoforte Players.

*Ham.*—Play the piece, I pray you, as I performed it to you, trippingly from the fingers, but if you exaggerate, as many of your players do, I had as lief the street organ ground it out. Nor do not saw the air too much—your hand thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest and (as I may say) whirlwind of your execution you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.

O! it offends me to the soul to see a slender petticoated girl tear a passage to tatters, to the very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable variety-show and noise; I could hear such a ninny whipped for o'er doing Ter-magant, it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

*1st Play.*—I warrant your honour.

*Ham.*—Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the arm-action to the phrase, the phrase to the arm-action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of good playing, whose end, both at first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show Mozart his own feature, Beethoven his own image, and Bach, the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it makes the amateur applaud, cannot but make the musician grieve; the censure of the which one, must in your allowance, o'er-weigh a St. James' Hall-full of others. O there be players that I have seen play and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of artists nor the finger of artist, amateur, or school-girl, have so thumped and tinkled that I have thought some German journeyman had made the pianos and not made them well, they murdered music so abominably.

*1st Play.*—I hope we have reformed our touch indifferently, sir.

*Ham.*—Oh, reform it altogether. And let those that play Liszt, play no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will alter passages to set on some quantity of barren spectators to

gape, though in the meantime some necessary feature of the composition be obscured : that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

### Reviews—Major.

*The History of Music*, by John Frederick Rowbotham.

[London : Bentley.]

It is a very little while since we reviewed Mr. Rowbotham's "Private Life of the Great composers," and here is another and much more elaborate volume from his fluent pen. However, there is nothing really novel in the book just issued (neither, for that matter was there in the other) as it is a condensation of Mr. Rowbotham's big "History of Music" in three volumes, which has been much discussed. The present edition is the gist of the previous one, in a style and size more adapted for ordinary reading.

Those who have already read the previous edition will hardly need to be reminded that it is a book dealing with the crude noises of savage races, next with the attempts of ancient and other civilisations, and finally with the music of the early Christians and the Dark Ages, leaving off altogether at the destruction of the Troubadours of Provence in the horrible Albigensian war. Now this is not quite what the world in general would understand by a "History of Music." The title is altogether a misnomer ; it should have been "History of Undeveloped Music." Any student who obtains the book imagining he will find information about Dunstable, and Monte-verde, and Corelli, and the great masters, will be sadly disappointed ; but he will nevertheless make acquaintance with a very interesting book, and obtain a great deal of curious out-of-the-way learning. Mr. Rowbotham was a "scholar" of Balliol College, and dedicates his book to Professor Jowett ; one therefore expects to find his subject treated in a scholarly manner, and the expectation is not disappointed. There are, indeed, statements here and there which must be determined by personal taste ; for instance, in the chapter on the music of Eastern Asia, Mr.

Rowbotham quotes several "melodies" (!), and then proceeds :

"It is strange what a strong family resemblance the use of the five-note scale gives to all these airs ; but though there may be a ring of uncouthness, or rather quaintness, about them, it would be wrong to describe them as any the less musical on that account. It is only our prejudiced ears, inured to one particular scale from childhood, that refuse to give a fair hearing to the strains—as our eyes have until lately denied all merit to that wonderful luxury of colour and design which we call Chinese and Japanese painting. For if ever nations were musical, they are these whom we have grouped together in this chapter."

Now we do not wish to argue that the only good style of music is the one we are accustomed to hear. But before we speak of a nation, or an individual, as *musical*, we must define what is meant by "music." Does not Mr. Rowbotham know that if you give a child a drum or a tin horn, that the child will find intense gratification in continually making a meaningless noise ? And is the Chinese "music" in any way more artistic ? Surely any Occidental who can find the slightest pleasure in Chinese "music" is past praying for. A traveller, on being requested for a description of it, replied, "Imagine yourself next door to a boiler factory where 600 men are putting in rivets, with 1,200 drunken nigger minstrels performing just outside, and 14,000 cats fighting on the roof, and you will get a fair idea of Chinese music." It is no doubt a science, and a very complicated one, like mediæval theology ; but that it is an *art*, or that it has any place in art, we are hardly prepared to admit.

The account Mr. Rowbotham gives of the ancient Greek music is another point to which we must take exception. No one knows what it really was, but we do know pretty certainly that it was something we should not care to hear ; that it was a declamation of words in such a manner as to make them more significant than they would have been, if spoken, but never significant in *itself*. Surely also Mr. Rowbotham is carrying his analogies too far when he endeavours to point out the similarity in structure between the rhythms of a Pindaric ode and a modern fugue ; we fail to appreciate the similarity,

for we have never met with a fugue which disports itself in the following wondrous manner :

1st subject ; 2nd subject ; 1st subject ; fragment of 2nd subject : 1st subject ; 2nd subject ; 1st subject ; 2nd subject ; 1st subject varied ; 1st subject in original form : 2nd subject ; 1st subject ; 2nd subject ; 1st ; 2nd ; 1st.

This, according to Mr. Rowbotham, is the structure of the first Pythian ode, which anticipates "that peculiar musical form which we call the fugue."

He has here attempted to liken two utterly unlike things ; and in our opinion the attempt has egregiously failed. Greek music bears to modern music an even more distant relation than the sculptures from Easter Island bear to the art of Phidias.

Other points here and there in the book call for remarks, not laudatory. In especial the authorities consulted as regards the music of the Dark and early Middle Ages, seem to be entirely French. One thing is specially remarkable in an Oxford man. The late Oxford Professor of History spent a great part of his life in trying by assertion, argument, persuasion, to fix in the popular mind the idea that Charlemagne was not a Frenchman, but a German. Mr. Rowbotham does not seem to have apprehended the idea, and seems to imagine that Aix-la-Chapelle is in France ; see particularly p. 275. He very certainly is unfamiliar with Anglo-Saxon music, and the English organs of which so much is written by the ancient writers, even by Aldhelm, in the 7th century. On p. 271, for instance, he says, that the monks sent from Rome at Charlemagne's request "also taught the art of organ playing to the French, which it seems had been preserved in Italy among the other fragments of pagan culture, though unknown to the rest of Europe."

There is a very interesting account of Arabian music, with a specimen of their love-songs. Do not, however, imagine, O unsophisticated reader, that this wild son of the desert serenaded his beloved in words she would understand. He chose, according to Mr. Rowbotham, to win her affections by singing

"Ah! ah! ma gazelle  
h! c'est la plus belle  
Sa noire prunelle

M'a dit amour, doux amour.  
Viens ! belle sultane,  
Je t'attends sous le platane  
Du rendezvous c'est le jour.  
Viens ! beauté charmante  
Laisse ta tente  
Voici le soir,  
Laisse ta tente  
Le ciel est noir, bien noir.  
Ah ! ah ! la plus belle  
Ah ! c'est ma gazelle."

It is not difficult to imagine an unsophisticated reader nonplussed at reading about an Arab singing love-songs in French ; and perhaps he would suppose that French was the fashionable language for music in Arabia, and that the great singers there would scorn to appear in the native Arabian opera. Any one who is accustomed to read between the lines will come to a different conclusion, and will believe the passage has been simply extracted from some French book. Surely, if quotations are not given in their original, they should be given in English ; why on earth should they appear in a third language ? We can understand why Mr. Rowbotham has preferred to give in the aboriginal the following specimen of the way in which the native Australian warbles his native wood-notes wild :—

A-bang a-bang a-bang a-bang a-bang a-  
- bang a-bang a gum-be ry jah jim gun re - lah  
gum-be ry jah jim gun re - lah bang a-bang a-  
(sic.)  
bang a-bang a-bang a-bang a-bang a-bang a-

Enough, however, of the defects. The earlier section of the book, dealing with the music of savage races, is admirable ; and there is a vast amount of learning thoroughly digested in the rest. The book certainly deserves a place in the musician's library, unless the original three-volume edition be already there. And the present (expurgated) edition is free from a defect in the original ; which contained a good many stories and references to matters which the British public would not endure even when treated by Swinburne.

"O daughters of dreams and of stories  
That time is not wearied of yet,  
Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,  
Félide and Yolande and Juliette,"

some may argue that you should have a place in poetry, but you certainly should have none in a History of Music !

### Rebietus Minor.

QUATRE ÉTUDES DE CONCERT; LE PRINTEMPS, L'ÉTÉ, L'AUTOMNE, L'HIVER, pour piano par CLEMENT HARRIS.

[Schott & Co.]

We do not know who Mr. Harris may be, but he is evidently an excellent pianist, as none but excellent pianists write for the instrument in the style of these pieces. Unfortunately there have been many excellent pianists before him, and half a dozen at least have written études so similar to his in the figures and passages that it seems a pity that he should have gone to the trouble of doing again what has been done so many times before. To those teachers having pupils very advanced in technique but deficient in musical feeling we can cordially recommend them, the number of concert études which do not require brains for their performance being somewhat limited. One could wish that the perpetual semiquavers would cease for at least one half-bar in the four pieces, but perhaps this is asking too much. Custom decrees that études of this sort shall flow like a mill-stream. We should be glad to hear Mr. Harris on some other occasion, when he has got something of his own to say.

PENSEE PLAINTIVE, PENSEE JOYEUSE—for Violin and Piano, by Tivadar Nächèz.

[R. Cocks & Co.]

The composer calls one of these an *Idyll* and the other an *Intermezzo*, but in spite of this drawback they are two very nicely written and effective compositions. The first will perhaps prove too original for some tastes, depending for interest as it does upon the perpetual recurrence of one phrase, but it seems to us full of feeling. Is it any use protesting against the mode of engraving adopted in these and some other pieces by the same publishers? It is very bad to have the text cramped, as used always to be the case in former days, but there is such a thing as going too far in the opposite direction. The artful engraver has discovered that it is to his interest to put as little on each plate as he can, so now we get about two bars to a line and four lines to a page. The eye then cannot take in a whole phrase and the left hand is doing little else but turn over. Publishers! publishers! will you let the wily engraver fill his pockets at your expense? You don't let the composer get the better of you like that, you know.

TWO FAIRY SONGS for Treble voices by A. E. Horrocks, (Op. 13.)

[Joseph Williams.]

Designed for school use, these two elegant little trifles could hardly be better adapted to their aim.

With the aid of Miss Gillington's nice words Miss Horrocks has produced two very fresh miniature cantatas, each consisting of a solo and chorus. The smart and lively rhythm of "The Fairy Thrall" we find most captivating. These songs are also scored for Strings, Harp (or Piano) and Triangle, and the bright and varied accompaniments must be better still in that form.

### Wisdom of the Ancients.

(Continued from page 46.)

"Beethoven, however, may be considered as the most extraordinary composer for instruments that ever lived. His invention is amazing, and the effects he often produces are not only quite original, but delightful: indeed, for effect, abstractedly considered, he is superior to all his predecessors. Nor is there any one who can be said to equal him in force. But these great qualities are frequently alloyed by a morbid desire for novelty; by extravagance, and by a disdain of rule. . . .

"The difference between genius and dullness is this—both must run, "but one receiveth the prize." To labour, then, to severe labour, the most gifted of mankind are subjected, and therefore to wish that Beethoven had bestowed more pains and diligence on his works is to detract nothing from their merit. Thus he might have pruned much that is exuberant; softened down much that is harsh, given clearness to much that is obscure, and corrected much that is whimsical and far-fetched.

"The effect which the writings of Beethoven have had on the art must, I fear, be considered as injurious. Led away by the force of his genius, and dazzled by its creations, a crowd of imitators has arisen, who have displayed as much harshness, as much extravagance, and as much obscurity, with little or none of his beauty and grandeur. Thus music is no longer intended to sooth, to delight, to "wrap the senses in elysium," it is absorbed in one principle, to astonish; and if we take the trouble to analyse our feelings at the conclusion of some of our most celebrated performances, we shall find them startlingly allied to those which we experience on witnessing the feats of Il Diavolo Antonio, or Monsieur Ducrow, when he rides five horses at once. To say that such observations have been made at all times is a poor method of replying, for

admitting the fact, which I do not, it may be observed, that in music, more than in any other art, there is a constant tendency towards extravagance and innovation. Ill-natured persons may suppose that this proceeds from the circumstance of musicians being rather acute feelers than profound thinkers, but I attribute it, in a great degree, to the nature of the art itself—the types of which are remote, and do not admit of so easy a comparison with the productions of the artist as may be made in poetry and painting.

But if ever complaint be just, or a warning voice be raised, it must surely be when a great, but irregular artist appears, with powers of mind to cast his own imperfections into the shade, and to seduce numbers to endeavour to imitate him. How many composers would have made a respectable figure had they been content to occupy the station which nature assigned to them; but they must needs swell to the size of this "giant ox," and the consequences are to be deplored by every person of real taste. Of Beethoven's mind, we may say, that it was completely "sui generis." How lamentable then it is that everyone should now be apeing the productions of such a mind; and that, as imitators are notorious for seizing the bad parts of their objects, we should be deafened by noise and wearied by affectation and obscurity.

In contemplating the decease of an eminent man, we naturally turn to the memorials of his fame which he has left, and inquire whether they are likely to endure. Haydn has been popular for nearly half-a-century; Mozart's immortality is secured, so far as the immortality of a musician can be secured. What will be the fate of Beethoven? On this subject persons will form various judgments. My own is, that some of his works will never be forgotten while instrumental music is admired and cultivated; but the most elaborate of his compositions will be talked of by professors, and suffered to lie in peace on their shelves: this may be presumed from their extraordinary length, their great difficulty, and from the exaggerations of style and manner which abound in them.

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The reader will not fail to notice in the above earnest but (as proved by time) erroneous estimate of the composer, that

Beethoven's most remarkable characteristic, his enormous and laborious industry, is not only unknown to, but positively denied by his critic. His methods of work were not, indeed, made public property till some time later. We will now give the companion article to the above, a very serious criticism of the Choral Symphony, which appeared in the same journal for January 1825.

#### BEETHOVEN'S NEW SYMPHONY.

THERE can be nothing so distressing to the feelings of a true artist as to see, and be obliged to notice, the partial failures of great men whose productions have been the ornament of the art they cultivate. With such feelings we may suppose an artist to view a work of some mighty master, of which, from the precision and finish displayed in parts of it, he would say, "if this were the production of an aspiring artist for fame, it must be considered an extraordinary performance; but knowing it to proceed from the pencil of one, with whose former works I and the rest of the world have been delighted and astonished, I cannot but feel that it falls infinitely short of them, and consequently fails to satisfy the minds of his true admirers." Such was the effect produced upon my mind when the new grand symphony of Beethoven's was tried for the third time at the Philharmonic, ushered into notice as it was by the flattering accounts from Germany of its magnificence and grandeur, supported by a most zealous and indefatigable conductor (Sir G. Smart), performed by a band, containing some of the most talented musicians in Europe accustomed daily to the music of this wonderful genius, incited by its novelty and reported excellence, and lastly, rehearsing it before a select company of musicians and amateurs, who impressed, like myself, with a sense of Beethoven's wonderful powers, anxiously awaited opportunities of bestowing that warm and energetic applause, which from such men should be given to those compositions only that unequivocally display the hand of the master. Before I enter into a brief detail of the beauties and defects of this symphony, it may be right at once to say, that its length alone will be a never-failing cause of complaint to those who reject monopoly in sounds, as it takes up exactly one hour and twenty minutes

in performance, which is not compensated by any beauty or unity of design, taking the compositions as a whole.

There are four different movements. The first is in F, "ma non troppo e un poco allegro," in  $\frac{2}{4}$  time, and the first thirteen bars display the well-known eccentricity of this composer, for the basses and horns remain on the two notes, E, A, during those bars, and form apparently a subject to work upon—but, like the Aurora Borealis, no sooner do you feast your eyes on the phenomenon, than in an instant it vanishes from your sight. The latter part of this movement is masterly and full of ability. The second movement is in D minor,  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, "Molto Vivace" the style lively and brilliant, but I was not pleased sufficiently with the design of it to retain more than the first few bars. The third movement, an "Adagio con moto e cantabile," in common time, is in my opinion decidedly the best and most pleasing part of the symphony; it flows in a melodious style of plain but excellent harmony, in simple counterpoint, of many real parts—and although I could discover nothing particularly novel in the melodies thus interwoven, yet they were elegant, and moved in "liquid sweetness" to the end of the adagio.

(To be Continued.)

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### Old Violins.

THE well known sale-room of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, where fiddles and music have been sold for so many years past, was filled on the 19th April last with a most representative audience of violin devotees. Among the players were Signor Piatti, Herr Ries, Mr. Alfred Gibson, and M. Victor Buziau, together with a fair sprinkling of minor lights of the musical profession. The fine room, which was used in the old days as the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was filled; and not for many a day had such an audience been gathered together at a sale of fiddles. It is a little difficult to say what produced this unusual assemblage and excitement, and the mere fact of a Stradivari violin being one of the lots to be submitted to the hammer hardly seems a sufficient cause. The answer is, no doubt, to be found in the growing interest that is being taken in the subject of the

violin, the greater number of players, the improving prospects for violinists, and last, but not least, the ever increasing fame of Stradivari's name. There was a feeling of suppressed excitement about the room, which ended in a round of applause when the "Strad" was knocked down for £860, after a spirited contest, to Messrs. W. E. Hill & Sons. This sum is actually the highest price that has been paid in any sale-room in Europe for a violin by Stradivari, although much higher prices have been paid by private contract. Prices obtained in the auction-room mark, to some extent, an epoch in the history of the value of violins; as in private transactions the higher sums sometimes obtained are due to other causes. For instance, in the case of the Stradivari violin known as "Le Messie" which was purchased for £2,000, this result was due to a rich family owning it, and a rich man desiring to possess it. In fact, it is but too often that competition of this kind forces up the value of instruments; so that, although the wealthy amateur and a few of the great players may be found willing to give such sums it does not necessarily follow that the instruments are really worth them. However, one thing is certain, i.e., that if English players and amateurs are not prepared to give such sums our foreign brethren are; the prices, therefore, that violins by Stradivari and Guarneri now fetch must be taken as fairly representing the value they present to many. It has been noticeable for a long time that very high prices are being paid by students of the Royal School of Music in Berlin for their instruments, and without mentioning names or actual prices, which might be a breach of confidence, it may be broadly stated that some of the students have paid within the last two years £500 and upwards for violins by Stradivari. It is doubtful whether any student of the Royal Academy or Royal College has paid anything like this for his tools, and the implication is that ideas are farther advanced with the Berlin students than with the London ones. No doubt much is due to Professor Joachim's personality, as it attracts many very wealthy students to the school in question; and, as a musical contemporary has recently pointed out, worthy pupils naturally desire to emulate their masters, and to possess if they can similar tools.

Feelings of this kind have been probably stirred up among some of Mr. Emil Sauret's and Signor Pezze's pupils, and many, perhaps, have gone further, and have been led to think that if they only possessed their instruments they might play as well. Rash thought! The possession of a Stradivari may materially help the player, but it is not a substitute for the hand of the master.

To return to the Stradivari in question, and to which references have been made so freely in the Press. The violin was made by Antonio Stradivari in 1734, the instrument bearing his original label with that date upon it; but quite apart from this, the work and style of the violin show at once to the Strad connoisseur that it is a fiddle made when he was quite an old man. It is very doubtful whether any other violin-maker of the past or the present succeeded in making a violin at all at the age of ninety. That the great Cremonese maker did make the violin himself is evident from the want of finish in the work; the hand of a pupil, that of course of a younger man, would naturally be surer and the slips of the tools which are now noticeable would not be seen. Finish of work, so much admired by the educated eye, has after all nothing to do with the tone, and it is the tone that is the great feature of this violin of 1734. As long as the general principles of the construction of a violin are correct, finish and beauty can to some extent be dispensed with, as it is upon the former that the tone depends and not the latter. The shape, the wood, and the preservation of this Stradivari are all that can be desired, and a glorious red varnish covers the whole. Not only has it no crack or blemish, but not even a corner has been knocked off. About fifteen years ago it belonged to a celebrated violinist who was the fortunate possessor of other Strads besides, including the one that is now Professor Joachim's favourite instrument, which was made in the year 1715. Although for the last few years it has belonged to an amateur by whose executors it was sent to the auction-room, its merits were known, and this no doubt accounts for the price it realized. That the instruments by Stradivari and Guarneri have reached their highest prices is not for one moment to be believed, as with the exception of Corelli, who played

on an Albani, the greatest players have always used them, and while every great player of the present day uses such instruments, if obtainable, amateurs will naturally desire to possess them also. It is this competition, which must assuredly grow with the increase of violinists, that alone controls their value.

EX-STUDENT'S BROTHER.

## What our Old Students are Doing.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN composed a Grand Processional March for the opening of the Imperial Institute by Her Majesty.

MISS ANNIE V. MUKLE gave a Concert at the St. Martin's Town Hall on the 14th of April.

THE WANDSWORTH-COMMON AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY, under the conductorship of T. B. Knott, A.R.A.M., gave its second Annual Concert at the Balham Parochial Hall on April 18. The programme was an excellent one and included Walter Macfarren's Concertstück for Piano, and Dr. Mackenzie's popular Benedictus for Violin. Miss Lilian Redfern and Mr. H. Lewis Thomas were the vocal soloists.

SIR WILLIAM CUSINS has tendered to the Queen his resignation of the office of "Master of the Musick." This has been accepted and he therefore now succeeds to his state pension.

THE TOOTING AND BALHAM CHORAL ASSOCIATION finished their season on the 26th April, with Gaul's "Joan of Arc." Mr. Percy Baker is the Conductor.

DR. GEORGE J. BENNETT's new part songs "The trysting Tree" and "I love my Jean," were produced by the Lombard Amateur Society on April 26, as the Cannon Street Hotel, and were encored.

MR. FRANK IDLE'S Lewisham Choral Society gave a performance of the "Elijah" on April 27th.

MR. H. J. Timothy gave an Evening Concert at Princes' Hall on April 27th. Amongst those who assisted were Mrs. W. H. Breton, and the concert-giver's sister, Miss Miriam Timothy, who gave some Harp solos.

MISSES FLORENCE and MINNIE FRICKER gave a Piano and Harp Recital at Erard's Rooms on the 4th ult.

MDLLE. AGNES JANSON gave a Morning Concert at St. James' Hall on April 22nd.

MR. F. T. Corder's *Prospero* Overture was conducted by the composer at the Westminster Orchestral Society's Concert of May 3rd. There was also in the programme G. A. Macfarren's "Chevy Chase" Overture and some dances from Mr. Edward German's Henry VIII. music.

DR. MACKENZIE's accompanied his "Pibroch," on the pianoforte at Mr. Emile Sauret's Concert of May 8.

MR. LAURENCE KELLIE commenced his annual series of Vocal Recitals at Steinway Hall on May 9.

"JANE ANNIE," or "The Good Conduct Prize," with Music by Mr. Ernest Ford, was produced at the Savoy theatre, May 13.

Mr. WALTER MACKWAY's Clapham and Balham Choral Societies gave an Invitation Concert at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross on May 10, Mr. Clement Hann ('Cello) and Mr. Septimus Webbe (Piano) assisted, and a number of old Madrigals were included in the programme.

MISS ELSIE MACKENZIE and MR. ARTHUR APPLEBY gave an Evening Concert at Steinway Hall on May 11. Amongst those who assisted, were Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. W. Nicholls, Mr. Bertie Parker ('Cello) Miss Margaret Moss and Mrs. Lane Wilson (Piano.)

MISS ETHEL BARNARD gave an Evening Concert at the Assembly Rooms Putney, on May 11, when she was assisted by a whole batch of R.A.M. "Old Students"—Mdme. Marian McKenzie, Miss Llewela Davies, Miss Llewela Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Gill, and Mrs. Allen Gill, and Messrs. Faithful Pearce and Stanley Hawley.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES LEY gave a Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at the Assembly Rooms, Putney on the 17th ult. Mrs. Ley included Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, the Bach Tausig "Toccata and Fugue" and Chopin's G minor Ballade in her selection.

AT MR. FRANK HOLLIS' Evening Concert of May 18th at Kensington Town Hall, he was supported by Mdm. Blanche Powell, Mdm. Marian McKenzie, Messrs. Edwin Houghton, Charles Copland and Phillip Cathie. Mr. Fred Upton gave some Recitations.

A COMPLIMENTARY Concert was given at St. James' Hall on May 17th by the Westminster Orchestral Society, in conjunction with the Streatham Choral Society, to their conductor, Mr. Stewart Macpherson. The programme included Mr. Walter Macfarren's Overture "Don Quixote," Dr. Mackenzie's "Highland Ballad," for Violin (played by Mr. Hans Wessely), Dr. Bridge's Cantata "The Inchcape Rock," and Mr. Macpherson's *Notturno* for Orchestra, these four works being conducted by their respective composers. Mr. Macpherson also played his new *Concertück*. Mrs. Helen Trust and Mr. Santley contributed some songs.

A VERY enjoyable Smoking Concert was given at the Arts Club on May 19th, entirely by Members. Moscheles' famous piece "Les Contrastes" is not often played by four such pianists as Messrs. Westlake, Beringer, Schloesser and Stewart Macpherson. Messrs. Evers, Lake, W. H. Thomas, Randegger and Ames also played and Dr. Mackenzie accompanied M. Sauret in his "Pibroch." The Vocal items of this really artistic concert were contributed by Messrs. W. H. Cummings, F. King, W. Nicholl and A. Oswald.

MR. J. S. CURWEN has been presented by Lord

Rayleigh, representing the Stratford Academy Festival, with a reading-chair and illuminated address to commemorate the eleventh year of the Festival founded by him. Mr. Curwen has also been invited to contribute papers to two of the World's Fair Congresses—that on School music and that on Religious music.

## Scholarship News.

The competition for the Charles Mortimer Prize, for a composition for violin and pianoforte, was decided Saturday, 13th instant. The examiners were Messrs. Myles Birket Foster and Edward German. There were 14 entries, and the prize was awarded to Frank Idle. The examiners highly commended Marie Mildred Ames.

## Fortnightly Concerts.

PROGRAMME OF MAY 13, 1893.	
FINALE (Sonata in D minor)—Organ	F. Guilmant.
Mr. HAROLD E. MACPHERSON.	
SONG, "Orpheus with his lute"	Arthur S. Sullivan.
Miss GERTRUDE WOOD.	
(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)	
FANTASIA in F sharp minor—Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.
MISS LLEWELA DAVIES.	
(Macfarren Scholar).	
AIR, "Rolling in Foaming Billows" (Creation)	Haydn.
Mr. JAMES LEWIS.	
(Accompanist, Mr. ARTHUR APPLEBY).	
THREE INTERMEZZOS—Pianoforte	Brahms.
Mr. THEOPHIL WENDT.	
SONGS ("I Saw Thee Weep")	
(MSS.) ("Blow, Blow, thou Wintry Wind")	George B. J. Aithen, (Student).
Mr. REGINALD BROPHY.	
Violin Obbligato—Miss ETHEL BARNS.	
Violoncello Obbligato—Mr. H. WALENN.	
SONATA in B flat minor—Pianoforte ...	Chopin.
MISS JESSIE DAVIES.	
DUET, "Sunset"	Arthur Goring Thomas
MISS SYLVIA WARDELL, MISS BESSIE DORE.	
(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)	
RECITATION, "The Young Grey Head"	Caroline Bowles Southey.
MISS ELLEN M. BOWICK.	
"WILLOW SONG" (Otello)	Rossini.
Miss JEAN HUNTER.	
(Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS).	
RHAPSODIE HONGROISE—Violin	Michael Hauser.
Mr. EDWIN BANCK.	
(Accompanist, Mr. S. SZCZEPANOWSKI).	
AIR, "O That Thou Hadst Hearkened"	
(The Prodigal Son)	Arthur S. Sullivan.
Miss EVELYN C. LANGDON.	
(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES).	
CAPRICCIO in F sharp minor, Op. 5—Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.
Miss GERTRUDE PEPPERCORN.	
AIR, "I Will Sing of Thy Great Mercies" (St. Paul)	
Mendelssohn.	
Miss BEATRICE RESTARICK.	
(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES).	
CAPRICE in B flat minor—Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.
Miss MARGARET MORTON.	

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## Struggling.

PERHAPS it will seem more earnest and sympathetic to drop, for a while, the editorial impersonality and to discourse on this subject as one who has known hard times and whose heart therefore goes out to every fellow-creature who has to pass through the same stage of life's battle. It happens more often than not that those who study for the musical profession—particularly singers—find their talents their only possession. Either they, their relatives or some generous benefactor having raised the necessary funds to defray the expenses of tuition (more frequently a portion only of such funds has been scraped together) these young people enter the Royal Academy, where they know they will get the best return for their little investment. Let me take a few typical cases of such strugglers and describe what has happened more than once in my own experience.

Case 1 is that of the singer born in humble circumstances, perhaps a toiler from the cotton-mills of the north or the slate-quarries of the west, having no pecuniary resources and no general education, but endowed by Nature with a splendid voice. For the sake of fostering this gift rules are relaxed and the student enters—perhaps wins a Scholarship. Very soon the

money runs out and the struggle commences. The student has just learned enough to indicate the promise of great things, but how to continue? Bread and butter is a necessity and how is it to be provided? Clearly but in one way, the pupil, however unformed in voice or style, however ignorant of the art of music and the art of using the voice, must strive to take engagements for second—third—tenth-rate concerts, anything that will put even half a guinea into the poor pinched purse. Insufficiently fed, worried by the spectre of want, using the voice and using it badly just at the very time when it should be most carefully husbanded, what likelihood is there of such a student ever fulfilling early promise and becoming a great, or even a decent, singer? As a matter of fact, scores go down in the struggle every year, lacking the brains and general knowledge which alone would help them in such an emergency. It is all very fine for the cynic to generalise and talk largely about "the survival of the fittest" and "Nature's inexorable law." The world doesn't consist of crowds but of individuals, and if the cynic had personal acquaintance with one such case, as I have with many,—if he knew some delicate girl with a terrible history of suffering, some manly young fellow who has thrown up a livelihood and staked all on this chance of success—Nature would seem to him as illogical and unjust as she does to me. It is obvious that we cannot all succeed, but why should there be this ghastly waste of fine material? why this undeserved disappointment of honest endeavour? Alas! murmurs are vain.

Case 2 comes nearer home to me. A young man enters and studies his very best at the violin, piano or composition, or perhaps all three. He wins all his medals, becomes a sub-professor, and in the fulness of time has become a



thoroughly well equipped musician, able to play you a Brahms concerto or write you a symphony. What is he to do next? He comes out into the world and the fight begins. Again are the conventional platitudes about "honest work always meeting recognition"—"try hard enough and you will succeed"—"there is always room at the top" and the like pure fallacies. I know the first beginnings of dozens and dozens of young musicians, and their history has been practically the same as my own. Honest work is wholly insufficient by itself to gain recognition. : think of the good earnest drudges I know who are pianoforte teachers in provincial towns and who began, oh! so differently. Try as hard as you like there is not success enough for all, so another factor prevails. There is not plenty of room at the top, for fame is a pyramid and at the summit is only standing room for one. Two elements are necessary for success; be you a first rate or a fourth-rate man it is these two points which decide your life, struggle how you may. The first is to get a chance and the second to know it when you see it. In the latter a good all-round education is your sheet-anchor, in the former you are almost dependent upon fate, though the exceptionally strong man can influence destiny considerably by exercising the valuable art of making friends—if he possess it. It might be of some use to mature one's plan of campaign during the years of school-life, but how can a student consider this problem while yet quite ignorant of the world? His only idea is to try and repeat the successes which others have made. A funny instance of this lack of originality is the absolute impossibility of getting students to learn any instruments but the Violin and the Piano, or to compose anything but Songs and Symphonies, the latter being, of course, for one stereotyped collection of instruments. If a reasonably clever musician would but say "I will study the Viola as it was never studied before; I will write music for it which shall present entirely new features"—or, "I and my three brothers will make such a quartet of trombones as the world has not heard; we will get the monopoly of the business and make it a fine art"—or "I will study to become a trainer of brass bands in the North and make a fortune by writing for them" or anything, anything in the world

that hasn't been done to death already! Who wants any more symphonies? There are more than the repertoire will hold, all unapproachable. Yes, boys; look out for your chance and learn to know it when it comes. I too had my ambition, for which I worked, oh so hard! Heaven knows whether I shall ever achieve it; I am beginning to lose hope; but my early chances came in totally unforeseen directions and led to totally different successes from those I aimed at. But my heart is often wrung when I see one of the young people in whom I am warmly interested going forth into the battle of life with all the rash confidence of a raw British recruit into the Soudan; perfect in drill, perhaps; able to use the weapons he bears, certainly, but ignorant of the nature, position or methods of his terrible opponents. And who can help him? No one. For every fighter there is a fresh foe, for every struggler the obstacles rise anew and in a different shape. Poverty I do not reckon as the worst, though it is the most usual difficulty; it is at once a hindrance and an incitement; a beginner who has more than the bare means of existence at first is not so likely to rise as he whom stern necessity drives to labour. But why will you all persist in fighting where the foes are thickest? I mean, why do you all keep the insane idea in your heads that London is the field wherein to win your spurs? Go to the provinces, go to the colonies, go to the ends of the earth rather than add another ant to the millions which swarm and toil in this seething hive of humanity. Surely it is better to be a Triton among minnows than a minnow among Tritons? Go and earn fame and experience—perhaps gold—far from home, the farther the better; then later, when you stand a few inches taller and weigh a few pounds heavier, come back if you will, with a foreign reputation, and you will have at least ten times the chance of success that you had as a humble beginner. Go and teach the violin to the Fijees, compose war songs for the Zulus, start a North Polar choral society—what you will, only try new paths in untrodden grounds. Seek success where you have a reasonable prospect of finding it, not where it is being fought for to the point of murder. And though, as I have said, it needs must be that many of you only attain small prizes and many more fail altogether, never believe but that you individually must suc-

ceed. The more desperate your struggles the more smiling let the face you turn to the world be : suffer, if you must, but work all the harder, for in work, not in success, doth man find happiness. And should the worst befall, utter no unmanly repinings like the foolish poet who committed suicide the other day, but fight on with clenched teeth to the end that you may

" Go to your God like a soldier.  
Go, go, go like a soldier  
So-soldier of the queen."

### Passing Notes.

Our American cousins are furious. Dr. Dvorák has told them that the American national music—when it germinates—will be found to have sprung from the negro melodies which have taken such firm root in the country. What free-born American can bear to believe that he will owe anything to the detested slave-race of Ham? Yet in spite of their wrath and incredulity the unprejudiced outsider sees that Dvorák's prophecy is almost a certain truth. The musical historian who traces the music of any particular country back through the ages finds in it two entirely distinct and separate elements; the natural and the artificial. These may be exemplified in our English music, placing the folk-songs and dances under the one heading and the music of the great church composers under the other. Natural music is the raw material, artificial music is this material worked up into extended and artistic forms. The raw material is the product of the masses: it is created and appreciated by them; the art-music appeals really only to the truly cultured musicians (and not always even to them). The raw material must come from somewhere—usually from the national dances. Now in America there are no national traits at all; the nation being only a century or so old, so the only existing raw material is that supplied by the negro tunes. It is of no use saying that it is not American and that it is too modern or too trivial. There it is; and it has got into the blood of the people so that whatever they may do in the future can hardly be unaffected by it. Few people know or attempt to grasp what musical composition really is, or how the creative act comes about. We do not intend to discourse

upon that point at present but it is sufficient to assert that all music grows from a soil which is nothing but the decomposed remains of previously existing music. New America is a young country and has no national art, no spontaneous musical growth except the "nigger melodies," the origin of which is neither entirely African nor entirely American, but something between the two. Anyhow, it is as much the national raw material as were our own peasant's ditties and must therefore influence what comes after it for many a generation. Useless, dear friends, to send your musical young men over to Leipsic to be educated; we in England have found that that is not the way to create a national school; your art must build itself up by degrees, and it will do so if you will let it. But all your race-hatred and just contempt for its ignoble ancestry cannot alter Nature's law. Your future art-works, however exalted their scope and character, will owe their existence, in great part, to the despised "nigger melody."

SIGNOR PAULINI DI CALBOLI, secretary of the Italian Ambassador in England has written a work on his compatriot organ grinders which merits attention. Of the something like 120,000 foreigners in England it appears there are only nine or ten thousand who are Italians, but their predilection to pursue a "musical career" makes their presence in our midst felt, or rather heard, far more than all the other strangers. In London alone it is estimated Italian street players number a thousand, in Edinburgh (with Leith) 200, Glasgow 130, Birmingham 112, Bristol 63, Aberdeen 16. The only place which seems comparatively free from the organ-grinder is Ireland, apparently owing to want of pecuniary recognition of his efforts. Signor Calboli in his official capacity has had an opportunity of practically studying the question, for the Italian Embassy is a favourite refuge of hurdy-gurdy immigrants, and his suggestions have therefore much value. He would restrict the number of organ-grinders by a system of licenses; he would make all laws for the protection of minors more stringent, and he thinks something might be done to check the influx at the post of arrival. But perhaps his most valuable remarks, in as much as they go to the root of the

matter, are those which hint that the Italian Government should enquire into the causes which impel so many of their countrymen to leave their sunny skies for poverty and hardships in a climate for which they are unfitted. If once the facts of the organ-grinder's income were made public one of two things would happen; either we should soon have no more unemployed, or else the trade would be turned into a limited liability company and "busted" for ever as soon as the promoters had unloaded their shares.

A contemporary calls attention to a plébescite taken recently by the Paris *Figaro* upon the question "Which are the 20 melodies ('songs' would be a better English translation) whose artistic value is most unquestionable?" With the exception of Schubert's "Serenade" not a single classical masterpiece appears in the winning list: which contains little else but modern French songs. At this we are not in the least surprised; a similar election in England in the columns of a popular newspaper would produce similar results, and as the average Frenchman naturally votes for Massenet, Gounod and Faure, so the Englishwoman would vote for Lawrence Kellie, Hope Temple and Frank Moir; indeed, in a recent article in "The Strand Magazine" these and similar worthies were accorded portraits and biographical sketches as "Famous English Composers." But another and sadder view of the matter presents itself to our minds. Who voted on that plébescite? We have known other *soi-disant* competitions of a similar kind which turned out, alas! to be nothing else but ingeniously contrived gratuitous advertisements, publisher's puffs. Can it be that our guileless contemporary has been "sold again?" We had rather have our own modest circulation than be taken in to the extent of our friend.

What are we to believe? The same authority who tells us that Wagner has been "eclipsed" in Vienna by the new Italian operas now states that the four performances of "Falstaff" announced in that city have been reduced to two on account of the coldness with which it has been received!

Prince Bismarck, recently addressing the boys of the Hamburg Wilhelm Gymnasium, spoke with regret of having abandoned the cultivation of music in his youth. He said "I was extremely sorry afterwards for having given it up, for music is a faithful companion in life. I missed it at many a party, and I recommend all of you who have any talent for music to cultivate it and take a warning from me, so that you need not reproach yourselves with the mistake I have made." These sentiments are only what many a man, great or small has uttered before in much the same words, but the eminence of the speaker will raise them from the level of mere commonplace to the rank of sagacious and valuable truths. It is the privilege of greatness to have all its everyday remarks exhibited as magic-lantern slides, magnified, coloured, lit by electric light and exhibited all over the world as pearls of wisdom. We have little doubt that Prince Bismarck's simple and natural words will have more influence in promoting the study of music than all the local examinations of the Associated or any other Board.

Recently "C.A.B." told us in the *Athenæum* that Eugène D'Albert "looks forward to an early re-appearance in England." What ought to be done to the interesting young man when he returns to the "barbarous country" where he had the misfortune to be born and educated? The British public has a short memory, and possibly a good many musicians have forgotten the circumstances under which Eugène D'Albert left England for the country of beer-gardens and Tingeltangels. A republication of the indignant letter he wrote to a Cologne paper which spoke of him as an "English pianist" would not be amiss, if ever he should deign to graciously favour us with the light of his presence again. Though he has renounced us and cast the dust off his feet (metaphorically) he may yet find it possible to tread this benighted land as a touring pianist, calling himself Herr Eugen D'Albert, and refusing to understand English. The intense and enduring popularity of Sullivan's operettas in Germany must be gall and wormwood to D'Albert; he must have surely found out long ago that the average German is not

over musical, and prefers Sullivan's *Mikado* to Beethoven's symphonies, and "Champagne Charlie" ("Champagner Wein, du edler Wein") to either.

Now that the Bishops are taking up the Sunday opening of Museums, steps in the direction of Sunday concerts, and of more Sunday domestic music may be expected. Musicians who are not Sabatarians will regard this with pleasure; but there is one fearful thought which will intrude itself into their hopes, a thought which is enough to freeze our blood and make each particular hair to stand on end. The organ-grinders will come out on Sunday, and there will not be even a weekly Day of Rest from them. It is a great boon, apart from religious matters, that we have one day holy and uncontaminated by the peripatetic Italian's noise; let that barrier once be broken, and what will not rush in? Let us then do our best to keep the Sabbath holy from the organ-grinder, and dispense with better music sooner than not have one quiet day.

The Fourth Annual Royal Academy Picnic will take place on Thursday, July 20th (weather permitting) under most distinguished patronage. Tickets at the usual price of ten shillings for ladies and fifteen shillings for gentlemen, may be obtained of the secretary and treasurer, Mr. T. K. Barnard. The expedition, as on previous occasions, will be by specially chartered steamer up the Thames to the lovely grounds of Cliveden, Maidenhead.

The Competition for the Parepa Rosa Gold Medal took place on Saturday June 17th. The Examiners were Messrs. C. Houghton, Ivor McKay and Ben Davies (Chairman). There were seven competitors and the Medal was awarded to Reginald Brophy.

The Competition for the Leslie Crotty Prize took place on Monday June 19th, 1893. The Examiners were Messrs. David S. Bispham, Norman Salmond and Bantock Pierpoint (Chairman). There were eleven Candidates and the Prize was awarded to Arthur Walenn. The Examiners highly commended Tom James,

### In the Interval.

"I never till now," observed the Well Read One, thoughtfully, "believed in the Impresario as an art-champion. In my early days I entertained for him a sovereign contempt, which deepened, in the days when I came to write operas myself, into absolute loathing. But I yield to the logic of facts; the operatic manager stands proved to be a disinterested advocate of high art."

"Ga-arn!" retorted the Sub-editor in the fashionable dialect of the East. "Oo yer gettin' at?"

"I will prove it to your or any man's satisfaction. Just 35 years ago our then leading musical critic Davison declared that Wagnerism was a mere passing craze and would die out as soon as curiosity was satisfied. Critics have continued to repeat the same assertion up to the present day. They go on repeating it even now, when his works have been in continuous possession of the stage for close upon half a century. If we did not believe in the truthfulness of critics what rope would life present to which to cling? Therefore we must take it that what Mr. Rowbotham calls 'the Wagner bubble' has been blown and carefully tended all these years by the operatic managers."

"I believe, myself," snarled the Failure, "that they have done it on purpose to keep better men out."

"I read somewhere, the other day," said the Sub-professor, timidly, "that the history of opera is a cyclical history! Can you interpret to me this dark saying?"

"It means, my dear boy," replied the Well Read One, "that after one composer has been worried by the critics for a time they go for fresher game as being more interesting. But they say the same things of each—unmelodious, formless, crude, voice-ruining, unoriginal, clap trap, commonplace, popular, acceptable, original, hackneyed, stale, old-fashioned, so runs the critic's vocabulary of epithets, during the period between a composer's first and last appearance. That is the true cycle, not of opera, but of music generally."

"The curious part of it being" added the Sub-editor, "that in the case of Wagner all these epithets have been used simultaneously, for half a century, and are being used still."

"Do you like Variety Entertainments?" enquired the New Student, innocently.

The Born Genius perspired audibly.

"Because I hear you were at that Ladies' Night given by the R.A.M. Club. I was quite afraid of you till I heard that."

"I fail to see—" began the other stiffly.

"'Tis the touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin. I want to be good and classical and all that, but I do love a Variety Entertainment; it's in my blood, I suppose. And it is such a relief to me to find all you really profound musicians going in for it too; it shows that, after all, I am not hopelessly your inferior."

"Sir," replied the Born Genius, with arctic severity, "the entertainment you allude to was no Variety Show," pronouncing the words with difficulty as though this were his first attempt, "but a perhaps rather frivolous musical relaxation, such as was deemed suitable to—ah—the less robust intelligence of—ah—our fair sisters."

"What! do you call a conjuror and a storyteller frivolous musical relaxation?"

"Would you kindly repeat that remark about the fair sisters?" said the Lady Professor grimly.

But the Born Genius beat a hasty retreat.

"I have at last hit upon an idea," announced the Failure. "And in these days the idea is all that is needful. Execution is a minor consideration."

"With you it should be" agreed the Cynic, politely, "seeing how often you have undergone the operation. But if your idea is duly registered and protected by a three-halfpenny stamp you need not fear to communicate it to us."

"It is a book on a new subject" explained the Failure. "I am going to write a large and important biographical work. *The Lives of the Critics.*"

"As an act of pitiless revenge, or a mere commercial speculation?" asked the Sub-editor. "The former aim seems too fiendishly malignant and the latter—well—not over tempting."

"Poor critics!" smiled the Lady Professor. "Surely if you let them alone they will let you alone?"

"That's exactly what they *have* done to him" whispered the Sub-editor. "Hence these tears. If he could only get them to abuse him he would feel that

he was at least on the initial grade of success."

"Here is a motto for your book suggested the Cynic "in the shape of a parody from Byron :—

"O critic, in our first degrees  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,  
When fame and honours crown the brow  
A sycophantic angel thou."

"I suppose you've seen Mdme. Calvé's 'Carmen,'" said the Half Student.

"Mdme. Calvé's 'Carmen,'" ejaculated the Irrepressible, "I thought it was Bizet's."

No one smiled, but he was quite unabashed.

"Yes," said the Senior, "I've seen it; its a very fine performance, but I claim the fogey's privilege of saying that the old is better. I don't think she's so good as Mdme. Galli-Marié. What do you say?" he add turning to the Genius.

"Well, my opinion's not worth much I'm afraid, for to tell you the truth I'm heretic enough to dislike the whole work."

"Dislike 'Carmen!'" ejaculated the Failure under his breath.

"It gives me no pleasure to have to watch the animal movements or impulses of this very 'emancipated' young person. The curious *balancement des hanches* with which she strolls up to José and tosses her acacia at him is to me simply revolting, and I question whether any one ought to be able to contemplate with pleasure any such self-revelation from one who wears the form of woman. The whole atmosphere of the piece is sordid and heavy and one feels much as Dante represents the angel who comes to open for him and Virgil the gates of the City of Dis, closed against them by the rebellious demons":—Who passed with unwet feet the Stygian sound, And from his face removing the gross air, Oft his left hand forth stretched, and seemed alone By that annoyance wearied.

"Oh well," said the Irrepressible, "of course if your going to set up as an angel, there's no meeting you. To us humbler beings, whom by inference I suppose you mean politely to call 'the demons,' the work is pleasant enough."

The Genius ignored him.

Said he whom they call the Cynic, "I think with you. Why should we steep our minds in this stuff in our poetry and drama! There's enough of it in all con-

science, in our lives. This so-called Realism, in its strife with Idealism in Art, commits a crime long since forbidden in civilised warfare—it poisons the springs. The girls and the troops of young men who (we are expressly told) come out for no other purpose but to look at them, (with *arrière pensée*) remind me of the figures in that picture from 'Comus' in the 'National Gallery.'

"This is a disgracefully amateurish discussion," broke in the Critic. "As if the value of a work of art depended upon its subject! The subject is nothing, the treatment is everything. What does it matter if the girl be bad or good? How is she drawn; what sort of music does she sing; that's the question. This is mere tyro's twaddle."

"Oh, there's plenty of charming music," said the Genius, "I give you that freely."

The New Student turned, bewildered, to the Editor, with a sort of touching confidence. "What does it all mean?" he said, "everybody seems to say something true, but all the truths contradict one another."

"Yes," replied the Editor quietly, "that is just the puzzle and we have to work these things out for ourselves. No one can teach us, or show us anything worth knowing or seeing. The most that they can do is to help us to find things out for ourselves."

### "Break, Break, Break."

BREAK, break, break  
 All the rules of harmonie,  
 And I would that my pen could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the gallery boy  
 That he shouts and admires the play  
 O well for the critic sad  
 When he hummed Ta-ra-rà-boom-de-ay!

And these new men still go on  
 With their discords making us ill;  
 But O for the touch of a cultured hand  
 And the sound of a chord that can thrill!

Break, break, break  
 All the laws that ever shall be  
 But the tender grace of Gounod is dead  
 To Bruneau and Mascagni.

### Provincial Portraits.

#### II.

GEORGE FREDERICK  
 HANDEL HOWELL, F.C.C.S.

I SAID he was a great man, and so he is. Moreover he is self-made. If you have never seen him coming down the principal street of our town you have never seen anything. He came to us about ten years ago and now he has taken firm root, and, upon my word, I should not be in the least surprised to hear he had been made chairman of our Board of Health any day. That's the sort of man he is. He had not been here a week before we all called him Doctor. He did not wince. He has no degree whatever, but he does not go out of his way to tell us so, and if you ask the beadle who presides at the organ, he will promptly reply Dr. Howell. Why, even our Vicar has fallen into the habit. It sounds so respectable and it makes the organist of Plainbury who is a Mus. Doc. so very very angry. He might be a Doctor of anything, even divinity, as far as manner and appearance are concerned. He is one of those musicians who are never seen out of a frock coat and a soft hat, and who fight tooth and nail without any rest or interval for the due recognition of their profession, not so much among the liberal arts—he despises art—as among the learned sciences. He magnifies the office of parish organist very far beyond that of parish priest, and I should sincerely pity the unfortunate vicar who ventured to try to have a say in the ordering of the services. Before he came we had had a long succession of weak-kneed creatures who were promptly sat upon by the Vicar's wife; but the first time that estimable lady tried the experiment on Dr. Howell (There! Now I've called him Dr.!) you should have seen her jump! During the first few years of his life among us he had one crumpled rose-leaf in his existence; he had no excuse for wearing a gown and hood. I believe I have mentioned that we have a public school here. All the masters of course wear their caps and gowns about the streets. The consequence is that if you don't wear a cap and gown you are nobody—unless you can get yourself up in hunting gear, which, of course, is very much more swagger. Now you can see at a glance how trying it

was for Dr. Howell to be restricted to a frock coat and a soft hat. Why, bless my soul, even the dissenting Minister could wear as much as that. He thought seriously at one time of paying a Guinea to the London and Universal Literary and Poetical Society and so acquiring the right to wear their sumptuous hood. But, just as he was going to, the Baronet at the head of that well-known institution retired to Dartmoor. Well, the plainness of his garb at last became such a burden to him, that he went to the extreme length of having down old examination papers for the Durham Mus. Bac. to see what they were like. He went no further than seeing what they were like, as he said the examination was much too trivial for a man of his age and standing in the profession. And then, in a happy hour, the College of Congregational Singing was founded and he was unanimously elected—upon payment of one guinea—a Fellow. He is not only a Fellow, with the privilege of wearing a gown and hood, but he is also local representative, and the local press is never weary of recording how Miss Spinks, pupil of our talented townsman, Dr. Howell, F.C.C.S., has passed the preliminary junior elementary local examination of the College of Congregational Singing. It is a glorious sight to see him going to church on Sunday mornings, and the bright yellow of his hood quite lights up our dingy market-place. His Christian names have puzzled local curiosity. Some think—but these are scoffers—that they are, so to speak, post-baptismal self-inflections. Certain it is that all his children have been properly christened with equally musical fore-names. There is Joseph Haydn Howell, Purcell Howell, Virginia Gabriel Howell. It is darkly rumoured, that when his last daughter was born he wanted the Vicar to baptise her Madame Schumann Howell, but this is possibly an exaggeration. Even his house is called Bach Lodge and you cannot readily anger him more than by spelling Bach with a k. Where he acquired his music nobody knows. He is strictly classical. When he gives an organ-recital he "revives" selections from curious old masters, such as Paér and Paisiello. He does not play genuine organ music much, as he considers Bach (whom he will call Batch) too florid for a "sacred edifice." Of modern music, with the exception of

his own, he has a very poor opinion, and if you like to listen to a burst of genuine eloquence you should attend his famous lecture on "Wagner from a Christian Stand-point." It is his proud boast that he has never heard a note of Wagner's music or read a word of his writings, and that is why he considers himself peculiarly able to give an unbiassed opinion on the shocking subject. His own music is almost entirely confined to services, and if you want to know why he refused to demean himself by reading for the Durham Mus. Bac., you have only to hear his famous Te Deum in F. The service lists bristle with his works every Sunday, and you will always find Howell F.C.C.S. in A.B.C.D.E.F. or G. among the works to be sung. You may be disappointed to discover that nine times out of ten these are single chants—or you may not. He has written a cantata. Something about haymakers. It was performed once in our Town Hall, and he still speaks of the performance with some bitterness and with an allusion to casting pearls before swine. The last time I saw him he was conducting a full orchestra, consisting of four flutes, a cornet, two first fiddles and a double-bass. They were playing the Pastoral Symphony in the Messiah, and he was beating three slow beats in the bar, because it is written in twelve-eight time and four's into twelve three times. But it didn't matter.

### Reviews—Major.

*Hora Novissima.* Composed by Horatio W. Parker. Op. 30.

[NOVELLO & CO.]

For some time past our principal notices have been devoted to books upon music: and in the current volume of the *Overture*, we have given considerable space to notices of Mr. Deakin's "Bibliography of English Music," the new catalogue of the printed and manuscript music in the Fitzwilliam Museum, and Mr. Rowbotham's so-called "History of Music." The only large composition which has called for special notice since we reviewed Wagner's early opera "Die Feen," has been the new mass by Dvorák, long since established as the greatest living composer, and who apparently has nothing fresh to tell us. It is, therefore, with much pleasure that we

inform our readers of an important and ambitious new work, by a composer whose name will probably be as new to most of them as it was to ourselves.

Mr. Parker is one of the young American musicians who have during the last twenty years attempted great things. The centre of American culture, formerly Boston, has long since been transferred to New York, and the somewhat priggish educated New Englander has given place to a type of cultivated New Yorker resembling the Parisian rather than the Englishman. At the same time America has been brought within much easier reach of Europe than in the days of Emerson, Longfellow and that brilliant circle of authors of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes is the last survivor. Fifty years since American composers of any standing did not exist, and the Western Continent was only just beginning to be visited by touring performers. How vastly different things are at present in the latter respect! Great singers, pianists and violinists, look upon a visit to America as a matter of course, as an event just as necessary as a visit to Italy once was to ensure the *cachet* of a first-rate musician. America also gives us many excellent singers, generally possessing the dramatic feeling so singularly wanting in most English singers; and of late years it has given us composers of importance. Arthur Bird started brilliantly, and we expected much from him but he seems to have belied his fair promises. E. A. Macdowell has written some very happy imitations of Schumann's short pieces; his larger attempts are as yet unknown to us. But with Mr. Horatio W. Parker we have only made acquaintance through the composition now before us; it is his Op. 30, and we should be glad to know the other 29.

"Hora Novissima" is the first line of a poem by Bernard de Morlaix, written in rhyming monkish Latin, giving an ecstatic description of the glories of Heaven. It is familiar through "Hymns Ancient and Modern" where it is adapted as "The world is very evil," "Brief life is here our portion," "For thee, O dear, dear country," "Jerusalem the Golden," etc., and contains in all 35 six-lined stanzas. An English translation by Isabella G. Parker is furnished under the Latin words and is about as well done as is usual in such

cases. Here is a specimen taken from a very familiar part:

Urbs Syon aurea  
Patria lactea,  
Cive decora,  
Omne cor obruis  
Omnibus obstruis  
Et cor et ora.  
Golden Jerusalem  
Bride with her diadem,  
Radiant and glorious,  
Temple of light thou art  
O'er mind and soul and heart  
Thou art victorious.

Mr. Parker composed the work for the Church Choral Society of New York, and has treated it in the usual concert-cantata style, with choruses, a solo for each voice and a quartet, the last number being a quartet and chorus; the second half of the work is more diversified than the first and contains a double and an unaccompanied chorus. The style adopted is of the newest, as of course it should be; music in an outworn style is unjustifiable, an absolute hindrance, cumbering the ground. So prodigious an amount of really good music is already in existence that we do not want to have our time taken up by any composer unless he can tell us something new; unless he can invent new forms, or use untried resources, or at-the-very-least, employ the old resources in a better way than his predecessors have done. The dialect a composer speaks must also be that of his own day, if he wishes to make any lasting impression; if he tries to resemble dead-and-gone masters, however great, he will quickly find himself passed by and forgotten. The great speech of Ulysses in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* has both an exoteric and an esoteric application in musical matters. Not only does it teach that a would-be composer must continually, unceasingly, unweariedly labour on, but also that he must keep in the forefront of musical thought and expression; and it would be easy enough to show that this rule applies to low art as well as to high art.

Now Mr. Parker satisfies these requirements to some extent, in that he writes up-to-date; but that he gives sufficient novelty and originality for his work to be a permanent possession of choral societies, we can hardly say. Very evidently his favourite model is Dvorák, but he has not the fresh invention which the Slavonic composer brought from the folksongs of

Eastern Europe. Without sneering at "The Old Folks at Home," or "Old Dog Tray," or "Rosalie the Prairie Flower," one must pronounce the American folk-songs to be musically insignificant if compared with (say) "The Red Sarafan." The result is that Dvorák needed only to treat the phrases familiar to him from childhood, and by so doing secured freshness for his great works; while Mr. Parker has had to evolve everything from his inner consciousness. On the other hand, he has been more familiar with great performers and performances than poor Dvorák was until the last few years; and he writes more practically, gratefully and effectively, especially for solo voices than Dvorák can, who till his 40th year had probably heard nobody better than the singers of a provincial Opera-house, while in New York the greatest artists are to be heard. The influences of Parisian composers are also perceptible in Mr. Parker's quartet and the alto solo.

The style of Mr. Parker's choral writing deserves a few remarks. By the way, he apparently supposes that *a capella* and *unaccompanied* are synonymous terms, which they are not; *a capella* means "without independent accompaniment." There is a good deal of unison for the voices, with harmony in the orchestra; these vocal unisons are upon broad and bold phrases, exceedingly effective and singable, and on a large chorus most imposing. At other times chromatic polyphony is freely used; particularly in the long unaccompanied piece, which is partly fugal, but founded on a tuneful theme more adapted to strophical than contrapuntal treatment. Mr. Parker's counterpoint is not above blame; but he carefully uses stretti and inversions. When the theme is inverted he makes the accompanying voices all sing *pianissimo*, marking the theme *forte*—rather a naïve device to let the audience know he has learnt how to use scientific resources. He is evidently glad to escape from contrapuntal fetters, and use broad rhythms; as none of his choruses remain throughout in the strict style.

The quartett is perhaps the weakest number; but for the four solos we have nothing but praise. The gem of the work we consider to be the alto solo "Gens duce splendida," though the

middle section is less inspired than the opening and close. It would make a capital concert-piece, as would also each of the other three solos. The bass solo "Spe modo vivitur," has a remarkable page in which every bar is differently divided, generally alternate four-four and three-four, once five-four and two-four; the melos of this section is in the orchestra, and is quite natural and flowing.

The orchestral writing is throughout very important, and from the pianoforte score we judge it to be well-contrived and effective, possibly too constantly full.

A few words about notation may not be out of place. The *Overture* has published rules (reprinted by other journals) for the convenient notation of music, and is justified in finding fault with those composers who do not avail themselves of the rules. There is little to blame in "Hora Novissima" in this respect; occasionally the music gets into the wrong stave in the accompaniment, and the printers have used unpractical forms of slur and bind. But Mr. Parker would have made the music easier if he had changed the signature oftener. On pp. 98-103, the four sharps should have been removed altogether, and also the flats in the middle of the soprano solo. The chromatic portions must always be difficult to read until we get the semitonic notation for which the world yearns. On another occasion we may return to this cantata, and analyse it in detail; we recommend it to the notice of our readers, and hope to hear the whole or excerpts at the concerts, and also to make acquaintance with Dr. Parker's Op. I-29.

H. D.

*Les fleurs du Mal*, Poésies de Ch. Baudelaire, musique de René Lenormand. Op. 33.

[Paris: Durdilly.]

And here is another remarkable work by another unknown man—that is to say, unknown to English people. It is only a set of songs but these are of a very different type from the "Sechs Lieder" which every German composer high and low emits periodically. And indeed they should be; for we have here no threshed out inanities about "Liebe und Lenz," with the novel rhymes of *Herz* and *Schmerz*, *Tönen* and *Schönen* and all the rest of it; no pap for the drawing-room by Weatherly

or the lady poets with tancy names, but stern imaginative verse from the pen of a great poet, reeking perhaps a trifle too much of the opium pipe, but all the more in need of music's magic aid to turn the terrible into the fascinating. There are not many English publishers, we dare say, who would care to offer our public a setting by any composer, however great, of the following lines :

## LES DEUX BONNES SŒURS.

La Débauche et la Mort sont deux aimables filles  
Prodigues de baisers et riches de santé,  
Dont le flanc toujours vierge et drapé de guenilles  
Sous l'éternel labeur n'a jamais enfanté.

Au poète, sinistre ennemi des familles  
Favori de l'enfer, courtisan mal renté,  
Tombeaux et luponars montrent sous leurs  
charmilles  
Un lit que le remords n'a jamais fréquenté  
Et la bière et l'alcôve en blasphèmes fécondes  
Nous offrent tour à tour comme deux bonnes  
sœurs.  
De terribles plaisirs et d'affreuses douceurs.  
Quand veux tu m'enterrer, Débauche aux bras  
immondes ?  
O Mort, quand viendras tu, sa rivale en attrait  
Sur ces myrtes infects inter tes noirs cyprès ?

A trifle ghoulish perhaps, but how fine for music ! And M. Lenormand has set it magnificently—in B flat minor, with a seething, sinister arpeggio accompaniment deep down, and at last rising to an exalted climax as devoid of vulgarity as such a thing ever can be in a Frenchman's hands. Of a slightly similar character, but even more powerful is No. 4 "Le Mort joyeux." In this, after a very skilfully managed accompaniment for the first two verses we come to a really terrific setting of the gruesome lines :

O vers ! noirs compagnons sans oreille et sans yeux  
Voyez venir à vous un mort libre et joyeux !"

One really seems to *feel* (not to *hear*, which would be absurd) the creeping of the worms, and this song also rises to a very fine climax at the end. No. 5 is of an Eastern flavour in good keeping with the words, but more ingenious than attractive. In No. 6 again a high level is reached, and altogether, we have here a set of Songs in which the composer has simply endeavoured to do justice to the poet, regardless of all other considerations, thereby shewing himself a true artist. We have seen numerous pianoforte compositions by M. Lenormand, and all were good work, though not often specially interesting, but this is a remarkable achievement and quite one of the most interesting

productions which has reached us from the other side of the Channel for several years past. Would that the composer would teach some of our English and German fumblers the secret of writing pianoforte accompaniments ! But if they would not take example by Goring Thomas an angel from Heaven might preach to them in vain.

## Wisdom of the Ancients.

(Continued from page 62. .)

The fourth and last movement, upon which the violent admirers of Beethoven seem to place all their ill-judged vehemence of approbation, is one of the most extraordinary instances I have ever witnessed, of great powers of mind and wonderful science, wasted upon subjects infinitely beneath its strength. But I must at the same time declare, that parts of this movement, one especially where the basses lead of a sort of fugal subject of about twenty bars, in a bold and commanding style, afterwards answered by the other parts, are really beautiful, and would be sufficient to have raised fame for any composer less known—but even here, while we are enjoying the delight of so much science and melody, and eagerly anticipating its continuance, on a sudden, like the fleeting pleasures of life, or the spirited young adventurer, who would fly from ease and comfort at home, to the inhospitable shores of New Zealand or Lake Ontario, we are snatched away from such eloquent music, to crude, wild, and extraneous harmonies, that may to some ears express a great deal; but whether it is my misfortune or my fault I know not, I must confess, the impressions made upon my ear resembled the agitations and contradictions of "restless couples" or reminded me of the poet's lofty figure, "chaos is come again." Some strong rays of elemental order ever and anon appeared, such as when the bass vocal part (for I should have premised that this movement contains the very novel feature of a vocal quartette and chorus, translated from the German, Schiller's "song of joy,") commences a pleasing and uncommon passage, taken up by the other parts as a round, like Rossini's "Mi manca la voce." The chorus that immediately follows is also in many places exceedingly

imposing and effective, but then there is so much of it, so many pauses and odd and almost ludicrous passages for the horn and bassoon, so much rambling and vociferous execution given to the violins and stringed instruments, without any decisive effect or definite meaning—and to crown all, the deafening boisterous jollity of the concluding part, wherein, besides the usual allotment of triangles, drums, trumpets, etc., etc., all the known acoustical missile instruments I should conceive were employed, with the assistance of their able allies, the corps of Sforzandos, Crescendos, accellerandos, and many other *os*, that they made even the very ground shake under us, and would, with their fearful uproar, have been sufficiently penetrating to call up from their peaceful graves (if such things were permitted) the revered shades of Tallis, Purcell, and Gibbons, and even of Handel and Mozart, to witness and deplore the obstreperous roarings of modern frenzy in their art. When the concluding notes had ceased to vibrate upon my ears, I felt a sort of painful, melancholy sensation similar perhaps to those feelings that an enthusiastic lover of the sublime in nature and art would experience on viewing some splendid ruin, "A mournful tale of days long past," which calls up to his mind so many associations of former state and magnificence, that the soul in "much contemplation" is subdued and disturbed. There was however this difference between my feelings and his, that I hoped ere long to witness other proofs of the same great builder's power of raising other and more durable structures of his fame, and that I should find the coming on of age had not driven away entirely those lofty powers of mind, whose emanations have long been the delight and admiration of all true musicians.

To say that the symphony was not loudly applauded would be to utter a direct untruth. The members of the Philharmonic were anxious to make it go off to the very best advantage, and many of them evidently enjoyed the music, which heaven forbid they should not. There ought and ever will be different feelings on musical as well as upon political, scientific, or literary subjects, and I am the last to wish to keep it otherwise. I merely give my candid and unbiased opinion, I am as zealous an admirer of

the composer, as any one of those who would (how wisely remains to be proved) exalt this symphony above everything else he has written, as my opinions on subjects involving improvement are never connected with other feelings or views, and as I have been long in the habit of carefully comparing different great effects, I have come to a decision in my own mind, that until anyone (and he must be a subtle logician indeed) can persuade me that bad is good, or that black is white, I must ever consider this new symphony as the least excellent of any Beethoven has produced; as an unequal work, abounding more in noise, eccentricity, and confusion of design, than in those grand and lofty touches he so well knows how to make us feel—such as those in the symphony in C minor, in most of his splendid slow movements, and in the fine movement, the "Heroica" of the seventh symphony, which will remain an ever-during monument of his amazing genius.

One great excuse remains for all this want of perfection. It is to be remembered, that the great composer is afflicted with an incurable disorder (deafness), which to powers like his must be a deprivation more acute and distressing than any one can possibly imagine. May not this disturb a mind gifted with such extraordinary genius? Age is stealing upon him, and everyone must see from daily experience, that age, unaccompanied by domestic happiness, seldom improves the temper, and now the homage of the world is divided, as it were, between himself and Von Weber. More than this, Beethoven, we are told, reads of the world, although he sees and hears but little of it; he finds no doubt, as a man of penetration and sense, that throughout civilized society superficial education, manners, and habits, are now generally adopted by the "million," he finds from all the public accounts, that noisy extravagance of execution and outrageous clamour in musical performances, more frequently ensure applause than chastened elegance or refined judgment—the inference therefore that we may fairly make is, that he writes accordingly. He writes to suit the present mania, and if this be so, he has succeeded in his purpose, for everywhere I hear the praises of this his last work. The truth is, that elegance, purity, and propriety, as principles of our art, have been gradually yielding

with the altered manners of the times to multifarious and superficial accomplishments, with frivolous and affected manners. Minds that from education and habit can think of little else than dress, fashion, intrigue, novel-reading, and dissipation, are not likely to feel the elaborate and less feverish pleasures of science and art. Indeed we have so long been toiling up the steep ascent of difficulty and brilliant wonders of execution, that now having reached the topmost round the Plinlymmon of extravagance, our descent I should hope would be certain, although slow and very gradual, to something like purity and systematic principles. The true spirit of the art as a public amusement has undoubtedly been in considerable danger of annihilation for the last two or three years, and but for the timely production of "*Der Freischutz*," in which original, bold, and lofty harmony is blended, by the hand of true genius, with simple speaking melody, but for this, our ears would most probably have been deafened with "hoarse cataracts" of sound, or our feelings, drawn into dullness and ennui by dwadling insipid music. It is most gratifying to hear that English musicians are now beginning to distinguish themselves as instrumental composers, for I understand that an overture by Mr. Goss has been tried at the Philharmonic, and from its great merit has attracted such considerable notice from the elders of the society, that it is believed, in the course of the season, the subscribers will be made to hear and feel that some of their countrymen are not deficient in superior talent, if they, the props and stays that alone can bear up the tottering fabric of native ability, will only condescend to encourage and support it.

The only comment which it seems advisable to make on this earnest but erroneous criticism is to express our surprise at the lack of discrimination which could lead musicians to rank Weber—as many did for full thirty years after his death—on a level with Beethoven. The glittering popularity achieved by Weber rendered people blind to his faults; his superficiality and almost total lack of the solid qualities which go to make a great composer,

The critic, it will be seen, received a very vague impression of the symphony,

describing the opening bars which are on the dominant harmony of D minor, as being in F, &c. He quotes the famous theme of the last movement (after hearing it with multitudinous repetitions and variations) very incorrectly and in *G major* instead of D, so his receptive faculties would seem to have been of a low order.

## A History of the Royal Academy.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 47.)

The end of this year saw another separation from our Founder. Lord Burghersh was appointed Prussian Ambassador, and on leaving for Berlin received several addresses from the students and professors of the R.A.M., the unnaturally beautiful language of which could not conceal the warm esteem in which he was held by all. His replies are in the same style, and, we are sure, equally sincere. Sir George Clerk took the reins of office during his Lordship's absence, but things required careful management: the annual receipts exceeded the expenditure by only a hundred pounds or so, and the Fancy Dress Ball was beginning to wane in public favour. As we have before pointed out, whenever Lord Burghersh went away he took the Academy luck with him, so it seems only what one might expect that the next incident was the discovery of serious defalcations on the part of the Secretary, Mr. Smith. The following extract from the Minutes of Dec. 2nd, 1841, in which the matter is gone into at great length, shows how helpless the Committee was without its chief.

"The Committee, taking into consideration the long services of Mr. Smith and the unfortunate situation of his private affairs, which he has urged to the Committee in palliation of his offence, are disposed to treat him with all the indulgence in their power. They will therefore suspend giving any final decision on this unfortunate business until they have an opportunity of seeing how far Mr. Smith is able to redeem the pledge which he has given, of immediately reducing the amount of his debt to the Academy, when they will be prepared to take the whole subject again into their serious consideration.

"The Committee think it right that a copy of the several Papers connected with this case, together with a minute of these proceedings should

be transmitted to Lord Burghersh at Berlin for his Lordship's consideration; and as soon as his Lordship's answer is received, they will direct that a special meeting of the Committee of Management be summoned for the final consideration of this business."

The final decision arrived at was to retain Mr. Smith as a kind of head clerk, the accountant, Mr. Lundie, discharging all the responsible duties of secretary, receiving and paying monies etc.

This injudicious arrangement, of course, did not work, and Smith was cashiered soon afterwards. He had allowed the Students' fees to fall disgracefully in arrears, to the amount of more than £1,000.

In May 1842, Mr. Vickery resigned and Mr. Hamilton returned to his old station, to the satisfaction of everybody.

Here is an extract from the Examination Report of Midsummer, 1842, which will interest singers.

"The Board of Professors beg to suggest to the Singing Masters that they should impress on their Pupils the necessity of singing in time before they attempt those licenses, such as the 'temporubato', 'interdardo':—they would be less nervous in singing with orchestral accompaniments, and the general effect would be rendered more perfect from the Orchestra not being so continually embarrassed. It may be observed also that these extreme licenses are more applicable to the stage, and may be introduced judiciously by those advanced in the art.

"It was observed that the progress of the Pupils was much impeded by their accepting too many professional engagements. While they are Students they should avail themselves of all the advantages of the Institution, or they never can expect to become pre-eminent in the art, or even in their principal branch of study."

We have gone on dinging this into the Student's ears from then till now without the slightest effect. Catch a beginner refusing an engagement from a fear of discounting future success!

Amongst the entries of new students on October 14th, 1842, stands the honoured name of Walter Cecil Macfarren.

This year the half-yearly examination held at Christmas was discontinued, a report from the Professors being substituted. The Committee attempting to reduce office expenses Mr. Lundie, one of our most faithful officers found himself obliged to resign. His duties were distributed and the Committee fatuously congratulated themselves on having saved his salary.

At Midsummer 1843, the Singing Professors issued a report which shows that

the old order of things in vocal matters was changing and giving place to somewhat more sensible ideas. This document is worth quoting in full.

*"Report of the Board of Professors respecting the Vocal Tuition in the Royal Academy of Music."*

#### MIDSUMMER EXAMINATION, 1843.

"IT appears to the Board that the Plan now pursued by the Singing Masters in the Royal Academy of Music differs in no respect from private Instruction.

"Each day the Professors attend—the Pupils sing a few Scales—very difficult florid exercises—and wind up with a Song, always of the Bravura kind.

"This certainly does not give them a sound musical feeling, is not progressive enough and accounts for the hesitation of most of our public singers.

"What would be said to an instrumentalist who, the moment he had learnt a Scale attempted a most difficult Concerto? It would be called absurd; yet the Singers in the Academy are in this predicament.

"To obviate this the following method is proposed.

"Pupils to be instructed in Classes, not consisting of more than from Eight to Twelve.

"The proper Formation of the Voice is the first thing to be attended to—the practising Scales and Intervals.

"When pupils can with certainty take distances, let the Master use easy Solfeggios and make the Class sing part music, such as the Duets of Carissimi, Clari, Durante, Palestrina, Handel, Marcello etc., which are all to be found in Choron's Singing School.

"These works would call the pupil's attention to the necessity of counting Time, and should be exercised without the assistance of the Piano, or at all events with only a Thorough Bass accompaniment. (It is a curious fact that many Singers can hit distances if looking at the Keys of a Piano, but have no Idea of them if away from the Instrument.) Words should be thought of and pronounced distinctly. With most singers it is impossible to discover in what language they may be singing.

"By degrees lead Pupils to more difficult Solfeggios to gain florid execution and concerted Music in Three, Four and more parts, from easy to more intricate.

"When they can with facility take any Part of moderate difficulty correctly at sight—keep time well and pronounce distinctly, then and not till then should they be allowed to think of Ornamental Singing. They would then feel when it is judicious to break time and would avoid such lamentable exhibitions as are often witnessed.

"This appears to us to be the proper Method to attain what is required by Public Singers.

"There is no Short Road to perfection in this or any other branch of Art. Indeed, we have no hesitation in saying that in Singing it is a most laborious task to reach the summit and (it) cannot be surmounted without some Study, intense application and a regular, well-ordered, progressive System of Education."

(*To be Continued.*)

**What our Old Students are Doing.**

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN gave a Concert at Princes' Hall in conjunction with the Shinner Quartet, on June 9th.

MISS GRACE HENSHAW gave a Morning Concert at Collard and Collard's, on May 30th.

MR. FREDERIC GRIFFITHS' third Flute Recital of the season was given on Tuesday evening, May 30th, at Steinway Hall. He was assisted by Messrs. Emile Sauret and Septimus Webbe. Vocalists: Miss Mary Thomas and Mr. Arthur Oswald, and accompanist: Miss Kate Steel. The first performance in England of M. Widor's Suite for Flute and Pianoforte; Emil Sjögren's Sonata (Op. 19) for Violin and Piano; and flute solos by Miss Dora Bright and songs by Edward German, were some of the items of an interesting programme.

MR. ERNEST KIVER's Annual Evening Concert came off at Princes' Hall on May 31st. he being assisted by Miss Eleonar Rees, Mr. W. E. Whitehouse and Mr. Richard Gompertz. A new Trio (MS.) in E major for Pianoforte and Strings, by Dr. George J. Bennett, was produced on this occasion, and was well received. Mr. Kiver gave Grieg's Ballade and shorter pieces by Chopin and Liszt. A Trio in C minor, Op 27, by Edward Schütt came also as a novelty.

MR. EDGAR HULLAND gave a Pianoforte Recital at Princes' Hall on June 9th, assisted by Miss Evangeline Florence and M. Emile Sauret.

MR. LAWRENCE KELLIE gave Vocal Recitals at Steinway Hall, on June 1st and 20th.

SIR WILLIAM CUSINS' annual Morning Concert came off on June 14th at St. James's Hall. Amongst others appeared M. Emile Sauret and Mr. William Shakespeare.

AT MISS WINIFRED ROBINSON'S Chamber Concert at Princes' Hall, of June 12th, she was assisted by Mrs. Mary Davies and Mr. Benjamin Grove (vocalists), Mr. Tobias A. Matthay (Pianoforte), Mr. Allen Gill (Violoncello), Miss Kate M. Robinson (Viola), Mr. Albert H. Fox (Accompanist), all old students except the Viola, who is a present student. The novelty of the Concert was Mr. Matthay's Quartett in F for Piano and Strings, this being practically its first public performance; it was well received. Miss Robinson chose Max Bruch's ever fresh first Concerto as her chief solo, and also appeared with Mr. Matthay in Grieg's 3rd Violin and Piano Sonata. There were, besides, solos for Pianoforte, also for Violoncello, and some interesting songs.

AN overflowing audience attended MR. ERNEST FOWLES' Brahms Concert of June 13th, at Princes' Hall. It took the form of a Chamber Concert, and the instrumental items were: Op. 99, Sonata for Piano and 'Cello. Variations and Fugue Op. 24 on a theme by Handel. Sonata for Violin and Piano Op. 78, and the Quintett for Pianoforte and Strings Op. 34. Mr. Whitehouse (of old students) also appeared at this Concert, and some songs were given by Miss Liza Lehmann.

DR. MACKENZIE concluded his series of lectures on Verdi's *Falstaff* at the Royal Institution on June 10th.

MISS EDIE REYNOLDS was assisted at her afternoon Concert of June 20th, at Messrs. Erards' Rooms by Miss Sybil Palliser (Piano), Mr. James Ley (Vocalist), and Miss Margaret Moss (accompanist), amongst others.

MISS IDA BETTS acted as Solo Pianist at Messrs. Blagrove's Concert at Steinway Hall on June 23rd.

MR. JOHN THOMAS' annual Harp Concert was given on June 28th at St. James's Hall.

MISS MARGARET FORD gave a Pianoforte Recital at the the Highbury Athenæum on May 30th, Miss Ethel Barns contributing some Violin Solos.

MR. and MRS. HAMILTON ROBINSON gave an Evening Concert at the Kensington Town Hall on June 29. Amongst other artists assisting them were the names of Mdlle. Gabrielle Vaillant and Mr. C. Hann.

Several part-songs by Mr. Arthur Jarrett will shortly appear, published by Messrs. Curwen and Sons.

MR. WALTER MACKWAY gave a pupils' concert at Clapham Assembly Rooms on June 27.

**Fortnightly Concerts.**

PROGRAMME OF MAY 27, 1893.

FANTASIE ET FUGE—Organ	... Mr. OWEN H. MEAD.	J. L. Krebs.
SONGS (MSS.) { a. "The Question" b. "The Avowal"	{	A. Hinton. (Student).

Mr. NORMAN ALSTON, (Accompanist, Miss Moss.)	
SCHERZO } From Quartette in F	minor (MS.), for }
ANDANTE } 2 Violins, Viola,	Gerald Walenn,
FINALE } and Violoncello	(Student).
Mr. GERALD WALENN, Miss DOROTHEA WALENN.	
Mr. ARTHUR WALENN, Mr. HERBERT WALENN.	
SONG, "Les perles d'or" ...	Francis Thomé.
Miss EVELYN DOWNES.	

(Accompanist, Mr. CHARLES MACPHERSON.)	
ANDANTE in E minor (Op. 7), No. 1,	{
STUDY in F (Op. 104), No. 2,	Pianoforte
	Mendelssohn.

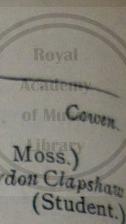
Miss ANNIE G. BENNETT.	
SONG (MS.), "You came with the Springtime"	William Henry Dyson
Mr. CHAMBERS COLEMAN.	
(Accompanist, Mr. W. H. DYSON.)	(Student).
CONCERTO, No. 3 (1st Movement), Violin Max Bruch.	
Miss ELLY FUCHS.	

(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES).	
SONG, "Chant Hindoo" ...	H. Bemburg.
Miss VENA GALBRAITH, Violoncello Obbligato—Mr. H. WALENN.	

(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)	
RECITATION, "Speech of the Messenger in Samson Agonistes" ...	John Milton.
Miss MAUD LUPTON.	
SONG, "La Charmante Marguerite" Old French Song.	
Miss M. E. MILLS.	

## THE OVERTURE.

(Accompanist, Mr. S. SZCZEPANOWSKI.)	SONG, "The Violet"
ALLEGRO CON FUOCO } From Quintette ANDANTE } in C minor, Op. 6—Pf. Vn. Vla. ALLEGRO MODERATO } 'cello and Basso	Miss C. DICKENS. (Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS) FUGUE in G (MS.)—Organ Amy C. Gordon Clapshaw (Student.)
MISS LILIAS PRINGLE, Mr. P. CATHIE, Mr. A. WALENN, Mr. H. WALLENN, Mr. A. E. HARPER.	Miss K. A. FIELD.
SONGS (MSS.) { "To Daffodils" "My Darling sleeps"	RHAPSODY in G minor, Op. 79, No. 2—Pianoforte Brahms.
Mr. TOM. JAMES. (Accompanist, Miss SYBIL PALLISER.) SONG, "Autumnal Gales" ... Edward Grieg. MISS FLORENCE EDMONDS. (Accompanist, Mr. REGINALD STEGGALL.) "SERENADE" ... ... F. R. Volkmann. The ENSEMBLE CLASS.	Miss EDITH PURVIS. ARIA, "L'esperto nocchiero" Bononcini. Miss C. JONES. (Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.) FANTAISIE HONGROISE — Flute and Pianoforte F. Doppler.
PROGRAMME OF JUNE 10, 1893. ANDANTE AND VARIATIONS in B flat, (Op. 83)— Two Pianofortes Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.	Mr. M. DONNAWELL. RECITATION, "Lenore" with musical accompaniment by Franz Liszt ... ... Bürger. Miss K. LEWIS.
MISS JANET MORRIS, Mrs. TURNBULL-SMITH. SONG, "A Song of Sunshine" Arthur Goring Thomas. MISS BEATRICE WREFORD. (Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.) BARCAROLLE (in F sharp, Op. 26)—Pianoforte Chopin.	(Accompanist, Miss SYBIL PALLISER.) POLONAISE, Op. 26, No. 1 Chopin. MISS BORD.
Mrs. NEEDHAM. SONGS (MSS.) { "Gentle Zephyr" } M. P. MOSS. { "O were my love" } (Student). MISS SYLVIA WARDELL. (Accompanist, Miss MARGARET P. MOSS.) CONCERTO (9th), for Violin ... C. A. de Beriot. Miss B. STUART.	MISS M. V. E. PERrott. (Accompanist, Miss KEITH GLEN.) "ALISON," Op. 82—Pianoforte Duet Joachim Raff. MISS FLORENCE WINTER. Miss GARROCH. ARIA, "Qui Sdegno" ( <i>Il Flauto Magico</i> ) Mozart. MR. FREDERICK THORNE.
(Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.) SONG, "Thou bloomest" ... ... Rubinsteins. MISS MAY BAILEY.	(Accompanist, Mr. PERCY HARMON.) CAPRICCIO in B flat minor, Op. 33, No. 3 Mendelssohn.
ROMANCE AND RECIT., "Dearest, untimely gone" (Orpheus) ... ... ... C. W. Gluck.	MISS JESSIE KOSMINSKI.*
MISS GAVINE WOOD. (Accompanist, Mr. ARTHUR APPLEBY.) NOCTURNE, (Op. 32, No. 2), } Pianoforte, F. Chopin.	* With whom this subject is a second study.
TARANTELLA, (Op. 43), } Miss STIBBS.	
RECIT. AND ARIA, "Lushingue più care" Handel. MISS MABEL P. HOTSON.	
(Accompanist, ) NOCTURNE, (Op. 15, No. 2), } F. Chopin. VALSE IMPROMPTU, } Pianoforte F. Liszt.	
MISS KEITH C. GLEN.	
SONG, "L'Eté" ... ... Cecile Chaminade. MISS L. BURDEN.	
(Accompanist, Miss L. DAVIES.) FANTAISIE APPASSIONATA, ... Vieuxtemps.	
MISS ETHEL BANKART.)	
DUET, "Una notte a Venezia" ... G. Lucantoni.	
MISS CLARE POWELL, Mr. CHAMBERS COLEMAN. (Accompanist, Mr. S. SZCZEPANOWSKI.)	
IMPROMPTU in G flat, Op. 51—Pianoforte F. Chopin. MISS MARGARET PLASKITT.*	
* With whom this subject is a second study.	
PROGRAMME OF JUNE 24 1893. FUGUE in B flat—Organ (on the name of Bach)	
Mr. G. F. WRIGLEY.	
THIRTY-TWO VARIATIONS in C minor—Pianoforte Beethoven.	
Miss E. HORTON-SMITH.	



SONG, "The Violet"	Miss C. DICKENS.
ANDANTE } in C minor, Op. 6—Pf. Vn. Vla. SCHERZO } 'Vn., Vla., 'Cello and Contrabass	(Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS) FUGUE in G (MS.)—Organ Amy C. Gordon Clapshaw (Student.)
MISS LILIAS PRINGLE, Messrs. A. HINTON, A. WALENN, H. WALENN, A. E. HARPER.	Miss K. A. FIELD. RHAPSODY in G minor, Op. 79, No. 2—Pianoforte Brahms.
SONG, "The Violet"	Miss EDITH PURVIS.
SONG, "L'esperto nocchiero"	Bononcini.
MISS C. JONES.	
FANTAISIE HONGROISE — Flute and Pianoforte F. Doppler.	
MR. M. DONNAWELL.	
RECITATION, "Lenore" with musical accompaniment by Franz Liszt ... ... Bürger.	
MISS K. LEWIS.	
(Accompanist, Miss SYBIL PALLISER.)	
POLONAISE, Op. 26, No. 1 Chopin.	
MISS BORD.	
SONGS, { "Because" } { "Fantasia" }	Cowen.
MISS M. V. E. PERrott.	
(Accompanist, Miss KEITH GLEN.)	
"ALISON," Op. 82—Pianoforte Duet Joachim Raff.	
MISS FLORENCE WINTER. Miss GARROCH.	
ARIA, "Qui Sdegno" ( <i>Il Flauto Magico</i> ) Mozart.	
MR. FREDERICK THORNE.	
(Accompanist, Mr. PERCY HARMON.)	
CAPRICCIO in B flat minor, Op. 33, No. 3 Mendelssohn.	
MISS JESSIE KOSMINSKI.*	
* With whom this subject is a second study.	
 <b>Royal Academy Student's Concert.</b>	
AT ST JAMES' HALL, JUNE 19.	
PROGRAMME.	
MASS IN D, (First time of Performance in London)	Dvorak.
SEMI-CHORUS.	
Sopranos—Misses Burden, Burns, S. M. Lewis, and Strathearn.	
Contraltos—Misses A. Child, Dafforne, Dore, and Downes.	
Tenors—Messrs. Brophy, Colman, Lewis Thomas, and Horncastle.	
Basses—Messrs. Alston, Appleby, Clements, and Ottewell.	
RONDO IN C—Two Pianofortes	Chopin.
MISS BLANCHE SHERRARD and Miss L. MOSSOP.	
SONG (M.S.) "Evening" Llewela Davies.	
(Macfarren Scholar).	
MISS KATE COVE.	
SERENADE (for Strings alone)	Volckmann.
THE ENSEMBLE CLASS.	
ROMANCE "Les Perles d'Or"	Thomé.
MISS EVELYN DOWNES.	
CONCERTO in G—Violoncello	Lindner.
MR. HERBERT WALENN.	
SONGS { "A Contrast" } { "A Spring Song" }	C. H. H. Parry.
MISS GERTRUDE HUGHES.	
ANDANTE { (Quintet in C minor, Op. 16)—Pf. }	
SCHERZO { 'Vn., Vla., 'Cello and Contrabass }	Goetz.
MISS LILIAS PRINGLE, Messrs. A. HINTON, A. WALENN, H. WALENN, A. E. HARPER.	

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## Quod licet Jovi.

WHEN is a fault not a fault? This sounds like a conundrum involving some punning answer, but we desire to consider the question seriously. When a new musical work appears it is usually pronounced, by both critics and musicians, to contain at least some errors, technical as well as æsthetic. But once the composer has made his mark and obtained admission to the front rank, his very departures from the normal, which were erewhile looked upon as extravagancies and sins against taste, are now regarded as charming originalities and evidences of genius. So universally true is this that there is not one great composer from Palestrina to Mascagni to whom it does not apply. That faults may seem more glaring at first than on closer acquaintance is comprehensible enough, but that they can be converted into excellencies by lapse of time and alteration of the critical standpoint does seem curious. Easy to understand that since music is a progressive art our ears get to accept more and more extreme dissonances as we become more familiar with the principles upon which they depend; but many composers, like other artists, occasionally indulge in freaks which set principle at defiance, or perhaps write something they did not intend—for

*humanum est errare*—and the singular thing is, that in the case of an admitted genius, we admire these very lapses and quote them in our text books. Then comes the student, who wants to go and do likewise, whereupon we pull him up with the Latin proverb

Quod licet Jovi  
Non licet bovi.

or in English

Though Jove may do it  
The herd must eschew it.

But he naturally resents being considered one of the herd, secretly believing himself to be more like another incarnation of the Olympian god. And this reproof is apt to encourage him in eccentricities, under the fancy that his teacher is an old pedant, and that to outrage his ideas will be a sure sign of genius. The best way to deal with a pupil of that sort is to show him how cheap and easy eccentricity is, and how everything of the kind has been done before; then take great works and show how their greatness is quite independent of the idiom in which they are couched. For instance, the "Hallelujah" chorus, with about three chords in it and a few well-worn diatonic progressions, is as consummate a piece of musicianship, and achieves its aim as fully as *Isolda's Death Song*, which employs every known chord and all the resources of the chromatic scale.

Perhaps some will deny that great geniuses have ever written anything deserving to be stigmatized as a fault, and will say that those who think otherwise are themselves in error. Shall we give a few examples? There has lately been some newspaper correspondence about a passage in Beethoven's A major symphony, where the strings and the wind have different chords at the same time. The only argument for supposing that the composer wrote this intentionally is that so many similar cases are to be found in

his works. But will any sane person declare that it is not a fault to write a chord of A and a chord of D together in the same octave. Bless you ! yes, to be sure, if the offender be Beethoven. He has written simultaneous different chords in several places where the intention was clear, and in those places one must accept them, while privately deeming the effect hideous. But there are other places, such as that just quoted, where there is nothing gained by the discord, and to respect those errors is carrying hero-worship too far.

Again, most people will declare that Chopin was an absolute master of harmony and never wrote a bad progression. Show them any of the twenty or more instances of consecutive fifths or octaves to be found in his piano works and they will declare that they do not sound in the least bad, not in the least. Ask them their opinion of those two bars in the F sharp Impromptu just before the subject returns in F and they will not admit that they are chaotic, but only "rather extreme." In fact, the principle that the king can do no wrong is firmly established in music. But now comes a delicate question : How far does the list of infallible gods extend ? It is a deadly crime to alter any of Bach's false relations, Handel's full closes from a dominant  $\frac{4}{2}$  or Beethoven's simultaneous different chords, but how much farther must our reverence for things holy extend ? Mozart has written some pretty ugly combinations, but they are so few and unimportant that he may be admitted immaculate. This is really the question, "What is a Genius?" under another guise. Genius can do no wrong, but if Schubert happened to have written something queer might we alter it ? Sir George Grove would of course say "No!" Fortunately we know of no doubtful passage in his works, but might we alter Mendelssohn, or Schumann, or Brahms, or Sterndale Bennett (whose works have never been decently edited and cleared of engraver's errors) or Clementi, or Spohr, or Moscheles, or Czerny, or etc., etc., until by degrees the list comes down to Jones and Smith ? Where does the infallibility of genius merge into the fallibility of talent ? Observe, we do not want to alter or interfere with any man's writings, but if there are things in them that sound, and are, really wrong, are we

to suffer these faults and perhaps practice them, rather than commit sacrilege by rectifying a perhaps obvious blunder ? The same question, "With whom may we interfere?" has presented itself in the editions of classics executed by such men as Bülow, Klindworth and Liszt. They point out how a passage would be more effective in the pianoforte language of the present day, and the student naturally accepts their suggestion, drawing down a howl from the critics for his non-adherence to the text. But this protest is only raised when the maltreated work is by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, or Weber. Who cares when Stavenhagen plays a piece of Liszt's and alters the whole of the ornamentation ? He is even praised for it. Who would complain if one altered the text of Hummel or left out a few cart-loads of graces from Couperin ? We cannot help thinking that many critics who used to wax so indignant over Liszt's wonderful transcription of Weber's Polacca for Pianoforte and orchestra were more intent upon showing off than anything. But here is not the debateable question of transcriptions—only a perplexed demand as to how far our reverence for genius is to extend when an eminent composer writes wrong notes. But more important is the question—why should we refuse to admit a fault to be such when it occurs in the works of a great master ? Wagner, in his wholesale use of extreme chords, has occasionally written some atrocious things, but you will get no one to believe it now. Chords of the eleventh with the third are common in *Parsifal*, and the chord of C with F sharp underneath that forms a characteristic feature of the Men's chorus in *Götterdämmerung* is an equally terrible combination, but these are not *hors la loi*. A common progression of his is one expressly forbidden in all text-books, obviously bad to any ear, and yet, strange to say, a fault committed now and again by every composer great and small, that has ever lived. We allude to the resolution of a dominant seventh chord on to a chord of the sixth two notes lower. There are instances of this (but not glaring ones) to be found even in Beethoven, and we maintain that the use of this, or any other progression universally admitted as bad, by either of these geniuses does not make it one whit the less a fault. That it

occurs more often in Wagner than in Beethoven is to be explained by the fact that the former changes his chords so very far more frequently than the latter, and in this restlessness was bound to come across doubtful progressions now and then. The argument that genius can do no wrong seems to us a dangerous fallacy. When genius does wrong we may shut our eyes and pass it over, but to hug the idea that fifths are any the less ugly when Beethoven makes them than when Grieg does is simply allowing the feelings to warp the judgment. A skilful composer can often disguise a doubtful progression, as Wagner does with the two first harmonies of *Tristan*, but a distinctly bad one in Bruneau or Mascagni would not be an atom better if Bach had written it instead. Happily the greater the composer the fewer debateable passages, but with the exception perhaps of Mozart, every musician has at some time or other nodded, and though we may easily forgive, it is absurd to go further and pretend to admire his lapses.

### Passing Notes.

ON the occasion of the R.A.M. mid-summer orchestra concert the clever Gaelic overture of Mr. Charles Macpherson elicited some curious remarks from the critics. None, of course, could imagine what the title "Cridhe an Ghaidhil" meant, but the gentleman who pronounced the overture to be "of an appropriately Welsh character" (by a Macpherson!) was sadly out of it. He also ascribed the work to Charles' better known clansman, Stewart, which was unkind. The explanation of the mysterious title is simply this. The local colour being laid on rather thickly, the overture was called "The Spirit of the Gael," but at the last minute someone (not wholly unconnected with this paper), pointed out that facetious scribes might be so intent upon making new and original puns on the word "spirit" that they would leave the concert barely noticed. The composer, therefore suggested putting the title into Gaelic. "The very thing!" remarked someone, "it will puzzle 'em and get you some notices really original and worth reading." And so it did.

"THE History of Comic Opera in This Country." What an entertaining book might be written under that title! We commend it to literary men in search of a subject, and will only modestly demand 50 per cent of the net profits in return for supplying the brilliant idea. A little while ago a paragraph went the rounds to the effect that the management of the Lyric Theatre, disheartened by the failure of their attempts to attract the public with good comic opera, had decided that in future their efforts must be of a lighter character. The fact is, that whatever audience you cater for there will always be a certain number who find the entertainment too heavy. We have met a man who found "Patience" too *classical*, and another who thought "Dorothy" would be very nice if there were only some tunes in it. It is, presumably, for these curious specimens of humanity that the Royalty Theatre recently opened its ill-fated doors with the production called "Peterkin," a work so inane that it is hard to imagine a company of sane persons going through a rehearsal of it. But to rehearse it for a month, and then be left penniless because in theatrical parlance "the ghost didn't walk," this is a state of affairs that demands the pen of a poet to do it justice. Accordingly we have switched on our bard, with the following result:—

#### "MORE LIGHT."

When Offenbach was in his pride,  
Lecocq and Hervé in their heyday,  
The manager stood, gloomy-eyed  
And trembled at the thought of pay-day,  
He said "The house will never fill;  
We must be lighter, lighter still."

When native songsters warbled high  
Great Sullivan and Alfred Cellier,  
The manager in agony  
Still groaned aloud "What did I tell ye!  
This stuff will make my audience ill;  
O make your opera lighter still!"

They made it light, they made it thin  
Until 'twas so attenuated  
That no one seemed to care a pin  
What they were hearing sung or stated.  
Yet houses dwindled down to nil,  
"We cannot, sure, be lighter still."

Hear "Peterkin's" fiasco first,  
Four weeks' rehearsal, three nights' playing—  
Light as a bubble! Bubbles burst,  
The cashbox proves too light for paying.  
The manager "more light" reveals  
By showing a light pair of heels.

THE wonderful summer weather has dried up most people, mentally and bodily, but has been favourable to the production of poetry and autumn fruit. Poets, in fact, are as plentiful as blackberries. In the exuberance of his heart our Bard brought us a musical parody on "Daisy Bell," but we gently and firmly remonstrated with him, and pointed out that "the anthem of the masses" as Mr. Stead beautifully calls it, was not suited to the tone of our students. He cowered under our rebuke, and as an atonement spent the remainder of his brief holiday in composing a real Royal Academy Students' Anthem, the successful result of which we have much pleasure in laying before our readers in another column. We are open to receive attempts at setting our esteemed coadjutor's lines to music, and will reward a really successful effort handsomely, though we are painfully aware that immortal melody is not to be caught, like a thief, by the offer of reward. But a good setting we must and will have by next Academy Picnic.

THE death of Sir William Cusins, which took place very suddenly on August 31st, leaves a gap in the ranks of our most active and prominent musicians. Sir William's earliest studies were directed by his aunt, the late Mrs. Anderson, but he afterwards entered the R.A.M., and was twice elected King's Scholar. He was appointed organist of Her Majesty's Private Chapel at the age of fourteen, and in 1848 joined the opera band as a violinist, but shortly afterwards gave up the violin for the pianoforte. He succeeded Sterndale Bennett as conductor of the Philharmonic Society in 1867, and held the post till 1883. His compositions include an oratorio, a symphony, concertos, overtures, and many smaller pieces, vocal and instrumental.

ONCE previously the *Overture* printed a passage from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," showing how (just as at the present day), English girls of James I.'s time spent much time in learning music, "and now being married will scarce touch an instrument, they care not for it." Here is a passage from another 17th century book, Flecknoe's "Enigmatical Characters," showing another case of history repeating itself; it describes "A

School of Young Gentlewomen," and might almost, *mutatis mutandis* have been written at the present day, just as the passage from Burton might have been.

"To save charges, they have the worst masters that can be got for love or money, learning to quaver instead of singing, hop instead of dancing, and rake the Ghtar, rumble the Virginals, and scratch and thrumb the Lute, instead of playing neatly and handsomely."

This was written in 1658, and as it was under the Puritan rule, so it is now in many and many a case. A travelling examiner, hearing carefully worked-up pieces, has evidence enough even without putting an easy sight-reading test before the candidates. Are things not growing a little better than they were two centuries ago? Let us hope so. English musicians are subject to alternate fits of elation and depression on the subject. A few years ago, every one was full of hopes for English music; the utter failure of the attempt to establish a national opera-house damped these sanguine expectations, and now we seem again to be entering a Valley of Humiliation. We are, at any rate, a music-hall nation; if London cannot maintain a permanent opera, it yet succeeds in maintaining several hundred music-halls, and nearly every week we hear of a fresh one. The desire to make everybody musical has simply resulted in extending musical vulgarity. The music-hall is the artistic expression of England at present, and it is a far more extensive and influential ingredient of our social life than either concerts, or picture galleries or poetry. Will nobody make it really artistic?

WE might well tremble at the last new invention connected with pianos, did not reassurance spring from the thought that these improvements are never adopted. Do you remember the transposing piano, and the tremolo piano, and the self-playing piano and all the rest? Well the new atrocity is an octave coupler worked by a third pedal. This not only enables you to pretend that you are executing the end of the Waldstein Sonata as written when you are only playing single notes, but by adroit management of the pedal you may repeat the doubled note while you sustain the other and thus play Schumann's "Reconnaissance" from the "Carnaval" without difficulty. One might fill a museum with pianoforte "im-

provements," but we wait in vain for the only one of any value—something that will make a person's playing sound more musical than it really is.

It is with deep regret that we have to chronicle the death of Mr. John Millard, the esteemed professor of elocution at the Royal Academy of Music and elsewhere. His earnestness and energy in his vocation were too well known to need mention; no teacher could be more popular with his pupils. Scarcely ever was a Fortnightly Concert without an appearance of some of his pupils, and their performances were invariably of the same high standard. Latterly Mr. Millard's health had not been very good, but the news of his death which took place on the 9th of August, came as a sudden shock to everyone. He leaves a wife and several daughters to mourn his loss.

We do not, for obvious reasons, offer any criticism of Royal Academy Concerts in these columns, but we desire to place it on record that, in the united opinion of many who have been connected with the Institution for a considerable period, the special Invitation Concert given on July 1st, 1893, was distinctly the best on record. The whole of the performers who took part in the programme—sixteen altogether—showed a very high degree of talent and training, and not one could be detected as weaker than the rest. When you add to that an interesting programme you get an almost ideal students' concert.

THE Dictionary of National Biography is painfully groping though the letter M, and will probably be still there during the next year or two. The last volume contained a very good article on Sir George Macfarren, mainly condensed from the biography by Mr. Banister, which was fully noticed in the *Overture* two years ago. With this exception, there is no musical article of importance in the last volume; one of the smaller ones has been dealt with "just in the old sweet way," upon which we have previously adverted, and it is very defective.

THE competition for the John Thomas Welsh Scholarship took place on Thursday, July 27th. The examiners were

Messrs. A. C. Mackenzie, E. Sauret, F. Westlake and John Thomas (Chairman). There were nine candidates and the Scholarship was awarded to Sidney A. Freedman. The examiners highly commended David Richards, Annie W. Samuel, Annie Mary Hughes.

AT the National Eisteddfod held in August at Pontypridd, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie was made a Welsh Bard. His title is "Pencerdd Alban."

MR. F. CORDER and Dr. George J. Bennett have been elected members of the Philharmonic Society.

MARRIAGE.—On Tuesday July 4th, at the Congregational Church at Durban, Natal, Mr. Avon Saxon to Miss Virginie Cheron.

MARRIAGE.—On Thursday, August 10th, at Edinburgh, Tobias A. Matthay, Esq., A.R.A.M. to Miss Jessie H. Kennedy.

### In the Interval.

"RATHER a long interval; eh?" put the Sub-editor. "By the time the summer holidays are over I have nearly forgotten what my friend's faces are like, and it is such a shock to find them with complexions which suggest that they have been doing nigger business at the seaside and can't quite get rid of the burnt cork."

"I wish I had," rejoined the Failure. "I might have paid the cost of my holiday twice over if I had gone down to the seaside as a Mysterious Musician. No other branch of the profession comes near that for coining."

"Suppose we take a census of our holiday experiences in the matter of music;" suggested the Sub-editor. "It is not a new or edifying subject, but personal evidence is always interesting."

"Musical experiences, sir?" testily growled the Senior; "I had none; didn't want 'em. When I go away for a holiday I shun the sound of music like poison. The thing that drives me mad about our English watering-places is not to be able to find a place where you can dine, and not to be able to find a place where you

can rely on six consecutive hours of peace and quiet. When I become really an invalid I shall take up my quarters in the Albert Hall. That is the most tranquil spot I know of."

"Musical experiences?" quoth the Well-Read-One. "I was at a seaside place and forced to sit on the front every morning for my health, so I saw some queer things. A man and woman with a harmonium used to cajole the children to leave their play and join a 'mission service,' whatever that may be, and they were kept singing hymns until something else happened. Three very gentlemanly 'nigger minstrels' took their pitch close by and endeavoured to seduce the poor innocents with the most inviting ditties. And these men were adored by the children, whom they laid themselves out to please in every way they could. To see the misery and self-reproach on the faces of some of those youngsters as they fell from grace, so to speak, and yielded to the superior attractions of 'Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow'!—it was as good as a play. How I loathed the psalm-singers! Surely, surely they were not going the way to help those little innocents on the road to Heaven?"

"Some people have no sense of decency," said the Sub-editor. "The beach-psalm-singers and the train-tract-givers are simply public nuisances. But is the beach-nigger or the train-cornet-player any better?"

"I had some pretty bad experiences at Shrimpton," observed the Fully-fledged Musician, but I felt myself avenged on all my tormentors. A steamer used to go out every evening for a four-hours' trip, crammed with obnoxious fellow-creatures and taking one or other of the gangs of music-murderers by way of entertainment. Every single evening there was a nasty choppy sea outside the harbour and they used all—especially the musicians—to come back in the condition of a Covent garden cabbage leaf."

"You gentlemen seem to ignore the fact" remarked the Lady Professor, "that these poor hardworking folks whom you regard as your personal enemies, give harmless happiness to thousands."

"Happiness, madam," replied the Cynic, "is a comparative and not a positive state. If the pleasure of thousands interferes with the comfort of one, away

with it! The loss to them will be nothing; the gain to him ineffable."

"By the same argument," retorted the Lady Professor, "unhappiness must also be a comparative state. Useless, therefore, to remove the cause that distresses the one and delights the many. He will be none the better, and they cannot afford to be any the worse."

The Cynic has not yet found the answer to this.

"Did any of you," enquired the Senior, "ever hear an opera by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha?"

The Well-Read-One of course pleaded guilty to that offence.

"And what did you think of it?"

"Well, I have always found a great similarity between the works of titled composers. Prince Radziwill, Prince Albert, the Duke of S.C.G., and even our revered founder, Lord Burghersh, might all have been one and the same person, as far as their music is concerned. The fact is, Calliope is a terrible democrat, and will have nothing to say to the upper ten. I heard *Santa Chiara*, and I confess I found it as dull as ditchwater. If the late worthy Duke found himself absolutely compelled to write operas, of course he had a perfect right to produce them wherever and whenever he could; but he certainly might have had more 'cock-fight for pay-at-gate' as Mr. Kipling's Portuguese Governor puts it."

"Then do you consider that rich men have no business to compose music?" asked the New Student timidly.

"What an idea! Let everybody compose as much as they like—rich—poor—high and low. You may bet your boots that if they want to they won't ask my leave, or yours or anybody's. But, to make an original remark, wealth has its responsibilities, and a rich man, instead of writing music, would be better occupied in finding how to make his wealth circulate so as to do a maximum of good and a minimum of harm. He will find that problem occupy all his time and occupy it worthily."

"As a specimen of futile labour," reflected the Sub-professor, "the works of Antonio Chislanzoni would be hard to beat."

"Who's he," asked Somebody.

"A corpse at present, but he was an unsuccessful singer who took to play-writing. He lived to the age of 69 and wrote all the time. One portion of his works only is (or are—which is it?) eighty operatic librettos. And he had only one success."

"What was that?"

"He wrote the text of Verdi's *Aida*."

"One success in eighty tries is not such a bad average," mused the Sub-editor; "what percentage of the works of Handel, Bach and Mozart remain as fixtures?"

"Let alone Boccherini, Dussek and Cramer," added the Well Read One.

"In fact," said the Failure "if a man makes one success, no matter what the number of his failures, he may think himself jolly lucky now-a-days."

"We are not brilliant this evening, somehow," remarked the Sub-editor. "Whether it is the demoralisation of the holidays, or what, I hardly know, but there is a perceptible shade of melancholy over us all."

"Can it be," suggested the New Student "the influence of the report that Brahms has just completed another set of *Fantasias* and *Intermezzos*?"

We frowned him into silence, but no one offered a better explanation.

"I think," at last said the lady Professor, very gravely, "that when we meet like this after a long holiday we are oppressed by the sense of time having fled, friends having gone—in short, *something* having passed away from us never to return, and ourselves being shifted a step closer to the Great Veil, which is in itself an uncomfortable conviction. Each Michaelmas brings us to a fresh station on our long journey."

"Well," said the Sub-editor, with a violent effort to be lively, "we can't afford to moon about on the platform. It is a case of 'Jump in there, please! Right forward! right behind!' and off we go, or get left in the cold."

"Which being interpreted," added the Sub-professor, "means that we have got to start the same old grind to-morrow, and feel rather low in consequence. Who will start us with an appropriate quotation?" They naturally all looked at the Well Read One.

"Nay!" he protested, "I can think of nothing newer or better than:

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted tools  
The way to dusty death."

But the Lady Professor went away humming with a smile:

"Work apace, apace, apace;  
Honest labour bears a lovely face;  
Then hey money money!"

### On Some Musical Fallacies.

No. 4. THAT MUSIC IS A SOCIALE ART.  
*To the Editor of THE OVERTURE.*

DEAR SIR,—Not being a musical man, I do not read your paper habitually, but finding it on the table while waiting to see a friend on whom I called the other day, I took it up and read the amusing article on "The Composer's Intention," and it occurred to me that a good subject would be the widely prevalent fallacy that music is a sociable art. Sarah Battle herself (as Lamb always calls her, except in the title) is not a more unsociable creature than your enthusiastic amateur.

There is a speciousness about the claim for Whist, however, that might deceive even the elect. "A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigours of the game"—it sounds alluring, and one sees the cosy room, and hears the cheerful crackling of the fire, and perhaps the spiritual nose discerns a faint aroma, a delicate suggestion of some divine draught, (only print this small for fear the County Council should see.) But what if there are a couple of unfortunate wretches left out, as in fact there generally are; where is the sociability then? Where Whist is concerned Sarah Battle is as flint. And where Music is concerned Jubal is as flint. Only a little while ago I was staying with relations one of whom is a musician, and I remember one evening in particular we had come up after tea and settled to a comfortable talk about politics—a

—talk of many things  
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax  
Of cobblers and kings,  
And why the sea is boiling hot  
And whether pigs have wings—

as the walrus says—when some misguided individual, (I pray for his soul) asked for "a little music," and all chance of rational conversation ceased. My relative would not even begin till there was silence, and when after half an hour or so, I tried to

make an understanding with my neighbour in whispers, she turned away. So it went on with occasional lectures about the various works or composers, in your musical cant—subjects, motifs and all the rest of it—till supper-time. Then I thought it was at last over—but no—after supper they wanted more. However, one of my hosts seeing my forlorn condition began an interesting talk with me just as it was beginning. There came a few bars and a stop. We knew what it meant but took no notice. A few bars more and another stop, then a voice, “Oh do go on Arthur, never mind.” “It’s really impossible to play like this,” and finally we had to go downstairs.

It is a real yoke that you musical people fix on our necks, and some composers seem to take a malicious pleasure in setting traps for the unwary. How pathetic for instance is the story of the fashionable lady at an “At Home,” who shouted in a sudden silence, “Oh we fry ours in oil,” before she stopped overwhelmed with confusion.

Sociable! Why one can’t chat about any reasonable subject. Ask the poets, they nearly all hate music, tho’ they speak respectfully in verse.

There is one case however in which the claim is specious. I have occasionally seen a party of amateurs, met for an evening’s symphony-quintets, come down to supper. The elated, self-satisfied air of the animals is a thing to behold—the flute wiping his moustache and humming, the first-fiddle looking superior, the piano-duet a good deal bored (they have had to keep all the men fairly together—say within a bar of each other). The talk is all of “that lovely *Andante*,” “that difficult fugue,” and so on. Their self-satisfied swagger reminds me of a passage I saw the other day in an American story. “There is an earthly satisfaction in the human breast which none but the trooper knows; when the cavalry-cap works itself jauntily over inclining to the right ear with a little saucy pitch forward towards the right eye requiring the head to be held a little back . . . when the clattering scabbard, the jingling spurs, the champed bit unite forces with the prancing sympathetic vanity of the horse; when the eyes that won’t stay ‘front,’ but ‘right’ and ‘left,’ up at the second-storey windows, not in rude civilian stares,

but in gay half-audacious, half-deferential glances. Oh, reader, when you see the troopers in Washington swaggering about the Army Head-Quarters, envy them, for you know not (unless you have been a trooper), ‘how good’ that swagger makes them feel.”

I have been a trooper and I know, and for that reason I envy these amateurs their swagger too, but sociable they are not. I suppose they have not had five minutes rational conversation all the evening and it is not till the music is over that they really begin to feel sociable, and then the talk is quite spoiled—Apologising for this long letter, I am, Dear Sir, Yours very sincerely.

A SUFFERER.

### Songs of the Century.

#### No. III. THE STUDENT’S A.B.C.

COME maids and men of Tenterden and  
listen unto me  
If you’d be taught how students ought to  
serve th’ Academy.  
Though when you come you can but strum  
or make a feeble squall,  
Without a doubt, we’ll turn you out some  
kind of artists all.

If you’ll only learn your A, B, C,  
If you’ll only learn your A, B, C,  
Though your wits are not the smartest  
You may some day make an artist,  
If you’ll only learn your A, B, C,

First, if you please, you pay your fees and  
sign a solemn deed  
That strictly you’ll observe each rule (a  
vow you never heed).  
Three shillings next you won’t be vex’d  
to hand out I am sure  
For all your tribe with joy subscribe to-  
wards THE OVERTURE.

It will teach you all your A, B, C,  
It will teach you all your A, B, C,  
And surely it is prudent  
For the youthful music-student  
To be certain of the A, B, C.

The next thing you have got to do’s to  
find your way around;  
The ordnance chaps who make the maps  
that job have hopeless found.

If you get lost too much 'twill cost to rescue  
 you with pains,  
 The porter tall, who keeps the hall, will  
 bury your remains.

But this is just the A, B, C,  
 But this is just the A, B, C.  
 You must learn to find the cloak-room  
 (And not use it as a smoke-room)  
 Before you know your A, B, C.

When you've been here about a year for  
 medals you'll go in;  
 But many a shy you'll have to try before  
 the prize you win.  
 'Tis settled firm in Easter term before  
 aught else you touch,  
 You'll have to cram for an exam. in ele-  
 ments and such.

You've got to know your A, B, C,  
 And have to count your one, two, three.  
 Though in singing you're a swell immense  
 They'll pluck you on your elements \*  
 Unless you know your A, B, C.

When your tenth term is in its germ you'll  
 whine to the Curator  
 If he can't please to squeeze your fees  
 you'll quit your Alma Mater.  
 Well, ere you fly great heights to try, my  
 gay young soaring eagle,  
 Just make a mem that R. A. M. behind  
 your name's illegal.

You're welcome to write "A, B, C,"  
 But other letters please let be.  
 If you put it in the papers  
 To impress the fools and gapers  
 There'll be a jolly row, you'll see.

ENCORE VERSE (*disallowed by the Committee of Management.*)

We try to keep the goats and sheep  
 asunder wide as wide:  
 If girls and boys want amorous joys they'll  
 seek them please outside.  
 Though you may meet in Union Street or  
 spoon in Hanover Square,  
 Inside the school it is the rule you mustn't  
 flirt and pair.

You may meet her at the A, B, C,  
 You may treat her at the A, B, C,  
 What a blessing to the lover  
 Is the hospitable cover  
 Of the Student's Club, the A, B, C.

## Provincial Portraits.

### III.

#### MR. PIPER AND MADAME BROWNE-PIPER.

THE worst of things is that you cannot have them your own way. Even so great a man as Dr. Howell has to face competition: Mr. Piper and Madame Browne-Piper have only lately come among us, and already they have done much to revolutionise our musical taste. Mr. Piper is a small man with a shiny face, and people do say that he looks after the domestic department at home, keeps a sharp eye on the servants and minds the children. If he minds the children, he has his hands full, for there are constantly increasing swarms of little Pipers. When they first came to Dulworth they had the audacity to call themselves Mr. Piper and Miss Leonora Browne, but this wouldn't do at all. Of course we took for granted they were married. The enormous crowd of little Pipers were presumptive evidence to that effect, and we had other reasons for being satisfied on the point. Nevertheless it was generally felt that an establishment sailing under such false colours had a flavour of free-love about it which was "most tolerable and not to be endured." Miss Leonora Browne, who is a large and expansive person in an everlasting satin dress of a colour which in my young days used to be known as Magenta, told her friends she kept her maiden name for professional purposes, as she was already so favourably known under it. She did not explain who knew her favourably, and the town decided that even if the whole world knew her as Leonora Browne, she had married and must, so to speak, pay the piper. So the Vicar called on them and explained the situation, and presently Leonora issued a new set of professional cards in which she was described as Madame Browne-Piper, R.A.M. This was a compromise. We should have preferred to have seen her name plain Mrs. Piper, but it was felt that as she was a "professional person" this would be too much to ask. We could not quite make out why she called herself Madame, as she was British to the backbone, and, in fact, did not know a word of any language but her own. But she said it was always done, and it certainly conferred an air of distinction. She taught the piano and

\* A rhyme only to be pardoned on account of the trying weather.—Ed.

took our breath away by charging two guineas for twelve lessons. We had been accustomed to pay anything, from a couple of ducks at the end of the term to a shilling an hour, and for a month after her circulars were issued there were letters in our local paper headed "London Prices" and declaiming against strangers who wished to fleece the innocent native. Madame didn't mind these letters at all as they were a splendid advertisement, but presently Dr. Howell took the matter up, and wrote to a great London musical journal asking by what right Mrs. Piper, as he called her, affixed the letters R.A.M. to her name. He said he was discharging a painful duty. Then the fur flew. Mr. Piper wrote back indignantly. Madame Browne-Piper was an R.A.M., and there an end, and who was Dr. Howell, anyway, and what was the College of Congregational Singing? Then the "Sub-dean" of the C.C.S. joined the fray and set forth at great length what his college was and invited subscriptions. Lastly, Dr. Howell, still in the discharge of a painful public duty, said he had discovered that "Mrs. Piper" had studied one term at the Academy and called on gods and men to witness that her use of the initials was an unjustifiable abuse. The attack on himself and on the Noble Institution of which he was an unworthy Fellow he passed over in silent contempt. Finally he called on the authorities of the Academy to do something painful to Mrs. Piper. Nothing came of this appeal as the authorities apparently failed to see what they could do. This correspondence was copied into our local organ and created a feverish excitement in our town. On the whole Madame Browne-Piper was considered to have had the best of it. One doesn't like to see a man attacking a lady; and, after all, she had studied at the Academy, and it was fairly obvious that three months there were better than a cycle at the College of Congregational Singing. Then Madame began to give concerts. She called them Monthly Chamber Concerts for the Encouragement of Native Composers. We did not stop to ask whether native composers would derive much encouragement from performances of their works at Dulworth. We, at least, would do our duty. If you want to attract an audience at Dulworth, you have only to say your entertainment is for the en-

couragement of something or other, it doesn't matter what. Then we feel that we are not patronising a mere amusement; the function is brought within measurable distance of a religious ceremony, and we rush in. There was a subscription. Subscribers got two seats at four concerts for ten and sixpence, or a family ticket for six persons at four concerts for one guinea. And their names were all printed as patrons on the back of each programme. So we all combined and bought family tickets. It became the fashionable thing to be a Patron of Madame Browne-Piper's concerts. The music, I confess, was not very attractive. Mr. Piper played the violin, Madame the piano, a local amateur took charge of the 'cello, and there was usually one vocalist from London. Mr. Piper played a violin solo, the 'cellist played a 'cello solo, Madame played two piano solos, and they all combined to play trios. There were a few ballads sandwiched between. We consumed an enormous amount of sonatas and trios of which we fully appreciated the length, and we grew more and more surprised as the concerts went on at the astounding number of composers there were whom we had never heard of before. Then Mr. Piper started a Choral Society.

### Reviews Minor.

SIR RUPERT THE FEARLESS, an Extravaganza for home performance by T. PERCY NUNN. The Music composed by E. CUTHBERT NUNN.

[London: J. Curwen and Son.]

This unpretentious and pretty little work affords a striking proof of the enormous strides which English music has made during the last generation or two. Within living recollection just such works used to be produced at the Lyceum and Haymarket theatres with librettos by Planché and music by Bishop or Tully or Romer. Only, the music was much thinner, cheaper and poorer, written by men who knew their work was destined to a career of but a few weeks. Now-a-days this kind of thing finds its proper home in the school-room or the Theatre Royal Back-drawing-room, and provided that the libretto be easy to mount and not too feeble in the dialogue, may attain a popularity to be measured by years of time and thousands of copies sold.

The present specimen we consider a very favourable one, especially as regards the music. The libretto first demands a few words. The idea is stated to be taken from the Ingoldsby Legend of the same name, but both are burlesque versions of the well-known Rhine legend and differ in all their

details. The dialogue smacks somewhat more of Miss Corner than of Planché, but it is as sprightly as ten-syllable rhymed verse can hope to be. The lyrics are very neat and smooth, in one or two instances closely approaching the one model for this sort of thing; e.g.

## LURLINE.

In truth I'm of an amiable and gentle disposition  
I possess no end of unobtrusive virtues in addition  
And my self-denial's wonderful, when brought in requisition  
In short, I am a very charming person, so I'm told.  
But I've not the least objection now in confidentially stating  
That when I meet with anything extremely aggravating  
I'd kill twenty people off without a moment's hesitating.  
My wrath when I'm offended is terrific to behold.

## CHORUS.

She'd kill twenty people off without a moment's hesitating  
Her wrath when she's offended is terrific to behold.

"Confidentially" is too long for the line, but no matter. As regards the plot, the little touch of pathos at the end has the unfortunate effect of making one feel that Lurline is badly treated, and thus casting a damper on the concluding joy.

Mr. Cuthbert Nunn's music is so evenly good throughout that it is hard to single out more than Lurline's first song "Beneath the waves" for special praise. A composer who can use such hackneyed and studiously simple rhythms and yet be never common-place is a very clever man. In one number we think he has failed to set the words well, though the music is nice enough in itself. We allude to the duet

"If suppose I should design,  
Pretty maiden, tell me truly,  
Now to ask you to be mine  
Pretty maiden, tell me truly."

The phrase to which the 2nd line is set should obviously not be a *response* to that of the 1st line. Sir Arthur Sullivan's comic operas supply several admirable instances of how to treat lyrics with refrain lines like this. We must also take exception to the setting of the opening lines of Kätkchen's song "Sweet summer love-dreams." Beyond these small faults we find nothing that does not call for hearty praise in this work.

THE MACKENZIE PERFECT SYSTEM OF NOTATION  
(description of)

[Newcastle-upon-Tyne; James Mackenzie].

Regardless of discouragement, the inventors still go on pegging away at the hopeless task of superseding our elaborate system of musical notation by something simpler. The reason why we devote a portion of our space to a review of Mr. Mackenzie's plan is because it contains one really practical and useful idea. Before mentioning what this is let us say something about the invention as a whole. Firstly, it is proposed to use a stave of five lines ruled unevenly, two and three, like (and representing) the black keys of the piano. The spaces in between represent the white notes. In this manner the semitone between E and F, and between B and C, is clear to the eye. This is, if we remember aright, the same plan as that which our contemporary, *The Magazine of Music* was founded to advocate, the only difference being that in the present system, instead of a series of such staves being used, transposing marks are employed

(as in the Braille notation for the blind) to indicate the particular octave. Now the gain of this unfamiliar-looking stave is a real one, but we doubt whether the slight additional clearness in indicating these two semitones is worth the machinery involved. Next, new signs for key-signatures are given, but it seems to us that these are quite superfluous by the side of the fact that every note clearly proclaims itself as sharp, flat or natural as the case may be. And this, which is the one original and useful feature above alluded to, is achieved by altering the shape of the head of a note. If natural it is of the normal oval; if otherwise it is pear-shaped, with the point upwards for sharp notes and downwards for flats. The point is forked for double-sharps or double-flats. Now we cannot help thinking that something might have been done with this idea, apart from all the rest. The weakest point of the system is certainly the mode of indicating the particular octave in the gamut, which is likely to render still more uncertain a matter in which the majority of learners are very shaky. The new stave has the disadvantage of taking up considerably more room than the old, and the specimen of a page of Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony given in full score in the new notation is not calculated to convey a favourable impression of its simplicity or convenience for orchestral music. The fact is, all these improved systems have their rise in the terrible difficulties beginners find in learning staff notation and piano-forte-playing simultaneously. Were these complicated subjects attacked separately and gradually (as in the system of Aloys Hennes, for example) progress, if slow, would be at least sure; but in these days there is too much of the "music in six lessons" business. You remember the story about the American-German champion teacher? "Dish vos A, and dish vos B, and dish vos C, and dish vos D, and so weiter. Now ve play de Moonlight Sonata!"

## Royal Academy of Music Prize Distribution.

THE annual distribution of prizes to the students took place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, July 26th, the awards being handed to the successful pupils by Mrs. Threlfall, who presided. Among those present were Dr. A. C. Mackenzie (Principal), the Earl of Kilmorey (Vice-President), General Lord Chelmsford, Mrs. Mackenzie Mr. Thomas Threlfall (Chairman), Mr. Augustus Littleton (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. Frederick Corder (Curator), Mr. G. H. Betjemann, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. F. Davenport, Mr. Manuel Garcia, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick King, Mr. W. Macfarren, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald, Mr. Alberto Randegger, Mons. and Madame Sauret, Mr. Ad. Schloesser, Madame Sherrington, Mr. B. Soutten, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Westlake, and many other professors and friends of the Institution.

Prior to the distribution of the awards a select choir of the lady students sang "Salve Regina" (Gernsheim), the solo part being sung by Miss Minnie Robinson, and Canon "Bird of the morning" (Smart).

Dr. MACKENZIE then said: Mrs. Threlfall, ladies

and gentlemen, in my capacity as Principal I am expected to say a few words at parting by way of "summing up" the results of the year, and during the past few years I have been able to present very good reports. If the continued increase of students in any way represents the not only unwaning but the growing popularity of the school, why, I am more fortunate still on the present occasion. Although my statements may savour of pardonable self-satisfaction, not personal but on the part of the Committee of Management, whose mouthpiece I am, I am bound to say that for steady work and honest endeavour all round, on the part of the governing body, of the professors, as well as of the students, this particular session remains unsurpassed. For the work of our able and eminent professors—and few schools in Europe can show so admirable a list of names—has been appreciated and taken advantage of by our students in a manner which calls for congratulation. We foresaw the necessity for the application of more strict and rigorous rules in connection with the attendance at the classes, and although we have strictly carried out our plan of insisting upon the necessity of a higher percentage of attendance-marks before any student can be held eligible to receive an award of any kind, I am gratified to know that there is no decrease in those awards. This fact alone proves clearly that more work must necessarily have been done than in any previous year. My record to-day however, is not without its touch of sadness, for I have unfortunately to mention the removal by death of a most valued friend and professor, one of the most brilliant students or the Academy; who loved it, who never was more happy than when he was serving it. The Art loses in Thomas Wingham a prominent composer, whose music reflected his gentle and amiable character. Closely associated as I was with him not only in Tenterden Street, but as his fellow-examiner at the University of Cambridge, I had ample opportunity of appreciating the value of both his work and his friendship. But every man's place must be filled and I have to welcome, not one, but three new professors of the pianoforte who join our ranks, one of foreign birth and two Englishmen, all well-known and esteemed in their profession: Signor Carlo Albanesi, Mr. Ernest Kiver, and Mr. Oliver King. The Academy has been singularly fortunate during the last few years in adding to the number of generous friends who assist its work in that most acceptable form which true friendship sometimes takes, by giving money. And I have three separate announcements of this cheerful kind to make. In the first place, a lady in Nottingham, whose name I am unfortunately not permitted to give, is in the act of founding a most valuable scholarship in connection with the Institution. A native of Nottinghamshire will have the first claim, but failing a successful candidate from that district the scholarship will be open to all comers. Secondly, another good friend, Mr. Broughton Packer, of Bath, has announced his intention of founding two scholarships one of which will, I have reason to hope, soon come into operation, the other at a later period. These scholarships are for violin and violoncello respectively, and will be known as the Broughton Packer Bath Scholarships. Thirdly, the Goring Thomas Scholarship, in memory of the late distinguished composer, will soon be available. It is of course, for the encouragement of "Lyric Composition," is tenable for three years, and all I can

add is that details of the trust deed are generous and liberal. I hope therefore, that fortunate competitors will prove themselves worthy the name of the scholarship—worthy the name of the school. Certain prizes, too, will be given for the first time to-day—the Robert Cocks & Company prizes, two in number, for pianoforte playing, and the Charles Mortimer Prize for composition. While offering grateful thanks to the generous givers in the name of the Institution, I may say that the Academy now possesses exactly twenty-one Scholarships and, curiously enough, precisely the same number of prizes, and each year happily increases this already goodly number. At the head of the prize list you will find the most valuable award which we have to present on this occasion. It is the silver medal which the Worshipful Company of Musicians offers triennially to our "most distinguished student." I think that the recipient of this prize is somewhat more fortunate than those whose duty it is to award it. In this case a Board consisting of several of the professors and myself had the matter under consideration for some time, and although it is not our custom to reveal the secrets of these mysterious conclaves, on this occasion I must be permitted to do so, because from the large number of students, three separate names were very prominently before us. Further, as it was a "neck and neck" race between two of them, I wish to mention all the three names. You will observe that the award is given to "the most distinguished student." This includes a great deal: talent, attention, work, attendance, and good general behaviour are the necessities demanded. I took a census of the students, each professor returning the name of his best student. Miss Isabella Coates was mentioned twice, Miss Llewela Davies and Mr. Charles Macpherson three times. The difficulty was only solved by awarding the prize to the one of the last-named students who had been longest in the Academy: who, therefore, had the longest good record. *Place aux dames.* Miss Llewela Davies has received an award of which she may now, and in after years, be justly proud. I will not take up your time in pointing out that the business of this Institution occupies many heads; many willing hands are employed in steering the good ship, and our friends on the various committees would hardly thank me if I were to be indiscreetly minute in specifying the eminent abilities—the superior genius—which is being brought to bear upon the many details which occupy them. It is a labour of love—its own reward—therefore I will say no more. The mere anticipation of the well-earned holiday which is now before us has a certain sustaining power which undoubtedly carries students and professors alike through the last, most trying and anxious, weeks of a busy year. But there is one the recognition of whose services must not be overlooked—one who is not so fortunate as the rest of us, because he rarely gets complete relief from work, or only at best a very short respite, even during the vacations. The Academy is always open to him, or rather I should say that it is never closed to him, and it is a fitting moment to acknowledge the admirable work which is being done, as quietly as effectively, by our excellent Secretary, Mr. Renaut. If the students have felt anxious about their success to-day, I must tell them that the examiners are quite as keenly alive to the responsibility which has rested upon them in connection with the composition of the prize-list, which

is now in your hands. This list is the labour of many, many, patient and anxious hours. I can bear witness to the interest, the desire to give each student his due encouragement if only the required standard be approached within measurable distance. The examiners are outwardly calm, but nevertheless they are as sensitive to the interests, believe me, as any student can be; and it would be well if some of our young friends would imitate their professors and learn to suppress the perhaps natural, but at times decidedly too obvious and apparent excitement. I am speaking to some among you who sit here for the last time as students of the Academy, but who I hope have already made up their minds to remain students of music all their lives. They may safely take it upon themselves to inform whatever circles of musicians or amateurs in which they may ultimately find themselves that this is the principle which will continue to actuate those who govern the Academy. When I was, a short time ago, drawing up a brief history of the Institution the fact became once more apparent that the number of eminent musicians who had been trained within its walls was a very remarkable one indeed. At the present hour also, there is quite a number of young vocalists, performers, and composers now rising into prominence who have been within quite recent years its students. Evidently age has been unable to weaken the energy or diminish the vital force of the school. It is still in the front because it moves with the times, and I cannot do better than advise you to "go and do likewise." Keep a watch on the ever-onward progress and the changes which take place in the Art of Music. Acquaint yourselves with every new method—they are not few—reject it if bad, adopt it if good. But do this from personal experience and observation. Not long ago a prominent foreign musician, for many years in this country, remarked publicly that the students of the Royal Academy of Music had no opportunities of hearing any music but that which they themselves made. Now, I know that increasing age weakens the faculty of being able to be surprised at anything; still I admit that I rubbed my eyes in astonishment at so remarkable a statement. It was not a novel, a piece of fiction, that I was reading, but a singularly dry, I wish I could say matter-of-fact, reported speech. Now I venture to think that few music schools exist in which facilities and opportunities for hearing music, both old and new, are so frequent as in our own. Nor is there a city in the world where so many distinguished *virtuosi* from all quarters of the globe are gathered together at regularly recurring periods. And certainly there is no place where the latest-born music is welcomed with such liberality as in the city in which we live. Indeed I have lately come to the conclusion that the number of free tickets for Concerts which are sent for distribution among the students has lately become so large, that it will become necessary to "distribute" some into the Secretary's waste basket, in order to check a growing interference with your private studies. As for the orchestral practices, you know that while the works of the great masters in music are always before us, we have the very latest efforts in composition constantly put on the desks. Some of these efforts you may never hear again, but at least you have had an opportunity of judging their merits, and so long as I am permitted to work in the Royal Academy of Music, I will take care that its students

shall always be among the very first to form their own independent opinion of the directions which the Art is taking in our own day. In wishing you "God speed," let me ask you to remember that one of the chief characteristics of this Institution, since its very foundation, has been the mutual sympathy and continued intercourse which has invariably existed between itself and its past students. I attribute much of the prosperity of the school to this; indeed it will be a sorrowful day for the Royal Academy of Music when this prominent characteristic is obliterated. There is no danger of that happening, however. A considerable portion of my time, as well as that of my friend the Curator, is occupied in corresponding with past students. That duty is performed most willingly. Nothing gives us greater pleasure than being able to help in "placing in position" a student of the Academy. Our students honour us most when they become prominent members in their profession. It is the highest compliment that you can pay to your *Alma mater*—the most acceptable form of thanks which you can offer to those who have honestly endeavoured to fit you for your future careers. I must not further delay this function (the only public occasion upon which our students deny the discomfort of the seating arrangements of the orchestra of St. James's Hall), which Mrs. Threlfall has most kindly and gracefully consented to perform. It gives us a peculiar pleasure to see her "in the Chair," not only on account of the sympathy, the great interest she herself takes and shares with her husband on all occasions when the welfare of the Academy is concerned, but because it gives me an opportunity of telling her how grateful we are to Mr. Threlfall. I fear that the office of Chairman of the Academy is hardly understood or sufficiently valued even by those who take a deep interest in its success. Possibly this may be owing to the fact that for some years the positions of Chairman and Principal were merged into one another—a two-headed Janus—and that the great importance and utility of the office may have thus been lost sight of. No one can feel more grateful than myself that these offices have been for some years detached and divided—that the Chairman of the Committee of Management has once more resumed his position as my superior officer. How Mr. Threlfall uses his power, how he sways us gently but firmly, I will not now dwell upon; but I must say that the positively grand services which he renders to the Institution are rendered with a geniality, an amiability which seem to be exclusively his own personal property and attributes. And I know that all my colleagues on the Committee consider work a pleasure when it is shared with and led by so even-tempered, so cheerful a Chairman as our best friend, your husband. I will now ask Mrs. Threlfall to distribute the medals, and in so doing I have to mention that an awful accident has taken place. It is not the fault of any official connected with the Institution, but the fault of the silversmith who does us the honour to make our medals. It seems that he has mistaken the date, and therefore there are no bronze medals to be handed to you to-day. The students will therefore oblige us by being contented with hearing their names read out. The Musicians' Company's medal will be given at a dinner in December. It is never presented at this hall.

Mrs. THRELFALL then distributed the awards.

## MEMORIAL PRIZES.

**THE CHARLES LUCAS SILVER MEDAL.**  
From a design by T. WOOLNER, R.A.

In Memory of

**CHARLES LUCAS**

(Student, Professor, Conductor, and Principal.)

For the Composition of a Ballet Suite for Orchestra.

Awarded to Hermann F. Löhr.

Examiners: ERNEST C. FORD, J. EDWARD GERMAN, and G. JACOBI (Chairman).

**THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF MUSICIANS' MEDAL.**

For the Most Distinguished Student in the Academy

Awarded to Llewela Davies.

**THE PAREPA-ROSA GOLD MEDAL.**

In Memory of

**EUPHROSYNE PAREPA-ROSA.**

(Endowed by CARL ROSA, Esq.)

For the Singing of Pieces selected by the Committee.

Awarded to Reginald Brophy.

Examiners: EDWIN HOUGHTON, IVER MCKAY, and BEN DAVIES (Chairman).

**THE STERNDALE BENNETT PRIZE.**

(Purse of Ten Guineas.)

In Memory of

**PROFESSOR SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT,**

M.A., Mus. D. Cantab., D.C.L. Oxon., R.A.M.

(Student, Professor, and Principal.)

For the Playing of a Pianoforte Composition by SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, selected by the Committee.

Awarded to Lilius Pringle.

Examiners: HERBERT F. SHARPE, LEONARD BORWICK, and AGNES ZIMMERMANN (in the Chair).

**THE LLEWELYN THOMAS GOLD MEDAL.**

In Memory of

**LLEWELYN THOMAS,**

M.D., Brussels.

(Hon. Physician to the Royal Academy of Music.)

(Presented by HENRY EVILL, Esq.)

For Declamatory English Singing, Exemplified in Pieces chosen by the Committee.

Awarded to Mary Thomas.

Examiners: MARIAN MCKENZIE, DAVID S. BISPHAM, and R. WATKIN MILLS (Chairman).

**THE HEATHCOTE LONG PRIZE.**

(Purse of Ten Guineas)

(Presented by HEATHCOTE LONG, Esq.)

For the Playing of a Pianoforte Piece selected by himself.

Awarded to Fritz W. Read.

Examiners: ERNEST KIVER, ANTON HARTWIGSON, and HEATHCOTE LONG (Chairman).

**THE BONAMY DOBREE PRIZE.**

(Purse of Ten Guineas.)

(Presented by BONAMY DOBREE, Esq.)

For the Playing of a Violoncello Piece selected by the Committee.

Awarded to Gertrude M. E. Hall.

Examiners: H. T. TRUST, EDMUND WOOLHOUSE, and E. DE MUNCK (Chairman).

**THE EVILL PRIZE.**

(Purse of Ten Guineas.)

(Presented by HENRY EVILL, Esq.)

For Declamatory English Singing, exemplified in Pieces chosen by the Committee.

Awarded to Tom James.

Examiners: MARIAN MCKENZIE, DAVID S. BISPHAM, and R. WATKIN MILLS (Chairman).

**THE SANTLEY PRIZE.**

(Purse of Ten Guineas.)

(Presented by CHARLES SANTLEY, Esq.)

For Accompaniment and Transposition.

Awarded to Stanislaus Szczepanowski.

Examiners: WADDINGTON COOKE, ERNEST FORD, and FOUNTAIN MEEN (Chairman).

**THE SAINTON-DOLBY PRIZE.**

(Purse of Five Guineas.)

For Singing of a Piece chosen by the Committee.

Awarded to Edith Hands.

Examiners: SARAH AMBLER-BRERETON, HOPE GLEN, and CLARA SAMUELL (in the Chair.)

**THE LESLIE CROTTY PRIZE.**

(Purse of Ten Guineas.)

For the best rendering of a Recitative, a Cantabile, and a Dramatic Scena, selected by himself.

Awarded to Arthur Walenn.

Examiners: DAVID S. BISPHAM, NORMAN SALMOND, and BANTOCK PIERPOINT (Chairman.)

**THE RUTSON MEMORIAL PRIZE.**

(Purse of Six Guineas.)

The gift of JOHN RUTSON, Esq., in Memory of his Brother, the late

**ALBERT OSLIFF RUTSON.**

For clear enunciation of words and steadiness of intonation in Singing Pieces chosen by the Committee.

Awarded to Florence Bethell.

Examiners: MARIE DUMA, CARLOTTA ELLIOTT, and CHARLOTTE THUDICUM (in the Chair.)

**THE LOUISA HOPKINS MEMORIAL PRIZE.**

(Purse of Ten Guineas.)

(The gift of EDWARD LLOYD, Esq., in Memory of his mother.)

For the Playing of a Pianoforte Piece chosen by the Committee.

Awarded to Ida C. Betts.

Examiners: E. CLINTON FYNES, LEONARD BORWICK, and WILHELM GANZ (Chairman.)

**ROBERT COCKS & CO.'S PRIZES.**

(Purses of Ten Guineas.)

(The gift of Messrs. ROBERT COCKS & CO.)

For the Playing of Pianoforte Pieces selected by the Committee.

Awarded to Edith O. Greenhill.

Examiners: ADELINA DE LARA, LINDA YATES, and FANNY FRICKENHAUS (in the Chair.)

And Harold E. Macpherson.

Examiners: DORA BRIGHT, CHAS. GARDNER, and ALFRED GILBERT (Chairman.)

**CHARLES MORTIMER PRIZE.**

(Purse of Ten Guineas.)

(The gift of CHARLES MORTIMER, Esq.)

For the Composition of an Andante and Scherzo for Violin and Pianoforte.

Awarded to Frank Idle.

Examiners: MYLES FOSTER and EDWARD GERMAN.

## ANNUAL PRIZES.

## FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

The following Pupils, having received all the Annual Awards have satisfied the Examiners with their continued progress:-

Davies, Llewela, *Harmony*.

John Thomas Welsh Scholar	...	...	...	...	...	1887
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Macfarren Scholar	...	...	...	...	...	1892
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Sterndale Bennett Prize	...	...	...	...	...	1891
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Santley Prize	...	...	...	...	...	1892
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Louisa Hopkins Memorial Prize	...	...	...	...	...	1892
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Worshipful Company of Musicians' Medal	...	...	...	...	...	1893
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Bronze Medal	...	...	...	...	...	1889
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Silver Medal	...	...	...	...	...	1890
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Certificate of Merit	...	...	...	...	...	1891
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# THE OVERTURE.

95  
Royal

Academy

of Music

1888

1892

1886

1887

1888

## Einhauser, Alice, *Harmony*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## Ford, Margaret E., *Harmony*.

Sterndale Bennett Prize ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1887  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1888  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1890

## Smith, Ethel Horton, *Harmony*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1889  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1891

## Turner, Constance E., *Harmony*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## Turner, Maude E., *Harmony*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## Ascough, Georgina, *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## Buchanan, Maud G., *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## Cohen, Zivyé, *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## Davies, Llewela, *Pianoforte*.

John Thomas Welsh Scholar ... ... ... ... ... 1887  
Macfarren Scholar ... ... ... ... ... 1892

Sterndale Bennett Prize ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Santley Prize ... ... ... ... ... 1892

Louisa Hopkins Memorial Prize ... ... ... ... ... 1892  
Worshipful Company of Musicians' Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1893

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1888  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1889  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1890

## Ford, Margaret E., *Pianoforte*.

Sterndale Bennett Prize ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1886

Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1887  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1888

## Moss, Margaret P., *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891

Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## Ogilvie, Helen, *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1887  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1889

Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1891

## Parsey, Mary C., *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891

Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## Powell, Lavinia, *Pianoforte*.

Sterndale Bennett Prize ... ... ... ... ... 1892  
Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1888

Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1891

## Pringle, Lilius, *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1888  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890

Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1891

## Purvis, Edith, *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1886  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1889

Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1890

## Rodbard, Catharine, *Pianoforte*.

Lady Goldsmid Scholar ... ... ... ... ... 1888  
Potter Exhibitioner ... ... ... ... ... 1892  
Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1886  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1887  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1888

## Smith, Agnes Turnbull, *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1889  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1891

## Smith, Ethel Horton, *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1887  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1888  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1889

## Wilson, Maud E., *Pianoforte*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1885  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1886  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1887

## Barns, Ethel, *Violin*.

Hine Gift ... ... ... ... ... 1888  
Potter Exhibition ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1888  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1889  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1890

## Ascough, Georgina, *Sight-Singing and Reading*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1890  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## Davies, Llewela, *Sight-Singing and Reading*.

John Thomas Welsh Scholar ... ... ... ... ... 1887  
Macfarren Scholar ... ... ... ... ... 1892  
Sterndale Bennett Prize ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Santley Prize ... ... ... ... ... 1892  
Louisa Hopkins Memorial Prize ... ... ... ... ... 1892  
Worshipful Company of Musicians' Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1893  
Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1888  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## Lupton, Maude, *Elocution*.

Bronze Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1888  
Silver Medal ... ... ... ... ... 1891  
Certificate of Merit ... ... ... ... ... 1892

## CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

To Pupils who have previously received Silver Medals,  
being the highest Award of the Academy.

Coates, Isabel { Harmony }

Pringle, Lilius { " }

(OUT OF 3 CANDIDATES.)

Burden, Lilian ( Singing )

(II CANDIDATES.)

Betts, Ida C. ( Pianoforte )

Coates, Isabel "

Goslin, Maude "

Greenhill, Edith O. "

Ierson, Grace "

Pratt, Edith "

Savage, Elizabeth E. "

White, Alice J. "

Williams, Edith "

(13 CANDIDATES.)

Timothy, Miriam ( Harp )

(3 CANDIDATES.)

Ierson, Grace ( Organ )

(I CANDIDATE.)

Clapshaw, Amy C. G. ( Sight-Singing & Reading )

Coates, Isabel "

Hands, Edith M. "

Howard, Mary A. "

(4 CANDIDATES.)

Child, Annie M. ( Elocution )

Rasey, Emily "

(5 CANDIDATES.)

## THE OVERTURE.

Redfern, Lilian

(1 CANDIDATE.)

Total number of Candidates—41. Total number of Awards—21.

## SILVER MEDALS.

To Pupils who have previously received Bronze Medals.

Ascough Georgina

Burns, Agnes L.

Clapshaw, Amy C. G.

Howard, Mary A.

(4 CANDIDATES.)

Evans, Marion R.

Howard, Annie M.

Howard, Mary A.

Hunter, Jean

Pyatt, Mary

Rasey, Emily

Wardell, Sylvia

(22 CANDIDATES.)

Bord, Blanche

Bowman, Avis

Burt, Adelaide

Currie, Margaret H. L.

Easton, Marion

Gilford, Annie

Glen, Keith C.

Lemon, Laura G.

Mander, Rebecca

Molyneux, Mabel

Peppercorn, Edith F.

Richardson, Winifred

Sherrard, Blanche V.

Winter, Florence A.

(29 CANDIDATES.)

Byford, Edith E.

Collins, Gertrude M.

Fuchs, Elly

Macdonald, Louise

Reynolds, Alice Edith

(19 CANDIDATES.)

Clifford, Caroline

(2 CANDIDATES.)

Bennett, Annie G.

(2 CANDIDATES.)

Betts, Ida C.

Crawley, Alice C.

Ierson, Grace

Ogilvie, Helen

Reynolds, Alice Edith

Smith, Ethel Horton

(10 CANDIDATES.)

Bowick, Ellen M.

Harkness, Charlotte

Thompson, Ethel

Walker, Isabella

(8 CANDIDATES.)

Alston, Kate M.

Davies, Isabelle Thorpe

Galbraith, Vena

Rasey, Emily

Stiven, Mary

Strathearn, Jessie

(9 CANDIDATES.)

Total number of Candidates—105. Total

number of Awards—48.

## ( Opera )

## BRONZE MEDALS.

Ames, Marie M.

Bankart, Ethel K.

Byford, Edith E.

Cohen, Zivý

Cross, Emma P.

Ierson, Grace

Mander, Rebecca

Molyneux, Mabel

Morton, Margaret

Palliser, Sybil

Ransome, Ethel

Richardson, Winifred

Scriven, Amy

(51 CANDIDATES.)

Alston, Kate M.

Bryce, Linda M.

Bund, Margaret Willis

Burns, Agnes L.

Davis, Emily F.

Dickens, Charlotte

Downes, Evelyn

Fairley, Katherine W.

Holmes, Mary I. B.

Innes, Catherine

Johnson, Henrietta E.

Jones, Ceinwen

Peake, Winifred

Pewtress, Elizabeth E.

Pirouet, Blanche F.

Redman, Kate

Russell, Maud

Simons, Alice A.

Speight, Lettie

Stanyon, Annie

Waite, Elizabeth V.

Wilson, Janie E.

Wood, Gertrude A.

Wordon, Nellie

Young, Amy

91 CANDIDATES.)

Bussy, M. Veronica

Cross, Emma P.

Drake, Edith M.

Galloway, Adelaide

Gray, Miriam

Harley, M. Beatrice

Haselden, Emily L.

Izard, Ethel

Palliser, Sybil

Payn, Edith

Peppercorn, Gertrude

Phillips, Emily J.

Philpott, Mary E.

Ransome, Ethel

Riseley, Constance

Smith, Daisy

Spicer, Jane

Stibbs, Elizabeth M.

Taylor, Maria E.

Thomas, Clara

Wheldon, Mary

Whitaker, Blanche L.

Wilbe, Ethel

Wilkes, Mary H.

Young, Annie W.

71 CANDIDATES.)

Abrey, Katherine

Bankart, Ethel R.

Burmester, Mabel

Royal

Academy

of Music

London

Harmony

## PRIZE VIOLIN BOW.

Made and presented to the Institution by JAMES  
TUBBS & SON, of Wardour Street, for Violin  
Playing.

Katherine Wilson.

Violin

## THE OVERTURE.



R97

Academy

## Italian Music

## French

## German library

## MALE DEPARTMENT.

*The following Pupils, having received all the Annual Awards, have satisfied the Examiners with their continued progress :—*

Total number of Candidates—335. Total  
number of Awards—116.

## FIRST DIVISION.

## **FIRST DIVISION COMMENDATIONS.**

Powell, Esther Christian	{	Singing
Atkinson, Marie		Pianoforte
Davis, May Francis		"
Drew, Ethel		"
Matthews, Mary Louisa		"
Nicholson, Blanche M.	{	"
Stow, Mabel E.		Violin
<b>BOOKS.—Languages.</b>		
Edgelow, Effie	{	Italian
Cornish, May	{	French
Thorpe-Davies, Isabelle	{	German

**BOOKS.—*Languages.***

Edgelow, Effie	{	Italian	}
Cornish, May		French	
Thorpe-Davies, Isabelle		German	

## THE OVERTURE.



Hinton, Arthur, <i>Violin</i> .		1888
Bronze Medal	...	1889
Silver Medal	...	1890
Certificate of Merit	...	

## CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

To pupils who have previously received Silver Medals,  
being the highest Award of the Academy.

Bell, William H.	{ Harmony	
Macpherson, Charles	"	
Woodward, Harry	"	
Wrigley, George F.	"	
(5 CANDIDATES.)		
Baker, Thomas M.	{ Pianoforte	
Macpherson, Charles	"	
Read, Fritz W.	"	
Revell, Roland	"	
Wrigley, George F.	"	
(6 CANDIDATES.)		
Walenn, Herbert	{ Violoncello	
(1 CANDIDATE.)		
Baker, Thomas M.	{ Organ	
(2 CANDIDATES.)		
Macpherson, Charles.	(Sight-Singing & Reading)	
(2 CANDIDATES.)		
Walker, C. Leslie	{ Elocution	
(1 CANDIDATE.)		

Total number of Candidates—17. Total number of Awards—13.

## SILVER MEDALS.

To Pupils who have previously received Bronze Medals		
Corley, James S.	{ Harmony	
Drifill, W. Ralph	"	
Harries, John H. M.	"	
Read, Fritz W.	"	
(6 CANDIDATES.)		
Alston, Norman G.	{ Singing	
Brozel, Philip	"	
(6 CANDIDATES.)		
Flanders, Bernard C.	{ Pianoforte	
Oke, Hubert G.	"	
(5 CANDIDATES.)		
Antonietti, Aldo, G. D.	{ Violin	
(12 CANDIDATES.)		
Brooks, Charles	{ Flute	
Donnawell, Michael	"	
(2 CANDIDATES.)		
Egerton, Percy	{ Clarionet	
(1 CANDIDATE.)		
Macpherson, Harold E.	{ Organ	
Maybery, David J.	"	
Willmott, Ernest	"	
(4 CANDIDATES.)		
Gostelow, Frederick J.	(Sight-Singing & Reading)	
Winckworth, William F.	" "	
(4 CANDIDATES.)		
Alston, Norman G.	{ Elocution	
(2 CANDIDATES.)		

Total number of Candidates—45. Total number of Awards—21.

## BRONZE MEDALS.

Beazley, William E.	{ Harmony	
Cooke, Herbert L.	"	
Gostelow, Frederick J.	"	
Harmon, Percy	"	
Hickin, Charles H. W.	"	
Löhr, Hermann F.	"	
Macpherson, Harold E.	"	
Marsh, Joseph V.	"	

Mott, George E.	
Oke, Hubert G.	
Wilson, Hugh C.	
(27 CANDIDATES.)	

Barton, William H.

Brophy, Reginald

Clements, Charles W.

Coleman, R. Chambers

Jones, T. Amos

Lewis, James

Ottewell, Edwin

Parrot, Louis Garner

Spurr, Harry A.

(17 CANDIDATES.)

Cooke, Herbert L.

Harmon, Percy

Hickin, Charles H. W.

Macpherson, Harold E.

Maybery, David J.

Wilson, Hugh C.

(13 CANDIDATES.)

Audus, Robert U.

Banck, Erwin O. C.

Bell, Frank W.

King, Francis A.

Vionée, Charles

(6 CANDIDATES.)

Allen, Alfred

Beazley, William E.

(4 CANDIDATES.)

Appleby, Arthur

Cooke, Herbert L.

Donnawell, Michael

Harmon, Percy

Oke Hubert G.

Ranallow, Frederick B.

Saker, George M.

Vionée, Charles

Walenn, Herbert

Wilson, Hugh C.

(21 CANDIDATES.)

Beaumont, Wright

Ellis, William E. C.

(II CANDIDATES.)

Appleby, Arthur

Coleman, R. Chambers

Ranallow, Frederick B.

(4 CANDIDATES.)

Total number of Candidates—103. Total

number of Awards—48.

## FIRST DIVISION.

## COMMENDATIONS.

Lorimer, George H.

Read, Harold V.

Tingle, Joseph G.

## SECOND STUDIES.

The following pupils have received "Honourable Mention" from the Examiners.

Harries, John H. M.

Allen, Alfred

Laycock, Ernest W.

Langran, Arthur

Harmon, Percy

Macpherson, Charles

Oke, Hubert G.

Wrigley, George F.

(4 CANDIDATES.)

## EXAMINERS.

Harmony.—F. Corder, F. W. Davenport, E. Prout, B.A. Lond., C. Steggall, Mus. D. Cantab., and the Principal (Chairman).

Singing (*Principal Studies*).—Ettore Fiore, William Nicoll, Arthur Oswald, Fred Walker, W. H. Cummings, F.S.A., and Manuel Garcia (Chairman). Singing (*Second Studies*).—William Nicholl, Walter Mackway, and Richard Cummings (Chairman.)

Pianoforte (*Principal Studies*).—Oscar Beringer, H. R. Eyers, Stephen Kemp, T. A. Matthay, Frederick Westlake, and Walter Macfarren (Chairman).

Pianoforte (*First Division*).—Edward Morton, Septimus Webbe, and A. Schloesser (Chairman).

Pianoforte (*Second Studies*).—Alfred Izard, Herbert Lake, and Arthur O'Leary (Chairman).

Orchestral Instruments (Violin and Viola).—Frank Arnold, Alfred Burnett, W. Frye Parker, Hans Wesseley, and Emile Sauret (Chairman).

Orchestral Instruments (Clarinet, Flute, Hautboy, Harp and Violoncello).—G. H. Betjemann, George Horton, Frederick Griffiths, A. Pezze, and John Thomas (Chairman.)

Orchestral Instruments (*Second Studies*).—Stewart Macpherson, W. Henry Thomas, and W. Frye Parker (Chairman.)

Organ (*Principal Studies*).—Rowland Briant, W. G. Wood, and C. Steggall, Mus. D. Cantab. (Chairman.)

Organ (*Second Studies*).—Rowland Briant, W. J. Kipps, and C. Steggall, Mus. D. Cantab. (Chairman). Sight-Singing and Reading.—F. Corder, H. R. Eyers, E. Fiori, W. G. McNaught, and E. Prout (Chairman.).

Languages.—F. de Asarta, A. Hartog, and Charles Merk, Ph. D.

Elocution.—Henry Lessingham and J. Forbes Robertson.

Opera.—Edgar F. Jacques, Alec Marsh, and Charles Lyall (Chairman.).

LORD KILMOREY afterwards proposed a cordial vote of thanks to Mrs. Threlfall for her kindness in presenting the awards. They were all aware of the affection and support that Mr. Threlfall had given to the Institution for many years past, and there was only one thing wanting to complete the picture of his devotion, which was to see his wife sitting beside him, as she did that day, and taking part in the proceedings of so interesting an occasion. (Cheers.)

The vote was agreed to with acclamation.

MR. THRELFALL expressed his gratification at returning thanks on behalf of Mrs. Threlfall for the kind manner in which she had been received. She desired to thank the Committee of Management for the compliment which they had paid her—and, he hoped, he might add, paid him also—by inviting her to distribute the awards, which it had given her very great pleasure to do. Putting aside the deep interest which she took in all that concerned the Academy in consequence of his intimate association with its management, he might tell them that in her younger days, though not actually connected with the Institution, she owed much to the teaching of its professors, Sir William Stern-dale Bennett, Mr. Randegger, Mr. John Thomas, and Dr. Steggall. (Cheers.) He felt quite sure that if she had had the advantage of being educated at the Institution itself she might have won many of its prizes with ease. (Hear, hear.) He rejoiced to say the Academy was flourishing, as it deserved to flourish under such a Principal as Dr. Mackenzie—(cheers)—who, full of talent, energy, and resource, devoted himself to his work with an

ardour and conscientiousness which could not fail of their reward; and who had, he believed, with the able and willing co-operation of Directors, Committee, and professorial staff, given a wider range to the machinery of the old school, and put it in a state of efficiency which it would be difficult to surpass. Speaking of the higher governing body, the Vice-Presidents and Directors, he could not, although the announcement had already been made in another place, refrain from expressing the gratification felt by them and all who were connected with the Academy at the return to it of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, not in his former capacity of a Vice-President, but in the higher office of President, which, on the unanimous invitation of the Vice-Presidents and Directors, he had graciously consented to accept. The practical interest of His Royal Highness in music was well known throughout the kingdom. He desired to thank Dr. Mackenzie for the kind—too kind—remarks which he had made about him, and could assure the Principal that it gave him immense pleasure to serve with him. His services would be freely and cordially given to the Academy as long as the Directors thought fit to keep him in the important position which they had entrusted to him. He warmly endorsed Dr. Mackenzie's remarks regarding the Secretary. Mr. Renaud's services to the Academy were as unostentatious as they were able and untiring. (Cheers.) He desired to express the thanks of the Committee to the Directors of the Crystal Palace and to Mr. Augustus Manns not only for tickets but for giving to students opportunities of appearing at their excellent Concerts; to Mr. Daniel Mayer, Mr. Vert, Mr. Farley Sinkins, Mr. W. B. Healey, and many Professors and others for opportunities of attending good concerts; and to Messrs. Broadwood, Bechstein, Erard, Kirkman, Brinsmead, Pleyel Wolff & Co., and Mr. Ibach, for the loan of instruments. He desired to congratulate the successful students, especially Miss Llewla Davies, with whom his wife, not being able to present the Company of Musicians' Medal, particularly wished to shake hands. (Loud cheers.) He believed he was right in stating that Miss Davies' list of awards was longer than that of any student since the Academy was founded. Some of their principal students appeared to be weighed down by the medals they carried, and his good friend Mr. Randegger had suggested for next year a pleasing way of varying the monotony of the proceedings on prize-giving day—namely, that the students should present some of their medals to their professors. (Laughter.) He desired again to thank them on the part of Mrs. Threlfall.

The proceedings were brought to a close with the National Anthem.

## Invitation Student's Concert.

SATURDAY, JULY, 1, 1893.  
PROGRAMME.

QUARTET IN F MINOR (MS.)—Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello *Gerald Walenn*. (Student)  
Mr. GERALD WALENN, Miss DOROTHY WALENN,  
Mr. GEORGE E. B. STREET, and Mr. HERBERT  
WALENN.

RECIT. ED ARIA "Deh' Vieni" (*Nozze di Figaro*)  
Mozart.

Miss KATIE THOMAS.

## THE OVERTURE.

FANTASIA IN F SHARP MINOR—Pianoforte *Mendelssohn.*  
 Miss LLEWELA DAVIES. (Macfarren Scholar).  
 SONG ... "Adelaida" *Beethoven.*  
 Mr. REGINALD BROPHY.  
 ALLEGRO (Concerto, No. 3)—Violin *Max Bruch.*  
 Miss ELLY FUCHS.  
 SONG "The Spectre of the Rose" *Berlioz.*  
 Miss EDITH HANDS.  
 ANDANTE AND FINALE (Sonata in B minor)—  
 Pianoforte ... *Chopin.*  
 Miss SYBIL PALLISER.  
 RECIT. ED CAVATINA "O Tu, Palermo" *Verdi.*  
 Mr. TOM JAMES.  
 ACT I. OF "PHILEMON ET BAUCIS" (in French) *Gounod.*  
 Baucis—Miss LILIAN REDFERN.  
 Philémon—Mr. GARNER PARROT.  
 Jupiter—Mr. ARTHUR APPLEBY.  
 Vulcain—Mr. F. RANALOW.  
 (Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS.)

## Fortnightly Concerts.

PROGRAMME OF JULY 8, 1893.

PRELUDI AND FUGUE, (MS.)—Organ *Charles Macpherson*, (Student).  
 Mr. CHARLES MACPHERSON.  
 SONG, "Morning Bright" *Arthur Goring Thomas.*  
 Miss J. E. WILSON.  
 (Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES).  
 FANTASIA in F minor, Op. 49—Pianoforte *F. Chopin.*  
 Miss EDITH K. HOWARTH.  
 ARIA, "Ah, rendimi quel core" ... *Rossi.*  
 Miss LUCY HARVEY.  
 (Accompanist, Miss MARGARET PLASKIT).  
 SONATA in F minor, Op. 5 (1st movement) Piano. *Brahms.*  
 Mr. THOMAS BAKER.  
 SONG (MS.), "Lullaby" *Alicia A. Needham*, (Student).  
 Miss MARIE STIVEN  
 (Accompanist, Mrs. NEEDHAM).  
 IMPROMPTU for Pianoforte and Violoncello *Szczepanowski* (Student).  
 Mr. S. SZCZEPANOWSKI—Mr. HERBERT WALENN.  
 RECITATION, "The Hunchback," Act iv., Scene 2 *Sheridan Knowles.*  
 Julia—Miss ETHEL THOMSON, Clifford—Mr. WALLIS.  
 BARCAROLLE in F sharp—Pianoforte *F. Chopin.*  
 Miss MAUDE E. WILSON.  
 SONG, "All Souls' Day" ... *Lassen.*  
 Miss MATTHEWS.  
 (Accompanist, Miss WHITTAKER.)  
 RECIT., "Be comforted" *Handel.*  
 AIR, "The Lord worketh wonders" ... *Mr. CHARLES CLEMENTS.*  
 (Accompanist, Mr. S. SZCZEPANOWSKI).  
 ROMANZE—Violin ... *Svensden.*  
 Miss MARY PHILPOTT.\*  
 (Accompanist, Miss ETHEL BARNES.)

PROGRAMME OF JULY 21, 1893.

FINALE (Sonata in F minor)—Organ *J. Rheinberger.*  
 Mr. T. M. BAKER.  
 ARIA, "Vedrai, carino" (*Don Giovanni*) *Mozart.*  
 Miss LOUISE ROCK.  
 (Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)

\* With whom this subject is a second study.

ANDANTE (MS.)—Violin and Pianoforte *Hubert G. Oke.* (Student).  
 Miss E. REYNOLDS, Mr. HUBERT G. OKE.  
 ARIA, "Vado ben spesso" ... *Salvator Rosa.*  
 Miss HELEN RUSH.  
 (Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES).  
 POLONAISE, Op. 42, No. 2—Pianoforte. *F. Chopin.*  
 Miss HELEN OGILVIE.  
 AIR, "Love in her eyes sits playing" (*Acis and Galatea*) ... *Handel.*  
 Mr. H. LEWIS THOMAS.  
 (Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)  
 CANZONE—Violoncello ... *Max Bruch.*  
 Miss A. F. VERNET.  
 (Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS.)  
 SONG (MS.), "Only" ... *Amy C. G. Clapshaw.*  
 Miss JEAN HUNTER.  
 (Accompanist, Miss A. C. G. CLAPSHAW.) (Student).  
 ALLEGRO (Sonata in A flat)—Pianoforte *C. M. von Weber.*  
 Miss EDITH FLETCHER.  
 RECITATION, Second Part of King Henry IV., Act iv., Scene 4 ... *Shakespeare.*  
 King—Miss HARKNESS, Prince—Miss ATKINSON.  
 SERENADE ... *Volkmann.*  
 The ENSEMBLE CLASS.  
 RECIT. ED ARIA, "Eri tu" (*Un Ballo in Maschera*) *Verdi.*  
 Mr. ARTHUR APPLEBY.  
 (Accompanist, Mr. REGINALD STEGGALL.)  
 SEHR LANGSAM  
 SEHR RASCH  
 SCHNELL UND SPIELEND } (Op. 16)—Pianoforte *Schumann.*  
 Miss BOWMAN.  
 MADRIGAL ... *Cecile Chaminade.*  
 Miss KEITH C. GLEN.\*  
 (Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS.)  
 FANTASIA in C, Op. 17—Pianoforte *Schumann.*  
 Miss EVELYN DIXON.

## Student's Orchestral Concert.

AT ST. JAMES' HALL, JULY 25, 1893.

PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE (MS.), "Cridhe an Ghaidhil" *Charles Macpherson*, (Student).  
 SONG, "Repent ye" (*John the Baptist*) *G. A. Macfarren.*  
 M. JOHN WALTERS.  
 ALLEGRO (Concerto in E flat)—Pianoforte *Beethoven.*  
 Miss EDITH PRATT.  
 RECITATION, "The Spanish Mother" *Sir Francis Doyce.*  
 Miss KATE LEWIS.  
 ALLEGRO } (Concerto in D minor, No. 3)—Violin *Max Bruch.*  
 FINALE } Miss EDITH E. BYFORD.  
 RECIT. ED ARIA, "Deh' Vieni" (*Nozze di Figaro*) *Mozart.*  
 Miss KATIE THOMAS.  
 CONCERTO in E flat—Pianoforte ... *Liszt.*  
 Miss IDA C. BETTS  
 (Liszt Scholar).  
 CAVATINA "Salve Dimora" (*Faust*) ... *Gounod.*  
 Mr. REGINALD BROPHY.  
 Violin Obbligato—Miss GERTRUDE COLLINS.  
 OVERTURE (MS.) "Mokanna's Bride" *Arthur Hinton.* (Student).

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Gradus ad Parnassum, No. 19, in A minor	...	...	...	...	...	2 0
Gradus ad Parnassum, No. 21, in E flat major	...	...	...	...	...	2 0
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**G. F. HANDEL.**

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**D. SCARLATTI.**

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## Charles François Gounod.

THE band of acknowledged great masters is now a very small one, and the death of Charles Gounod reveals the fact in a startling light. When Verdi goes, Italy will be left desolate; with Gounod departs nearly all the glory of French music; as to England—but no! our great men are growing, not waning. Before coming to the real point of this article—the position of Gounod as an artist—it is perhaps as well to give a few particulars of the man. True, they have all appeared again and again in the newspapers during the last few weeks, but who remember what they read in newspapers? Charles François Gounod, then, was born in Paris on the 17th of June, 1818. At the age of 18 he entered the Paris Conservatoire, where his masters for composition were Lesueur, Reicha and Halévy. Four years later he obtained the coveted *prix de Rome* which allowed him to study music in the Eternal City. Unfortunately his love of church music developed into a love for the Church itself, and he was very near becoming a priest, his mind being ever a highly sensitive and impressionable one. But he repented in time. He wrote two masses which were full of promise, and

then yielded, like all his nation, to the attraction of the stage. His first attempt in this direction was a three act opera *Sapho*, which was a failure, but had some interesting numbers. Next came *La Nonne Sanglante*, the libretto of which was founded upon an absurd English melodrama. His first successful opera was *Le Médecin malgré lui*, a work of great charm, which owes its neglect only to the absence of a good part for a prima donna. Recent interpolations have not improved it, but the two tenor airs in it are surely immortal. Of *Faust*, which came next, we need say nothing, except to wonder how its merits can ever have been in doubt for a moment. “The popular” numbers, i.e. the March, Waltz and Kermesse choruses are far bolder than anything he composed before or since. The two pretty operettas *La Colombe* and *Phélymon et Baucis* came next, but were at a far lower level of merit; *La Reine de Saba*, like all his subsequent attempts, had isolated points of great beauty, allied with much that was conventional and stale. *Mireille*, reduced from its original proportions, lingers on the stage, and *Roméo et Juliette* is revived from time to time. *Cinq Mars*, *Polyeucte* and *Le tribut de Zamora* are hopelessly dead, though containing much exquisite music. These works and the two oratorios composed for the English public, represent Gounod’s life-labour. It is impossible to call such a string of failures a triumphant career, and yet we commenced our record by calling him one of the great masters. Wherein does the greatness consist? In this: Charles Gounod stands in the same category as Edward Grieg, being a musician whose genius is highly original but limited in scope. Melody of consummate beauty but of the most conventional rhythm and construction, enhanced by harmony, novel and striking but mannered, these are the chief characteristics of both men.

Gounod's technique is very far above Grieg's, but both have the same inability to conceive anything valuable in music beyond eight-bar melodies. If they write a continuous or extended movement it is only by main force and it lacks natural flow. But the untechnical hearer will always—naturally—prize a beautiful melody above all else; hence Gounod and Grieg will enjoy, in their smaller works, deserved and lasting fame. But opera demands other qualities. Gounod got by chance, in *Faust* one splendid libretto in which his weaknesses were little apparent, but he set with equal readiness librettos which gave him little scope and were so inherently weak that a far greater genius would have been dragged down to failure. The gems from these unhappy works are far from being disregarded; French singers adore them and they are constantly before the public; so it looks merely as if a great composer had mistaken his line and would have done better to have confined himself to song-writing. But even in this department it is our duty to record the fact that Gounod was lacking in self-criticism, nay was even unconscientious. During the melancholy period of his residence in England he wrote one or two lovely pieces like 'O that we two,' and "Ring out wild bells," but also quantities of sad rubbish, utterly unworthy of him. And he appears to have had but little care for his reputation in this country, for, till the day of his death he was constantly sending over astonishingly bad songs, vulgar and trivial, to any publisher who would pay his terms. In mitigation of this painful fact we would hint that his intellect during the last twenty years has been far from robust. Still, the fact remains that he was a lyric genius of the very highest order, and though he soon came to an end of the new things he had to tell us, yet they were new and very, very beautiful. His most favourite type of song was "Salve! dimora" with which might be compared "Mon cœur" (*Mireille*) the tenor romance in *Roméo et Juliette*, the prayer in *Polyeucte*, and many others. A slow melody followed by a middle part of no vocal interest, but with a sequential phrase in the accompaniment beautifully harmonised, and a return to the first melody with a tremolo accompaniment and the air played by the violin in octaves, such was Gounod's most usual form, and

it only seems a pity that he should have worn so charming a device threadbare. There is one matter for which, if for nothing else, he deserves immortality; he was one of the most perfect writers for the orchestra that has ever lived, being equalled by few in the absolute certainty of his designed effects, and perhaps only excelled in inventive skill in this department by Verdi and Berlioz. His scores are infallible, irreproachable models for the student, and of how few now-a-days can we say the same? His harmony was often daringly original and occasionally ungrammatical, but always so sensuously beautiful that one could readily forgive his lapses—indeed we have heard many a technically correct progression that sounds far uglier than his worst offences.

Though his style was so uniform, especially in his later works, as to be monotonous, the beauty of the ideas conceals the fact far more than is the case with Grieg, or than was the case with Spohr. And variety was not lacking in the *Médecin malgré lui*. Think of the nurse's song, the bottle song and the drinking chorus! And what extraordinary fancy and invention there was in the music of *Mephisto* in "Faust"! What originality in the "Funeral March of a Marionette"! Yes, the youthful composer of to-day, if he would but believe it, might learn far more from a copious study of Gounod than from trying vainly to grasp the giant methods of Wagner.

In conclusion we venture to assert that Gounod's death will have little, if any, effect upon his reputation. He has not been an active personality in the musical world for many years, and none of his later works have advanced or detracted from the estimation in which the world holds him and will hold him for generations to come. He leaves behind him a number of small brilliants and one priceless pearl—*Faust*. The world is for ever his debtor.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Henry Smart Scholarship has been awarded to Harriet Claiborne Dixon, of Bradford. The Examiners were Messrs. H. R. Rose, W. G. Wood and Dr. Chas. Steggall (chairman.)

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**Passing Notes.**

WOULD you not think that, after two generations of Wagnerism, the operatic ideal would be more lofty than it was fifty years ago—among musicians, at all events? But no, the vast majority of operatic composers approach their task from the musical side only and cannot be brought to perceive that a *well-constructed stage-play* is the most important part of the work. They positively see no essential difference between an oratorio and a music-drama, and think that they have bridged over the chasm between the two by allowing the personages in the former to speak in character instead of by deputy, as in the good old days, e.g.:

Tenor: Then began he to curse and to swear

Bass: I know not the man

Tenor: And immediately the cock crew,

The consequence of this obtuseness is that they write oratorios now in dialogue—not to say dramatic—form and call them Biblical operas. Rubinstein, nowise discouraged by the failure of his *Maccabees*, *Tower of Babel*, *Paradise Lost*, and other melancholy attempts, has endowed the world with an eight-act Oratopera on the subject of *Moses*, and before this has had a chance of production is following it up by another—*Christus*. The French writers, Massenet and St. Saëns, have both produced specimens of this hybrid form of art, the latter composer's *Samson et Delila* being a miracle of undramaticness; and we feel grateful that our English ideas of religious propriety prevent native musicians from following suit. In fact we go too far in the opposite direction and try to turn operas into oratorios.

THERE is a sparring matter just now going on between two of our weekly musical contemporaries which must afford considerable amusement to their readers. The cause of the dispute was a silly verbal blunder—and Blue, immediately after holding up Pink to scorn, proceeds to commit the very same mistake as his rival, a mis-translation of a foreign word. Then comes Pink's turn, and he wastes a column or more on scalping his friend and neighbour. But alas! Immediately after roasting Blue on his ignorance of foreign languages (and English grammar) he attempts to reproduce some French paragraphs, and woeful indeed is the lingo

which results. With unchristian joy we await the next bolt from the Blue which shall pulverise poor Pink, "making the red one green,"—to improve upon Shakespeare. Yet no! Deal not the blow, Blue! Peck not with peevish pen, Pink! Already hast thou quoted a saw concerning fragile dwellings, which cuts both ways, so join hands and keep the peace inviolate. (N.B. Original Joke, Ent. Sta. Hall). The moral underlying this indecorous little squabble is that if you want a good sub-editor you must pay him a fair wage. But if the gentleman in charge of the paste and scissors knows a foreign language or two he will not be content with anything short of the editor's chair. That is one of the results of modern education.

IT is curious that, because in years gone by, certain of the then popular plays were turned into operas, with a moderate amount of success, some people cling to the idea that the same procedure would be still more successful now that those dramas are justly despised and superseded. At least let us be up to date, and if the warp of your music-drama must be of such coarse thread, take as your text *The Lights of Home*, *The Silver King*, or any of Sir Augustus Harris' thrilling spectacles. These are at least as romantic and edifying—and as suitable for music—as *The Green Bushes*.

There is more in the prospectus of the Crystal Palace Concerts than meets the eye. In such documents one is generally prepared to find Symphonies by Beethoven, and Overtures by Weber and Mendelssohn in every programme; but Sydenham rises superior to such conventions. Out of ten fully-settled programmes, only three contain these stock pieces, and Brahms, Goetz, Schumann, Berlioz, and German, are allowed to take the place of honour. Besides this, every concert except the one in memory of Wagner, presents a novelty, and of these nine novelties, seven are by English composers. This is as it should be; but where is there another concert-scheme in which our native art is thus honoured? Mr. Manns has consistently, for thirty-seven years, pursued this estimable course, and has, at least, the gratitude of those strugglers whom he has befriended: the thanks of the public and the rest of

the profession he probably knows better than to expect. By the way, one work is erroneously announced as "first time of performance." Mr. Granville Bantock's Overture to *The Fire-worshippers* was successfully played in St. James' Hall on December 12th, 1890, and he ought not to forget it.

Prospects for the musical season of 1893-4, just commenced, are brighter than usual. First in importance—though late in date—is the production of Dr. Mackenzie's *Bethlehem*, to which we look forward with deep interest. Then there is the often-deferred performance of Mr. Cowen's Opera *Signa*. The opening of the new Queen's Concert Hall should revive the somewhat drooping fortunes of choral music in the West-End, and we fervently pray that the common fate—conversion into a music-hall—may not overtake the enterprise. A winter season of opera is, we believe, in contemplation, but we do not venture to hope much from Mr. Hollingshead's venture at the Princess's Theatre. He airily promises Arne's *Artaxerxes* and Handel's *Rinaldo*, with a very hazy idea, apparently, of what manner of works these may be. It is doubtful if they could be properly sung nowadays, and it is not possible that they could interest the public for a moment. As well mount Monteverde's *Orfeo* while he is about it.

Business is humming at the R.A.M. The new term has brought more than the usual influx of new students, and far more than the usual influx of musical talent. The lamented death of Mr. Millard is a serious loss; how serious may be gathered from the fact that no less than four professors are engaged to take up his work. By Miss Bateman, Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Lesingham, and Mr. I. Robertson, we shall be drawn into still closer connection with our many good friends of the dramatic profession, and we may look to see the elocution classes bear yet more excellent fruit than before. A class for fencing—an important branch of the actor's art—is in contemplation, and soon a permanent stage will become an imperative necessity. The operatic class, in great force just now, is getting to work on some ambitious things, including *Pagliacci*, Gounod's *La Colombe* and *Philemon et Baucis*, and the first

act of *Die Meistersinger*. To be able to cast the latter is a proud thing, and a notable sign of the times.

The Annual General Meeting of the R.A.M. Club was held at the Academy on the 26th ult., but the lateness of the date does not allow of our giving any account of the proceedings. It was followed by the first Social Meeting of the season. Obviously the present is the best time to seek election.

### In the Interval.

"You seem a weary of your life," observed the Sub-editor.

"I feel worse than that," replied the Cynic, dejectedly. "I positively sympathise with Louis Barwolf."

"How can you say such dreadful things! —By the way, who is he?"

"Monsieur Louis Barwolf is a Belgian composer who is reported to have written a Mass in which the subjects of all the movements are themes taken from Wagner's *Lohengrin*."

"Dear me!" remarked the Sub-editor. "Quadrilles are often written that way: but a *pot-pourri* Mass is something new. And might one ask why you sympathise with this desecrator of holy things?"

"Simply because he has done something new. I have been feeling lately as if I had gone through the world of music and come out on the other side; all is stale, stale, stale. I take down the most revered masterpieces in my library and strive to read them, but can only yawn and say, 'this too is vanity.' Call it billiousness, call it dyspepsia, call it what you will, I only know that the most abstruse harmonic combinations, from Bach to Wagner, the most soulful melody, from Handel to Gounod, all seem to me so flat, threadbare and insipid that unless I can get some fresh blood somewhere (like a vampire), I shall perish."

"I sometimes, but very rarely, feel like that," said the Fully-fledged Artist. "I usually find relief in taking up the works of the master I have most neglected. Mozart's chamber-music is a useful remedy, and Purcell is very refreshing, take him where you will. I once tried Berlioz, but that was a great mistake."

"You have evidently had very mild

# THE OVERTURE



attacks," returned the Cynic. "But I feel as if nothing but an entirely new style would do me the least good. And the strength of the man will have to be something far above Beethoven and Wagner, or he will not move me 'O that I knew where I might find him !' Who is he ? Where is he ?"

There was gloomy silence till the Well-Read One quoted

" But answer came there none,  
And this was scarcely odd because  
They'd swallowed every one."

---

"Well," said the Born Genius "I suppose we all have our dull times, and certainly the long summer holiday, followed by the Festivals may be answerable for a lot, but if you want to clear the cobwebs out of your heads go and see 'Utopia (Limited).' Have you been?" he enquired of the Well Read One.

"Of course," returned that individual. "Did you ever know me miss a first night? Yes, that is real art, as I understand the term. To do anything ten times better than anyone else has ever done it is my definition of Art, whether the thing be cleaning a window, eating your dinner, or scalping an organ grinder. Now the least good of the Savoy operas has always been far and away superior to any other light operas, and the best has been a little better still."

"Is this one the best?" asked Somebody.

"I would rather not say downright till I have seen it again. I laughed so consumedly at Gilbert's quips and my eyes were so dazzled by the splendour on the stage that I couldn't criticize—I mean find fault—with anything whatever, and I came away, vowing it was far the best. Next day on reviewing it I thought it a little thin."

"But no comic piece will bear thinking of after the laugh has gone out of you," reasoned the Sub-editor.

"True, and I hope that is the explanation. Certainly the musicianship of the music pleased me more than in any of the previous ones, but I didn't carry home any of the tunes, like I did from "Haddon Hall."

"That was because there were too many of them," said the Born Genius. "I wanted to remember the Drawing-

Room music which forms the overture, but the gorgeous dresses put it out of my head."

"I thought," put in the Sub-professor, giggling at his feeble wit, "that the Overture had nothing to do with Drawing-room music."

"I was glad to see," remarked the Sub-editor, "one infallible token of success in a Savoy opera."

"And what is that?"

"Cold notices in nearly all the papers. The house is consequently booked full up to Christmas."

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement!" murmured the Cynic.

---

"Has anyone ever found a rhyme to the name of Beethoven?" enquired the Poet.

"I believe," responded the Well Read One, "that a writer of comic verse once attempted the feat with the word *sloven*."

"That wasn't much of a rhyme."

"No, but as Ben Johnson said of another bad attempt, it mightn't sound true, but it *was* true. But talking of Beethoven, did you ever hear Leigh Hunt's fifteen rhymes to the name of Paganini?"

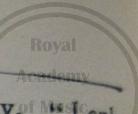
"Fifteen!" said the Poet in amazement.  
"Impossible."

"Not at all; thus they run, if I remember rightly."

## PAGANINI.

Sir, these lines on Paganini  
If it should be quite convenient,  
Put in your magazine-y,  
—Paganini, Paganini!  
Never was there such a geni-  
Us before as Paganini.  
Though his figure's lank and leany,  
I'd give something to have been he;  
Though he is a little mean, he  
Still you know is Paganini.  
Like fresh valleys, fresh and greeny  
Are the strains of Paganini.  
Nothing's seen of the machine-  
Ry of art in Paganini.  
From the first set-off *al fine*  
Nature's all to Paganini.  
Fifty *pianos con sordini*  
Can't come up to Paganini.  
If there is a man whom the knee  
May bend to, 'tis Paganini,  
Bilious men and men who're spleeny,  
Ought to go to Paganini.  
Dullest fellows I have seen e-  
Lectrified by Paganini.  
Such his pow'r that "Nota bene"—  
*The deuce himself or else his pleni-*  
*Potentiary is Paganini.*

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"I don't think it can be much fun" hazarded the New Student, "to be related to a great man in the same line of business as yourself. You must feel so hopelessly discounted, so to speak."

"Your remark is more truthful than novel," said the Failure. "But, the only way out of it is for you to take care to be the famous one and spoof the other Johnny."

Here the Senior called him to order for the use of unparliamentary language.

"Well," pursued the New Student, "There was Raft's brother died the other day, and all that people said was that they never knew Raff had a brother. I wonder if they said that when any of the Bachs died?"

"Probably," replied the Sub-editor, "they merely said, 'What! another of those Bachs? They're always dying.' That's the kind of remark the public makes over any one not a relation."

"The most practical thing to do," opined the Cynic, "if you had a distinguished brother, would be to sink your personal pride and go into quiet partnership with him. By this means a greater amount of work—nominally his—could be achieved and you could share the profits according to arrangement."

"The Syndicate method applied to art," said the Well Read One. "I fancy the great painters of the middle ages practised that dodge, so there is no reason why a musician should not do so; provided, of course, that he has no personal pride or fanciful notions of honour."

"Anyhow," put in the Sub-editor, "the Syndicate or co-operation method is creeping in everywhere. What used to be called collaboration is now superseded by Limited Liability Companies, and I look to see the next monster organ which the next monster exhibition brings forth, built by a Company and played by a Syndicate."

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"I wonder why," mused the Sub-professor, "every one thinks the concert arrangement of the love-scene from *Tristan* such an artistic enormity?"

"Why?" echoed the Purist, "because it is, sir. Just imagine! The voice parts were replaced by a Cornet and a Trombone. Could anything be more atrocious?"

"Is it any worse than leaving out the voice part of a vocal solo altogether?"

asked the Sub-professor weekly, "I only ask for information. Because, you know, that is the way *Isolde's Liebestod* is performed more often than not, even at Festivals. And is not the Walkürenritt an instance where the voice parts are replaced by instruments? Yet I never heard it objected to on that account."

"Two blacks don't make one white," replied the Purist. "That some arrangements are popular doesn't make the principle a bit the more defensible."

"That the principle is indefensible doesn't make arrangements a bit the less popular," retorted the Sub-professor.

## Provincial Portraits.

### IV.

#### OUR CHORAL SOCIETY.

And then Mr. Piper started a Choral Society. The excitement in the town was very great. Consider. Here was a man, coming from heaven knows where, who according to the terms of the Prospectus which he issued, wanted to combine all classes, irrespective of creed or of social position, for the study of music. Dr. Howell was of course indignant. If anybody conducted a Choral Society in Dulworth it must be himself. Was the Parish Organist to be set aside for a little upstart like Piper, who had spoken slightly of British Anthems and was known to be coquetting with Wagnerism and other musical immoralities? The Vicaress was coldly indifferent. Of course Mr. Piper wouldn't think of starting his Society without her. No such organization could exist in Dulworth if the Vicar's wife was not at the head of it. And surely he would never allow Dissenting people to be member of it. On the other hand Mrs. Goult (Goult's Popular Provision Stores. Goult, the People's Provider. Goult's Tasty Teas sent out in gd. Packets) wanted to know if it was going to be another of those County concerns where nobody spoke to anybody, and you got hot all over at the stuckupness of some people. Well, in midst of all this gossip Piper took our breaths away by calling a Public Meeting. We are very fond of Public Meetings in Dulworth, but we reserve them for subjects having a serious bearing on the problem of life. If the Town Pump wants

a new coat of paint we call a Public Meeting, which at once splits into two parties and discusses the question at great length and with considerable acrimony. If a Missionary comes our way and says the Tierra del Fuegians want half-a-dozen new flannel waistcoats, we call a Public Meeting and shed tears over the misfortunes of those unhappy Aborigines, or rejoice at their conversion to the ennobling principles of sanitary underwear. But to have such a meeting wantonly summoned for the purpose of discussing a frivolous amusement, was an experience which scandalised us by its cynical boldness. And the worst of it was that we couldn't stay away; for Piper had by some means or other, induced our local squire, Alured Rigby Wentworth Rigby to take the chair. Where Rigby goes Dulworth follows. So, on the eventful night, the Hall was crowded with a motley assembly, and the platform, where our leaders sit in a row, held the Vicar, the Dissenting Ministers, Mr. Goult, and the Headmaster of our school. This success in getting the lion to lay down with the lamb gave us a favourable impression of Piper's astuteness. At the last moment Mr. Rigby sent an excuse—he had a dinner-party and couldn't come; but he wished our society every success and was happy to subscribe a guinea. Piper made a speech, and, to cut a long story short, the Society was set on foot, and commenced proceedings on the following Thursday. The practices were a very interesting study. Piper, as I think I have already mentioned, had come from London and was absolutely ignorant of the delicate demarcations of our local Society. He treated everybody alike: while the practice lasted the members of the Society ceased, as far as he was concerned, to be individuals, and were merely voices. For instance, the Vicar took her seat at the head of the front row of the trebles, a place which her position as the leader of Dulworth society obviously entitled her to. It will hardly be believed, but Piper insisted on trying her voice, and, as a result, relegated her to an inconspicuous place among the second altos! Then again, he took very little account of our musical taste. Our musical taste was strictly conservative, and we had expected him to give us either "The Messiah," "Judas Maccabæus," or "The Creation,"

but he started at once with a brand-new secular cantata which had only made its appearance three years before at a Birmingham Festival. This was musical Radicalism with a vengeance. Again we had always been accustomed in previous ventures of a similar kind to come when we liked, go when we liked, and gossip as much as we liked when we were there. Piper said nasty, cutting things if we came late; nasty, cutting things if we went early, and made us work like horses while the practice lasted. Oh! the biting things Piper always had on the tip of his tongue. There was Major Goff (of the Volunteers) for instance, who, because he was such a rattling good sort, had always been allowed to sing flat. Piper pulled him up. Made him sing his part by himself and actually got him very nearly in tune by sheer expenditure of sarcasm. And the worst of it was that the little man had such a winning way with him it was impossible to be really offended at anything he did or said. Besides, we enjoyed his goings on. We enjoyed seeing the Vicar forced to take a back seat, we enjoyed hearing Goff submit to the inevitable and screw himself up half a tone. We never knew what Piper was going to say or do next, and this uncertainty lent an additional spice to the practices. Also we were surprised at the progress we made. This latter-day music was a absolute revelation to us, and we were gradually infected with Piper's own enthusiasm, and dreamt of turning Dulworth into a Festival Town and having the London Critics down to hear us. Poor Dr. Howell went about looking very gloomy and very scornful and predicting a terrible death and everlasting punishment to all the members of the Dulworth Philharmonic; but his cap and gown, with the hood of the College of Congregational Singing and all, had gone down enormously in value in our eyes, and became cheaper and cheaper as the great day of our concert approached. But no reader, however weary he may be of my desultory gossip, will grudge me a separate article for the chronicle of that momentous event.

Mr. W. Stevenson Hoyte has been appointed professor of the Organ, and the Chev. Ernest de Munck professor of the Violoncello, at the R.A.M.

**Musical Fallacies.****No. 5. THAT EXAMINATIONS FOSTER MUSIC.**

*Mount Parnassus. Eight Muses seated about the Castalian Spring. To them enters Euterpe.*

*Chorus.* Welcome art thou, O Sister! back to this our mountain and these our ever-gushing springs. How fared it with thee on thy journey? And how fares it with our worship among men?

*Euterpe.* Gladly, O my Sisters! do I tread the soil and breathe the air of our native mountain again; gladly do I see your faces once more. For in the wanderings, which the casting of the lots apportioned to me, I have suffered things many and strange—things hard to be received for true. But you, O my Sisters!, know me, that I utter the thing which is just, and lie not. Hearken then to that which I shall speak!

As I went down the fair slopes of Parnassus, my form was changed, and I became like unto a woman of mortal lineage; and so, entering into a certain city, I sought to teach the Mysteries of our Arts to those who would learn. But then a strange thing appeared; for none came to learn, going rather to a foolish man, a conjurer, who knew us not, but did feats of nimbleness with his fingers upon the ivory keys, abusing our good gift—invented indeed by Hermes with his nimble wit, yet the gift of Apollo and us, the Muses, to mortals. Him they honoured, and from him they would learn because his name being famous in all that country, his disciples, by reason of their discipleship, could win much of their paltry coin among the ignorant; for the people are unskilled to distinguish between good and bad.

So that, in anger and scorn for that foolish people, I left their land and crossed the sea, first indeed to Italy and afterwards to the country of the Teutons. And everywhere I sought to play and sing to touch the people's hearts; but nowhere would they hear me. For they think naught either of players or singers, unless they shew great feats of nimbleness, nor of songs, unless they shew much learning: and they tangle up the songs which we put into their hearts until they are hard to be recognised.

Thus then, because I would not become a conjurer they would not hear me; so

that although I kindled here and there the sacred flame, and fanned it to a glow, yet it was only to see it die down again to its ash; and being in mortal form, I was in sore straits, suffering the pangs of hunger and cold—for in that country nothing can be had save for money.

Then at last certain of those in whom the sacred flame was not yet dead perceived my godhead; and some would do me honour, but some, jealous for their own fame, would oppose me—me, from whom came their inspiration—howbeit at the last those who would have honoured me prevailed, and I was proclaimed throughout Europe, in the Isle of Britain, and to their kindred beyond the seas. Then I thought that my errand would at last be done, and my heart rejoiced; but again came disappointment, bitterer than any I had yet known, because the revulsion from a greater joy. For I found that when all Europe and America held my name in honour, I was surrounded by those who cared for me only because by me they could gather their piles of coin.. And where I came, they stood at the doors with the Guardians of the Peace, and would let no man enter save on paying his coin; or they copied my songs and poems in their machines, and sold the copies for gain.

But worst of all was it at the schools of the Arts, for there too I taught. For I found that the youths and maidens came not to learn, but to win medals and prizes bearing, perhaps in mockery, the imprint of our forms: and their talk and their thoughts were altogether of the examinations and contests for these prizes, so that if I would teach them those things for which no prize was given, none came to learn. And at last I was forced to see that our names, O my Sisters! are taken altogether in vain. Men come to us now, as they have always done, whether in Britain, or Italy, or Germania, not for what we are, but because they see wonders; because by their examinations they gain letters in our name, which serve as introductions to Ploutos, whom truly they seek. Howbeit, now, as always, there are a few pure souls who, choosing between us and success, choose us.

*Chorus.* Foolish and darkened are the souls of men who think that by coming to us they can know us, unless they come with pure hearts, loving us for our own

sake. But if they come for vanity, to see wonders, or for the scraping together their little hoards of pelf, or for any other reason than love of us, these things form a veil about their eyes, and to such, the decree of Inexorable Fate denies that we should reveal ourselves. Foolish and darkened are the souls of such men !

But to the pure souls who, choosing between us and all the world, choose us—to such we reveal ourselves in ever-increasing glory till Death unseals their eyes and the full blaze of our godhead shines into their souls. Happy and loved of the gods are such men !

### Songs of the Century.

#### No. V. THE AMATEUR.

(The Poet's task has been facilitated by the fact that most English people prefer to pronounce this word as though it rhymed with *cure*.)

I AM a most important indiwiddle,  
For "music's laws the music-patrons give;"  
'Tis I supply the answer to the riddle—  
How does our native muse contrive to live ?  
If I don't afford musicians much enjoyment,  
If they turn up their eyes and pity me,  
At least I give them plenty of employment,  
Without which, where the dickens would they be ?  
You may doubt me, you may flout me,  
you may scout me ;  
Contempt and scorn I placidly endure ;  
You know you couldn't get along without me,  
Though I'm nothing but a humble Amateur.

From babyhood I've studied the piano,  
The masters I have had would stock a shop ;  
I've had a diff'rent domine each anno,  
Yet on the right notes seldom can I drop,  
I take no heed of *dim.* or *cres.* or *rallent.*,  
I play as if the metronome were there ;  
In short, I haven't got a spark of talent,  
But make my teachers swear and tear their hair.  
You may doubt me, you may flout me,  
you may scout me,  
You may satirize me in the OVERTURE,  
But you know you cannot get along without me,  
Whom would you teach, if not the Amateur ?

Just think of all the grand orchestra  
concerts  
That I, and thousands like to me, attend !  
—Through sense of duty, for a band my  
sconce hurts  
And ballads I can better comprehend.  
At least I fork out manfully my guineas,  
Although the programme isn't in my way.  
While you want tickets gratis ; and, like  
ninnies,  
Then howl because good music doesn't  
pay.  
You may doubt me, you may flout me,  
you may scout me,  
Your taste in music may be very pure ;  
But where would all the concerts be  
without me,  
The money-shedding generous Amateur ?  
  
I support the manifold examinations,  
I'm a patron of the county Festival,  
To all the Music Schools I make donations,  
Subscribing to each testimonial.  
'Tis I make rich your Chappells and  
Novellos,  
'Tis I have built up Broadwood and Erard.  
Now, don't you think that you professor  
fellows  
Are down on me a little bit too hard ?  
You may hate me, you may rate and castigate me,  
You may turn me into rude caricature,  
But if you want to live you'll cultivate me,  
The poor, despised, but wealthy Amateur.

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### Fifty Years of Struggle.

Wagner and his Works, the Story of his Life, with critical comments, by Henry T. Finck. London : H. Grevel & Co.

At last we have a fairly worthy—but not faultless—description of that strangest of all artistic life-dramas, the career of Richard Wagner. In every civilized country countless scribblers—including the one who pens these words—have earned, by writing about him, sums amounting altogether to far more than the subject of their lucubrations ever saw ; how sad it is, then, to reflect upon the tone of bitter animosity assumed by most scribes towards one to whom they are so largely indebted ! Mr. Finck's book is indeed an able and formidable indictment against nearly the whole of the European and American critics ; those individuals,

that is to say, who during half a century professed to uphold the dignity of art, yet ran behind the triumphal car of progress and assailed it with jeers and mud. To a mere outsider, one who neither knows nor cares anything about musical art, how absurd, how almost incredible must appear the record of facts concerning this fanatical persecution! A man begins his career without friends, money, or influence, he fights his way by inches to the summit of fame and consideration, attaining his ambition only at the last year of a long life; yet from first to last a large proportion of the journalists of Germany, France, and England, have not only denied his genius—that would be a small matter—but denied the fact of his success, turning against him unceasingly every weapon known to their craft, and thus keeping his name so perpetually before the public that their abuse, like many poisons when administered in excess, has had an effect the opposite of that intended. It seems scarcely credible that to-day, when Wagner's music-dramas almost monopolise the operatic stage, when a tenor who does not know the part of *Lohengrin*, or a soprano who has not learnt *Elsa* would be considered a dunce, when publishers and managers reap profits more gigantic from these works each year, when tickets for Bayreuth are hardly to be obtained a week after a first announcement of a festival—with all this, it seems, we say, scarcely credible that some individuals who occupy the position of critics to important newspapers should stultify themselves by denying Wagner's fame. That there are many persons to whom some particular form or exhibition of art does not appeal at all we can understand; not being a poet I may privately consider Milton a bore; not being a painter I may think the fat women of Rubens disgusting; not being a musician I may wonder why Bach couldn't write pretty tunes; but at least I have the sense to see that my lack of appreciation for those whom the world has agreed to call Masters is not their fault, but my misfortune. A certain section of Anti-Wagnerians, it is true, grudgingly recognise a moderate amount of merit in those portions of his works with which they have become familiar by frequent hearing. Another section (progressivists, these) have abused each work as it appeared,

and admitted *the one before* to their favour. Well, Mozart and Beethoven were criticized thus, and even this amount of liberality in the critic's mind is something to be thankful for; but what can be said for those men who stubbornly deny the existence of a world-wide fame, demonstrable technical attainments, melodies which have become household words, when all these facts have been patent to the world at large for half a century? What earthly good can it do to critics to pursue the same Beckmesser-like tactics towards a great man now that he has been ten years in his coffin? Yet only the other day we had a spice of the old venom in one of our London newspapers, the writer exulting over his own assertion that “a crusade of thirty years had failed to render Wagner popular,” (he never was anything else), and shortly afterwards a still more prominent critic in noticing a wretchedly bad performance of “Tristan” at Covent Garden, said not a word about the short-comings of the production, but stated with evident satisfaction that, “so far as we could judge,” (a useful saving clause) “the house was far from full in every part,” the fact being that the only parts of the theatre accessible to the general public were crowded to suffocation, the present writer having vainly endeavoured to buy seats at double price a week before.

But to enlarge more upon this subject would be to re-write the most striking part of Mr. Finck's book. Let us glance through it and endeavour to give a general view of its contents. The author states that he is only indebted to previous biographers for about a twentieth part of his material, the bulk being gathered from personal experiences, Wagner's own auto-biographic materials, and other original documents. This is as it should be. The arrangement of the book is not rigidly chronological, but there are principal headings, answering to chapters, devoted to certain large topics, and these are split up into sections, each with a sub-heading. Thus the third principal division, headed RICHARD WAGNER'S CHILDHOOD, contains nine sub-sections, headed respectively, A Versatile Step-Father, Weber in Dresden, First Musical Impressions, Richard not a Prodigy—and why, Boyhood Anecdotes—and so on, these sub-headings being a little suggestive of the catch-lines affected

by American journalists and their imitators here, but facilitating reference. Of the principal headings there are twenty-six; the list is perhaps worth quoting as affording a good idea of the manner in which the book is laid out.

"Prelude — poetic prophecies ; A theatrical family ; Richard Wagner's childhood ; The first operas ; Königsberg and Riga ; First visit to Paris ; Rienzi in Dresden ; The Flying Dutchman ; Wagner as a Royal Conductor ; Tannhäuser in Dresden ; Revolution—artistic and political ; Lohengrin at Weimar ; Literary period ; Welding the Nibelung's Ring ; Was Wagner a great conductor ? ; Lastyears of Exile ; In Paris again ; King Ludwig finds Wagner ; Tristan and Isolde in Munich ; Political and Personal ; Wagner's only Comic Opera ; From Munich to Bayreuth ; The Nibelung's Ring ; The Parsifal period ; The last seven months ; Wagner and Wagnerism." In the early sections of the biography there are no new facts and but few new details, but from the date of Wagner's first visit to Paris till the end, the book hardly contains one dull page, unless it be the author's criticisms of the works. These we expect naturally to find written from a musician's (*i.e.*, a technical) standpoint, but they are occasionally superficial and always amateurish, though appreciative. Here is a capital quotation from one of Wagner's Parisian essays, which pourtrays more clearly than any other words could do, the state of things against which our reformer battled all his life long. At the Opéra Mozart's *Don Juan* was given ; "a work," says Mr. Finck, "which obviously discommoded the singers and bored the audience. Yet the house was crowded and everyone seemed on the tip-toe of expectation : and why ? Because on this evening Rubini sang his famous trill on A and B."

"Rubini did not become truly divine until he had got on to his B ; that he had to get on to if an evening at the Italian Opera was to have any object. Now, just as a circus-tumbler balances himself on his board before he jumps, so Rubini stands on his F for three bars, swells it for two bars cautiously but irresistibly, but on the third bar he seizes the trill of the violins on the A, sings it with increasing vehemence, jumps up on the fourth to the B, as if it were the easiest thing in the world, and then, before everybody's eyes executes a brilliant roulade and plunges down again into silence. That was the end ; anything else might happen now, no matter what . . . it was to hear

this feat that the audience had assembled, had, for two hours put up with the absence of all the accustomed operatic *delicatessen*, had pardoned Grisi and Lablache for taking this music seriously, and were now divinely rewarded . . ."

The account of this Paris period, already generally familiar, reads all the more pathetically from the simplicity with which the facts are detailed. Next we come to Rienzi, the first success. As each music-drama comes under notice an account of its composition and first performance is given ; then a *précis* of the libretto and, to crown all, a summary of the press-criticisms evoked by the production. Amongst these latter none are more outrageous and foolish than those of the English journals ; this is perhaps natural, since in abusing a performance in a foreign land the "critic" has a free hand, scarcely any of his readers being in a position to dispute the accuracy of his assertions. One such challenge did, however, occur ; we shall allude to it later on. *Rienzi* was not mercilessly condemned, because it differed little from contemporary operas, but the *Flying Dutchman*, needless to say, was overwhelmed with as much abuse as though the composer had intentionally outraged the public instead of toiling to offer it his most earnest work.

In the chapter *Wagner as a Royal Conductor*, we are given some interesting details of the composer's achievements at Dresden —his wonderful performance of the Choral Symphony of Bach's "Singet dem Herrn," and other works. In the *Tannhäuser* chapter are a couple of extracts from the letters to Liszt which show clearly what operatic reforms were needed, and how hard Wagner strove to make them.

"I had taken pains in Dresden to have all the directions which throw any light upon the situations and dramatic action copied with the greatest minuteness into the parts of the singers ; but when it came to the performance I was horrified to see that none of them had been heeded. You can imagine my amazement when I saw, for instance, that Taunhäuser, in the vocal contest when he sings his hymn to Venus

'He only who has clasped you in his arms  
Knows what it is to love.'

addressed it, in the face of the whole assembly, to Elizabeth, the most innocent of maidens."

And again.

". . . The score directs Elizabeth, after the duet in the 2nd Act, to justify the reappearance of the tender theme in the clarinet in a slower tempo, by gazing after Taunhäuser into the court below and nodding a farewell. Now if she fails to do this

the result is an insufferable delay of the action; every bar of dramatic music can justify its existence only by expressing something relating to the action or the character of the actor . . . that reminiscence was therefore chosen by me solely for the sake of illustrating this action of Elizabeth. This example shews what a topsy-turvy result follows if the principal point, the dramatic action, is overlooked, and only a secondary factor, the accompaniment of that action remains."

Here is Wagner's standpoint put in clearest terms: the dramatic action is the principal point, and the music and all besides are of secondary importance. This view no critic has ever yet consented to agree to, or even to grasp. And not many, even of Wagner's supporters, really accept it. This is why he writes after the apparent success of *Tannhäuser* at Dresden:

"If I express dissatisfaction with the success of my operas I naturally do not mean outward success (for could I have demanded more than to be called before the curtain at every performance of *Tannhäuser*?) but merely the character of the success, which made me see that the *essential* in my work had *not* been grasped."

Some of the best gems of so-called criticism evoked by *Tannhäuser* are from the pens of John Hullah and H. F. Chorley. If we could not produce great works in England we could at least fling mud at those who did.

The following passage is quoted from one of M. Hauptmann's letters:

"Wagner has had the scores of his operas, in his own handwriting, engraved at once on stone and thus published in a lithographic edition; *Tannhäuser* even before the first rehearsal."

But we believe the statement to be wholly incorrect. The full score of *Lohengrin* was indeed lithographed, but not in the composer's autograph. *Rienzi*, the *Hollander*, and *Tannhäuser* were engraved, but not till long after this. No fresh light is thrown upon Wagner's republican escapade except what is contained in the following sentence culled from his collected writings

"From my artistic point of view, especially with reference to a reorganization of the Theatre I had thus got to the point of recognizing the unavoidable necessity of the revolution of 1848."

In the chapter "Lohengrin at Weimar" are some interesting details concerning the most popular of Wagner's works, amongst others the following extract from a letter to Liszt concerning the too great length (5 hours) of the performance.

"I had gone through the whole opera soon after its completion to ascertain its duration, and had calculated that the first act should take up not

much over an hour, the second  $\frac{1}{4}$  hours, the last again something over an hour, so that altogether, including intermissions, I reckoned it would last from 6 to 9.45 at the latest."

In making this estimate in his study Wagner forgot to allow for the greater breadth of *tempo* necessary when performing a work on the stage. But another twenty minutes would cover this, and yet performances of *Lohengrin* in the present day take four hours with the opera curtailed to three fourths of its original length! The fact is, that after the first night every opera has a tendency to play longer and longer as the singers get more at home in their parts. This is owing to their dwelling more and more on every long note and pause. In spite of Wagner's efforts to the contrary the singer remains paramount to this day, and the recitatives and cadences with which *Lohengrin* abounds are dragged out in the Italian style till nearly all dramatic effect is lost. Even in the *Meistersinger*, as played in Italian at Covent Garden, the same deplorable thing happens; instead of declamation we have mouthing, and what with late hours, enormous waits between the acts and a wrong school of singing, the work has to be cut prodigiously to be got into four hours. The composer says

"Be firm and decisive in compelling the vocalists to sing *what they take for recitatives* in a determined brisk tempo. It is especially by this treatment of the recitatives that the duration of an opera can be reduced, as I know by experience, by almost an hour."

*Lohengrin* having proved the most popular of Wagner's dramas the press-criticisms on it are naturally the most outrageous. In 1866 Otto Gumprecht of Berlin described the music as "a disagreeable precipitate of nebulous theories; a frosty sense-and-soul-congealing tone-whining," and also with the paradoxical expression "formlessness reduced to a system." The lucubrations of Messrs. Davison, Chorley, Gruneisen, etc., in our own country a few years later would have been worth reproduction in full, so preposterous are they. Mr. Gruneisen ventured so far from orthodox precedent as to descend to details and suggest how the composer might have improved his work, as thus:

"Why should not the Elsa in *Lohengrin* commune with a sympathetic audience in a *scena* to describe her horror at being accused of the murder of her brother? What business has the chorus to

intervene in her relation to the king of her dream? It is the place for a duet" . . . .

Wagner's literary period is dealt with copiously—perhaps too fully, some will think; but our author is here on ground where he can feel his feet. In narrating the money troubles of the Zurich period Mr. Joseph Bennett's biographical articles in the *Musical Times* some years ago are very severely commented on. The details of Wagner's miserable ill-health make one's heart bleed, and more than account for all the eccentricities and perversities exhibited by him throughout his life. *A propos* of the *Faust Overture* Mr. Finck says: "Doubtless the most ludicrous of all the charges ever brought against Wagner—and it is brought time and again—is that he wrote music-dramas because he was unable to master the symphonic form sufficiently to write satisfactory concert pieces. Apart from the fact that he wrote a symphony of perfectly correct form, the woeful ridiculousness of this charge is brought out by the fact that any talented conservatory pupil can be taught to write a 'correct' symphony. Third-rate composers, like Lachner, Pleyel, &c., wrote 'correct' symphonies by the dozen." In this connection the "*Siegfried Idyll*" should be mentioned as a specimen of exquisite formal construction, despite its entire novelty. Scorn is also heaped upon the fallacy of "traditional renderings of great works." Next an amusing account is given of Wagner's unlucky season as conductor of the Philharmonic, though here the *Musical World* newspaper might have been drawn upon for some extraordinarily venomous attacks.

(To be continued.)

### Fifty Years of Success.

HEINE tells us that the elaborate Linnean botanic-system was too complicated for him to understand, and he accordingly constructed a system of his own, dividing plants into two great classes, those which are good to eat and those which are not. Similarly, wrote Hauptmann, one may divide operas into two classes; those which are performed and those which are not. By the nature of things, the second class is very much the larger. When it is remembered that Handel alone wrote

40 operas, and smaller composers of his time (and since) several times as many; it is obvious that the number of operas seen on the stage is a very tiny fraction of the number actually in existence. But if we begin with Gluck's *Orfeo*, which is 131 years old, and is still successful, or even if we take the operas composed and actually produced within living memory, it will be seen at once that only a very small proportion of them have kept the stage; yet great numbers of those which are shelved were received with unbounded applause, and are apparently in no way deficient in good qualities—certainly not deficient in good music. Again and again a grand opera has been produced with immense *éclat*; the composer has been enthusiastically acclaimed by a crowded house, yet the second performance has fallen flat, the third has been given to nearly empty benches, and the opera has never been heard again. This has especially been the fate of German composers' operas. If the work should be by a man of genius, there may be occasional attempts to revive it; this has been notably the case with Schumann's *Genoveva*, but in vain. Yet, other operas establish themselves at once as performing pieces, certain of a good audience, and this though neither music nor libretto seem to contain anything interesting. A few years back all Germany was continually performing a wretched piece called *The Trumpeter of Säk-ackingen*, now fortunately driven off the repertoire by the operas of Mascagni. Where are the operas of Schubert and Spohr, of Raff, von Holstein, Rubinstein?

"Tell me where is last year's snow?"

These ideas have been suggested by the fact that there occurs, this month, a certain anniversary worthy of notice. Just 50 years ago there took place the first performance of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. Here is an opera which has enjoyed 50 years of popularity, and shows no signs of losing it; which has been performed in every part of Europe, not to mention America and Australia; and has always from the first been thoroughly successful. If it had been simply evanescent claptrap, it would not have lasted 50 years and still been vigorous. And why should it be the only opera (excepting Wallace's *Maritana*, two years younger) of its class which is performed? Balfe composed nearly 30 operas, but *The Bohemian Girl* runs on, the

rest are "nowhere." The story is, of all stories the most hackneyed; the Poet Bunn turned it into the feeblest of twaddling prose—the baldest of singsong rhyme. But it is liked, enjoyed, and performed ; and not only in England. If it be supposed that the music alone has preserved the opera, one may ask why all Balfe's other operas are so completely dead, and this one is so very much alive ? One never hears excerpts or selections from Balfe's other operas. Nobody ever sings "The light of other days" or "The power of Love." Such, it was predicted, would speedily be the fate of *The Bohemian Girl* ; for instance, *The Musical World* declared "notwithstanding it is perhaps the best opera that has proceeded from the pen of Mr. Balfe, it is of that ephemeral nature that can hardly outlive a day."

But there are other and much more unpleasant reflections suggested by the jubilee of *The Bohemian Girl*. It was only one of many English operas produced in London about fifty years ago, and for some time after. Not only Balfe and Wallace, but also John Barnett, Charles Lucas, George Mactarren, Howard Glover, Lavenu, E. J. Loder, Henry Smart, and others, had grand operas commissioned and performed. What chance would they have now? Small companies touring about the provinces represent all we can show in English Opera. If there were a young English composer with the powers of Wagner, they would rust away. Taste seems to have actually retrograded, if we judge by results. From grand operas of a not very elevated sort, London has progressed to no English grand operas at all. The condition of English opera is a standing disgrace to us. This journal has previously laid stress on the fundamental difference between English and foreign music, and will do so again. Writers who have the ear of the public have been very culpable in not making the whole musical public long ago apprehend the fact that every large city in France, Germany, or Italy has its permanent opera company. The idea of a permanent opera company anywhere is indeed not easy for a Briton to apprehend, as he has never met with such a phenomenon at home. Is anyone's imagination equal to the conception of a complete grand opera company settled at Liverpool, another at Manchester, another at Birm-

ingham, another at Leeds, another at Sheffield, another at Newcastle, another at Norwich, another at Bristol, another at Edinburgh, another at Glasgow, another at Aberdeen? A small company touring about from one town to the other we are familiar with, but a permanent resident opera company is unknown anywhere in England, and seems likely to continue so, with disastrous results to English music. For lack of this, all attempts to improve taste and advance the art are hindered ; and the want is mixed up fatally with all questions of local orchestras, with the education of singers, and even with the styles of composition advisable in concert-works. The trail of that serpent is over them all !

H. D.

## A History of the Royal Academy of Music.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 78.)

This report was drawn up by Signor Crivelli, Mr. Potter and Mr. Lucas, and a special meeting of the Committee was summoned to receive it, as well as a Report from Mr. Potter, embodying the same views in the form of a scheme for the future curriculum of the Academy singers. How far, or for how long any such definite system was carried out I cannot say, but it is just the weak point of a musical "school" that no fixed system can ever be pursued ; so much has to be left to the individual professors.

At Christmas of this year no less than six lady students were ordered to be removed for lack of ability or industry. An occasional hopeless case was not unknown, but this was a large clearance! Shortly afterwards one of the male students was also expelled for "being connected with Strolling Players" and having his name announced on a provincial playbill as "of the Royal Academy of Music."

On May 24th, 1844, we read an entry which appeared many times during the previous ten years :

" Read Letter Mr. Goodwin, promising to complete the Catalogue of Music in the Library."

It never has been completed to this day, though the librarian still promises it "shortly."

On Feb. 7th, 1845, occurs the following:

"The Committee approve of the Arrangement made with their authority by Mr. Hamilton for the engaging of Monsieur Sainton as Professor of Violin, and direct that the following Pupils be placed in his class:—Hill, Watson, Sykes, Might and Wilkes."

This engagement lasted, as of course my readers are aware, for more than 45 years, to the great advantage of the Academy.

In the autumn of this year, gas—then a novel means of illumination, was introduced into the Academy.

Next a rather important matter claims attention. In October 1845, it came to the ears of the Committee that one of their principal Harmony professors, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, was inculcating the heretical notions of Dr. Day, and a letter was written directing him to abstain from so doing. He replied with all deference but took a firm stand upon his right to teach on the system that seemed to him best. It was, therefore, suggested that a sub-committee should examine in o and report upon Dr. Day's system of harmony. This was conceded, and a Board, consisting of Mr. C. Potter (chairman), Sir H. Bishop, and Messrs. Goss, Lucas, Bennett and Phillips met Mr. Macfarren one evening, when the matter was duly discussed. The result may be easily understood, for few are the musicians of mature years who will ever consent to believe any system of harmony so good as the one they happen to have been brought up upon. Here is their Report.

"GENTLEMEN.—A Board of Professors, consisting of Sir H. Bishop, Messrs. Goss, Lucas and W. S. Bennett met on this Evening to discuss the subject of Dr. Day's new Treatise on Harmony, (Mr. Macfarren was present) when, after a long and careful investigation, finding it to contain Theories so opposed to the acknowledged and received Opinions of the first Masters, they unanimously decided that they could not recommend the Work as an Authority for the Study of Harmony in The Royal Academy of Music; therefore I must object to its future employment in this Institution.

(Signed) CIPRIANI POTTER (Principal).

The Committee thereupon wrote to Mr. Macfarren acquainting him with the contents of the report and declining to avail themselves of his future services. As a mere matter of discipline—according to the ideas then prevailing—they were doubtless quite justified in taking this course, but the sturdy champion of "free thought" lived to triumph in his turn.

Mr. Macfarren's pupils, it is gratifying to read, were fond enough of their teacher to write to the Committee expressing their satisfaction with his system of tuition but they only got a snubbing and "the Censure of the Committee" for their pains. Macfarren's place was filled by Bennett for a time.

As we have already seen, the Committee stood firmly by the agreement that every old student of the Academy was bound to give gratuitous assistance at any Academy Concert if called upon, and if having no prior engagement. In April 1846 there occurred a case of an A.R.A.M. pleading this last excuse and then calmly coming and sitting among the audience at the Concert. On his being detected the Committee very properly cancelled his Associateship. Just at this date Sir Henry Bishop found it necessary to give up his professorship, owing to his many other engagements. His harmony pupils were handed over to Sterndale Bennett and his vocal pupils distributed.

In June of this year Captain Bontein was appointed Superintendent of the Male Department.

Mr. Potter's Report of Midsummer 1846, says:—

"Mr. Potter was much pleased with Mr. W. S. Bennett's tuition in Harmony (the newly appointed Harmony Master); the *pure* and *clear* method was very evident.

"The Singers, as usual, are careless in the study of Harmony, sometimes neglecting it altogether.

"Mr. Potter regrets much that there is no possibility of an union of the principal Students and Ex-students combined, at the Academy, since the Orchestra would be *first-rate*, if not *the best* orchestra in London."

Here is an important extract from the Minutes of Dec. 11th.

"Mrs. Wise (the matron) applied for advice respecting a resident Pupil, Miss Robertson, who, it appears, has no Parents or Guardian, and professing herself to be engaged to Mr. Wells, a resident Student of the Academy.

"Ordered that Mrs. Wise inform Miss Robertson that the Committee cannot possibly allow Pupils to be resident in the Institution under such circumstances, and that she must make arrangements with her Friends to be an Out-student after Christmas, or else leave the Institution."

She left; but the wedding-cards are not to be found in the archives. Another couple also received similar warning about this time, but gave a written promise to wait till the completion of their studies before contemplating matrimony.

In February 1847, Bennett undertook

the office of Inspector of practice, a duty which consisted chiefly in his spending an hour in the rooms of the various students in friendly intercourse, diversified by pianoforte duets. Along with the Principal, however, he drew up a report of the state of progress of every student in the place.

Now ensued a couple of uneventful years, but the absence of our Founder then produced its invariable result. Constant references to the unsatisfactory state of the library and its always-promised catalogue occur during this period, and Mr. Goodwin was at last superseded in this department by Mr. Baker, but it made no difference.

In 1848, W. G. Cusins was elected King's Scholar and soon distinguished himself by his violin playing.

The following extract from the Minutes may interest some :—

"The Board of Professors lament much the Singing Masters objecting to their Pupils joining in the Academy Chorus, since this practice would render them much better musicians."

*To be continued.*

## What our Old Student's are Doing.

MR. ALLEN GILL has been appointed Conductor at the People's Palace.

A NEW SYMPHONY by M. EDWARD GERMAN was produced at the Norwich Festival. Senor Sarasate played Dr. Mackenzie's Pibroch, and amongst the vocalists were : Mrs. Helen Trust and Mdme. Marian McKenzie, Messrs. Ben Davies and Bantock Pierpoint.

MESSRS. HANN resumed their Brixton Popular Chamber Concerts, Oct. 30th.

MESSRS. PATERSON & SONS have published two new piano works by Mr. Tobias A. Matthay, "Lyrics," a set of six short pieces, and "Scottish Dances, concert arrangement for Pianoforte," the latter consisting of four numbers.

MR. W. W. STARMER has been appointed Conductor to the well-established "Tunbridge Wells Vocal Association."

MR. ARTHUR BARLOW, MISS GRETA WILLIAMS, MR. PHILIP CATHIE and MISS KATE OULD made successful appearances at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts.

MR. W. SEWELL is, we see, busy at Birmingham :—his "Ave Maria" was performed on the 1st ult. at the Oratory along with Dvorák's Mass in D. Mr. Sewell also recently gave a lecture on *Tristan and Isolde* at the Musical Guild's Conversazione.

AMONGST the singers at the recent Cheltenham Festival appeared the names of Miss Thudichum and Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Houghton, Ben Davies, Lane Wilson, W. H. Brereton and Bantock Pierpoint.

MR. CUTHBERT NUNN gave a Pianoforte Recital at the Elliott Rooms Leytonstone, on the 6th of October.

MR. PERCY BAKER delivered a short lecture on "The Voice and its use" to the members of the Tooting and Balham Choral Association on October 16th.

MISS OLIVERIA PRESCOTT has started a series of six lectures at the High School for Girls, Upper Baker Street, the subject being "Music, and what it is made of."

MISS WINIFRED ROBINSON has undertaken the Honorary Secretaryship for this next season of the R.A.M. Excelsior Society. Her energetic leadership will no doubt give new life to a Society has important potentialities in it.

THE "BOW AND BROMLEY" Organ Recital of October 28th was given by Mr. Reginald Steggall.

MR. F. CORDER delivered an interesting lecture on *Programme Music* on Oct. 10th, at the Brighton School of Music.

## Fortnightly Concerts.

PROGRAMME OF OCTOBER 21, 1893.

AIR with Variations, in A—Organ	... Hesse.
Mr. ERNEST WILLMOTT.	
ARIA, "Pieta Signore" ...	Stradella.
Miss A. HOLDING.	
(Accompanist, Miss MARGARET P. MOSS)	
SECOND POLONAISE—Violin	... Wieniawski.
Miss MABEL BURMESTER.	
(Accompanist, Miss ETHEL BARNES.)	
SONG, (MS.), "Loving so well"	Ethel Ransome.
Mr. T. M. JAMES.	
(Accompanist, Miss ETHEL RANSOME.) (Student).	
FINALE from "Etudes Symphoniques"—Schumann.	
Mr. B. C. FLANDERS.	
RECITATION, "The Building of St. Sophia"	
Baring Gould.	
Miss ELLEN M. BOWICK.	
STUDY in C. sharp—Pianoforte	... Alkan
Miss L. PRINGLE.	
AIR, "God shall wipe away all tears"	A. Sullivan.
Miss ANNIE HOWARD.	
(Accompanist, Miss MARGARET P. MOSS.)	
CAPRICCIO	
INTERMÉZZO	Op. 116, Nos. 1, 2, 3—Pianoforte
CAPRICCIO	Brahms.
Miss BUCHANAN.	
SONG, "Angel guard thee"	... Godard.
Mr. WRIGHT BEAUMONT.	
(Accompanist, Miss Margaret P. Moss.)	
ANDANTE AND FINALE from Concerto in C—Violin	
Moszkowski.	
Mr. CHARLES VIONNEE.	
(Accompanist, Mr. H. C. WILSON.)	

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35.	CHOPIN, F. ...	Polonaise in C sharp minor. Op. 26, No. 1	3 0
36.	CLEMENTI, M. ...	Gradus ad Parnassum, No. 44, in F minor	4 0
37.	CRAMER, J. ...	Study in G minor. Op. 36	1 6
38.	HUMMEL, J. N. ...	Rondo in B minor. Op. 109	4 0
39.	MOZART, W. A. ...	Sonata in E flat	4 0
40.	STEIBELT, D. ...	Study in C. Op. 78, No. 14	2 0
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(To be Continued.)

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## The Queen's Hall.

At last the West End of London possesses a concert hall in every way worthy of the wealth and grandeur of the metropolis of the world. If we confess that the need of such a building has not been severely felt by concert-givers, the admission reflects discredit upon that huge proportion of our huge population which does not attend high-class concerts. That the opening of a beautiful and commodious building like that in Langham Place will have a decided influence in turning such persons from the error of their ways, even the most confirmed pessimist will hardly venture to doubt. Of late years we have often heard it complained that St. James' Hall cannot accommodate a sufficient audience to make an orchestral or choral concert pay. Be this as it may, it is the rarest thing in the world to find St. James' Hall full or anything like full (of paying auditors, we mean) on such occasions. Whether or no this larger building will be more lucky we dare not venture to prophesy, but taking its numerous superior advantages into consideration we have reason to hope that it will give at least a temporary stimulus to this somewhat flagging branch of musical entertainment.

The Queen's Hall, designed by Mr. T.

E. Knightley—to whom all honour—stands at the corner of Langham Place and Riding-House Street, and has the unprecedented advantage of seventeen entrances or exits into three different streets, thus minimising the possibility of danger from crush or panic. The front of the building, forming a graceful convex curve, is not so imposing as the size of the hall would lead one to expect; this is chiefly because one third of the building's height is below the street level. But a great advantage of this is that the audience has a smaller number of stairs to ascend; one flight taking to the upper gallery, and one flight down to the area. The grace and elegance of the Portland-stone front give a foretaste of the grace and elegance of the interior decorations, for which no praise can be too high. The general scheme for the walls consists of Wedgwood *plaques* in white and light tints unobtrusively picked out with gold. Warm crimson carpets cover every floor and staircase from roof to basement. The ceiling of the Hall is beautifully painted by M. Carpega, of the Paris Opera House. Its shape is arched and, we think, materially aids the acoustic excellence of the room. The hall is in its proportions exactly the opposite to St. James' Hall, and, if we might compare great things with small, is more on the plan of the R.A.M. concert room, being slightly wider than it is deep. The consequence of this is that the soloist is brought far nearer to the audience than is possible by the other arrangement; and experience teaches, what the new hall amply proves, that a building so planned is unsurpassable for hearing. We have personally tested the acoustic quality of the hall from every part of all three floors and it seems absolutely perfect. There are no supporting columns to intercept the view or the sound, the balconies being built on the cantilever principle. The orchestra plat-

form will perhaps have to be modified; when at its smallest (it opens and shuts like the drawer of a desk) the players have to be arranged in a straight line instead of a horseshoe. This renders it difficult for them to see the conductor. At the back is the crowning triumph—a really fine organ. No one hitherto seems to have noticed the fact that if a distinguished organist wishes to give a performance on his instrument he must either go to the Leviathan at the Albert Hall or else to the Crystal Palace—there is no other place. As to the students of the Royal Academy, they have never yet had a chance of showing what they can do in the matter of the use of stops, and it would be worth while giving our concerts sometimes at the New Hall if only in their interests. The organ has four manuals, fifty-four speaking stops, any number of combination stops, and the action is tubular pneumatic. The console is at the side, giving the organist a direct view of the conductor. We are only surprised that the Hope Jones or some other electric action was not employed, whereby the organist might have sat anywhere that was most convenient.

On the second floor of the building is another hall of moderate dimensions, suitable for piano recitals, balls, etc. This is not yet completely furnished, but seems equally good for sound, with its arched roof and parabolic-shaped platform recess. The entire building is lit both by gas and electric light, which we suppose is only prudent; but it seems a pity that electricity dare not be wholly relied on. The offices, artists' rooms, cloak-rooms etc. are comfortable and commodious. There is a Royal box with apartments appertaining, and finally an excellent refreshment room besides ample foyers and crushrooms.

On the evening of the 25th ult., there was what is called a "private view," more correctly a largely attended invitation concert. The band of the Coldstream Guards and Mr. W. T. Best on the Organ discoursed sweet music, alternated with songs from Miss Greta Williams and Mr. Arthur Oswald, and pianoforte solos from Miss Llewela Davies, so the R. A. M.,—thanks to Mr. Robert Newman, the manager—was not unrepresented at this important function. At 11.0 p.m. the carpet was removed, disclosing a perfect

ball-room floor; and the proceedings terminated with an enjoyable dance. On Dec. 2nd, an inaugural public concert will be given, with Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and a miscellaneous selection. This will form an excellent test of the merits of the hall for every kind of music and, we trust, an equally good test of its seating capacity. The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, The Strolling Players, The Bach Choir and Messrs. Boosey's Ballad Concerts are all going to migrate to Langham Place, and it is also proposed to give a series of orchestral and oratorio concerts at popular prices on Saturday evenings under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen. Certainly there is a world of difference between the comfortable and airy upper balcony of the Queen's Hall and the wretched wooden benches of the gallery in St. James's Hall, where you are stifled with heat and killed with draughts at the same time. And the comfort of an audience is a factor whose vital importance *entrepreneurs* are only just beginning to realise. Yes, we—even we—feel strong hopes as to the success of the new enterprise.

### Passing Notes.

We do not wish to pass an opinion upon a case of which the full particulars on both sides are not before us, and therefore content ourselves with saying that if the account of the withdrawal of Mr. Cowen's *Signa* at Milan is in accordance with the truth it reflects the utmost disgrace upon the management. Of course we all know that an opera-house is not the favourite abode of the goddess of Honesty (had the ancients such a goddess?) Money and personal interests are naturally the paramount influences in such establishments, and the history of Italian opera contains plenty of discreditable incidents, though few more unworthy than this last one at present appears to be. At the same time it is only fair to remember that the accounts we have read in the London newspapers are nearly all written by one single journalist.

THERE has lately been a renewal of the discussion on the subject of Sunday music. No new facts or arguments have been brought forward, and the two sides of the

question may briefly be stated thus :—The advocates for giving concerts on a Sunday point out that a large section of the hard-working community are interested in good music, and that much avowedly secular music is far more beautiful and elevating than much professedly religious music. But when they argue that the items in a Sunday concert should be selected solely, or even chiefly, in accordance with public taste they give themselves away hopelessly. Wherever entertainments and amusements minister to public requirements they must, and always do, end by ministering to the *largest* class of the public. The largest class is not the intellectual class—in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, it is the irredeemably vulgar class. You have only to look at the history of the Music-Halls, the history of the Aquarium and the short but instructive history of Smoking Concerts, to understand what happens to music when it tries to win the sympathy of the masses.

The opponents of the movement—a large majority of the clergy—wisely refrain from arguing about refining influences and so forth; they simply say that “in their opinion it would be dangerous.” The fact is, it would be impossible to draw a line, and from movements of symphonies we should drift to the more interesting ballet suites and operatic fantasias, between which and the vulgarest of dance music and the pantomime medley is but the space of a hair’s breadth. The Rev. Dr. Vaughan, in a letter to “The Musical Standard,” hits the right nail on the head when he says, “I do not doubt what you say as to the comparative desirableness of this kind of Sunday recreation; I should have thought, however, that its attractiveness would be little felt where it is most needed.” He adds, “without holding any extravagant opinions about the sanctity of the Sunday, I confess that I could not, without grave misgivings as to eventual consequences, take one step towards lowering the traditional idea of it which possesses none too strong a hold upon the conscience of the English people, and which might so easily be converted into a total profanation.” To this grave demurrer the editor of the “Musical Standard” can only reply with

a heartfelt plea that “something should be done to brighten Sunday a little, not perhaps for the very poorest classes, but for the large numbers of respectable men and women who find nothing to do on Sundays save to walk aimlessly through the streets.” Now we venture to think that philanthropy is rather inclined to overdo the thing just at present. A person of the slightest intelligence need never walk aimlessly through the streets, and surely it is bad enough to educate the whole nation by main force without finding them in amusements. You cannot; you really cannot amuse people whether they want it or not. This is what Mr. Hollingshead immortalised in the phrase, “Our slap-me-and-put-me-to-bed legislation.”

We do not like to boast, but it was certainly in the columns of “The Overture” some two years ago that the important question of musical notation was first broached. We mean the necessity, now that music grows so complicated, for discarding all superfluous and synonymous signs and the adoption of every device whereby reading may be facilitated. The pages of our contemporaries now frequently contain articles bearing upon this subject. A few years ago how horrified musicians would have been at the radical proposition lately made to adopt one unit of time instead of three or four! Anyone who gives the matter a moment’s consideration will admit that if there are four beats in a bar no possible end is served by writing them as minims in one composition, crotchets in another, quavers in another, and—to take a case common with the old masters—to string together four bars and count sixteen semiquavers as one bar of common time. Yet children have to master all these clumsy and anomalous arrangements, while their elders, who have forgotten their own anguish over the task, wonder why they find it so difficult. Again, German musicians—or editors—have a maddening way of elaborately contradicting accidentals several bars afterwards, when there is not the least chance of any error, but they never by any chance mark in an accidental a second time in the same bar, even though a change of position of the hand renders a wrong note almost a certainty. Still, we are glad to observe that people

are at last beginning to realise the importance of these things.

We should be wanting in respect to English music did we omit to record our sorrow at the death of one of her devoted sons. George Alexander Osborne was one of those musicians whose early promise was not followed by the kind of fulfilment which the world expects. Like many others he began by shining before the world and faded into the gloom of a teacher's life. Born in 1806, he was one of our links with the famous past, having been on intimate terms with all the great musicians of the early part of this century. Up to his last days he was a remarkably fine pianist; his numerous compositions — of the fugitive kind — are now out of date, but had excellent points. He was at one time on the Board of the R.A.M. and was active in many other musical institutions. His 88 years of exceptional vigour and energy came to a close on Nov. 17, leaving a dark place in the minds of many of the older brethren, though the younger generation knew him not.

WHAT is a "converted actress"? A certain Miss Ada Rose, who some years ago was for a short time a vocal student at Tenterden Street, advertises herself in the provincial papers thus in connection with that strange religious function known as a "mission":

Mr. D. L. Moody's Committee of last year have made arrangements with

MR. W. R. LANE.

The London Evangelist: accompanied by

MISS ADA ROSE, R.A.M.

The Converted Actress.

Who together with a representative Choir from the various Churches and Chapels in the town, will sing Sacred Songs and Solos.

It is sad to see the church and the music-hall thus thrust cheek by jowl, and to see methodists employ the methods of the ungodly theatrical world against which they inveigh. We believe a mission has been sent to the lady requesting her not to convert the initials of her name (reversed) to dishonest purposes.

FOUR of the Royal Academy students have lately had a useful bit of practice in supplying the illustrations to two lectures on Bach's Church Cantatas given by Mr. Sedley Taylor at Cambridge. The pieces,

including solos, duets, choruses and chorals, were seventeen in number, selected from the most difficult specimens to be found in those works. Modesty will not allow us to repeat all the praises that were lavished upon the young performers, and it wouldn't be good for them. We will merely mention that they sang all these trying excerpts in German and that their names were Miss Katie Thomas (Soprano), Miss Evelyn Downes (Contralto), Mr. J. F. Horncastle (Tenor) and Mr. Norman Alston (Bass).

A GREAT many foreign pianists come to London, supposing that its streets are paved with gold, but how often do any of them insert any English pianoforte music into their recitals? The works of John Field, which are very much more played on the Continent than at home, seem to represent foreign knowledge of what our instrumental compositions are; and our native pianists are just as unfamiliar with the many charming pieces published by several of our living composers. It is useless to compose and publish good music, if even the musicians obstinately ignore it.

A JUBILEE performance of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* was announced for last Monday. The Girl herself was to be an American, and the conductor a German. What a splendidly musical nation we are, to be sure! In the meantime Mr. Cowen has had to go to Italy to get his new opera performed at all; and Dr. Hubert Parry has just published a "Summary of Musical History" in which Balfe is not mentioned. Nor is even Bishop; though Lortzing and Offenbach and Messager are duly recognised by the composer of *Judith*.

BY-THE-BYE, when was *Don Giovanni* last performed in London? Or any opera of Weber's? Or Rossini's *Il Barbiere*? And, still more to the point, when will a new English opera be heard in London? Echo answers when; and the best informed of mortals can give no better answer than Echo. London is so immense that an opera-house holding 2,000 spectators, and giving performances every night, would have to keep open more than seven years before the entire population could have got in once; and yet there is

not one permanent opera-house for all those teeming millions.

In a Parisian notice of a symphonic work, *Wallenstein*, by M. d' Indy, the critic makes the following observation. "The section entitled *Wallenstein's Death* contains certain obscurities. Nevertheless the effect of twinkling stars obtained by alternate chords of B minor and D minor is a curious discovery." It is indeed, a remarkable addition to the extravagancies of programme music.

Messrs. Chappell and Co. have enriched the Royal Academy Library by the gift of two of the finest specimens of modern orchestral scores; namely, Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Macbeth* overture and the same composer's opera of *Ivanhoe*. The value of these as models to the student of instrumentation can hardly be over-estimated.

### In the Interval.

"HAS anyone here," demanded the Sub-professor, with bulging eyes and horrent hair, "come across Dr. Riemann's edition of Bach's Forty-eight?"

"I have," responded the Well-Read-One.

"And you still live? What on earth does the man mean by it?"

"Well, you needn't mind him. He wants to prove that everything hitherto composed is in four-bar rhythm with a cadence in the fourth bar. As a fugue is especially designed to contradict this idea I suppose he wants to show his cleverness by telling us how the composer *would* have written it if he *had* meant it to be in strict rhythm."

"That sounds rather confusing."

"Not at all," quoth the Faddist. "I myself have long had a theory that the only true rhythms are those of the prime numbers, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 17 and so on. Common time and four-bar rhythm are really five with one dropped out. Eight in the same way is seven with the elision of one."

"I have not the least doubt that you are right," said the Sub-editor, gravely. "I wish I had your capacity for belief; it must be so comforting."

"For my part," remarked the Purist,

"when I find a man trying to make out that the B flat minor fugue of the 1st book ought to have sixteen changes of time signature, I am inclined to dismiss him with an opprobrious epithet in three letters.

"We will let it go at that," assented the Well-Read-One.

"What I want," declared the Born Genius, "is a City of Refuge."

"Is that Mrs. Gampish for a city of refuse?" asked the Sub-editor.

"No sir! I want *one* place—surely it is not much to ask—where I can rely on finding peace and quiet wherein to dwell what time I excogitate my new symphony."

"Whether the world would consider it prudent to grant your request is an open question," opined the Cynic, "but it is rumoured that Brighton is about to banish its organ-grinders. Will that meet your views?"

"Hardly," replied the Genius. "Organ-grinders are the smallest item in the pandemonium of noises which arises from London-Super-Mare. Indeed, I wonder how the wretches can find a living in a place where every other house seems to be a school with twelve pianos going all day."

"What would you suggest, then," asked the Sub-editor, "to live in a light-house?"

"And have my fellow keeper playing hymns on the harmonium? No thank you," replied the Genius. "Would it not be worth while, just as an experiment, to set one small village or townstead apart for those who desire absolute rest? One little place where the sounds of arriving or departing guests (in carriages; no noisy railways) should alone break the stillness. It should be even quieter than a cemetery, for there should be no soul-harrowing chapel-bell."

"It might be worth while starting a Limited Company to supply tranquillity on reasonable terms," agreed the Sub-editor. "Though there would be fewer customers than is generally believed."

"One thing," put in the Cynic; "you would have to state in the prospectus: 'The Perfect Rest Company (Limited): no connection with any Suicide Club.'

What should you say was the best way

to compose?" timidly demanded the New Student of the Fully-fledged Artist.

"That is an utterly absurd, yet not uncommon question," replied the latter. "Its absurdity becomes apparent if you put the same query regarding any other form of art. Of course there is only one answer: Study your art with infinite pains all your life and consider your every attempt at production in the light of a well-thought-out experiment. That is all."

"Because, said the New Student, Leoncavallo is recently reported to have uttered the following remarks to an Interviewer, 'With me, words and tones come gushing forth together. Of course, while I am writing the text, only the framework, the skeleton of the music is formed in my mind. The working out of it comes later. I never set down a musical inspiration at once on paper, but keep it in my memory, which is excellent. I dislike crossing out, or working out anything again.' That looks as if he were one of those enviable mortals whose music comes to them ready-made."

"And do you believe," asked the Fully Fledged Artist, "that there are such beings? I know that the ignorant outsiders fancy a man has only to sit down with a pen in his hand, and—like the planchette of the spiritualists—it will pour forth great works unassisted. You ought to know better than to believe in such folly! An art-work is valuable in exact proportion to the amount of thought bestowed upon it. Some people think more swiftly than others, and are quicker than others at winnowing out their ideas and selecting their modes of expression; this is where they have the advantage over their competitors—in nothing else. Ideas are the raw material and Art the labour that beautifies them. Beethoven and Schubert are the two highest representatives of the slow and the quick-minded worker, and you do not need to be shown the great gulf between them."

"Another thing," said the Well-Read-One, "Leoncavallo, perhaps unconsciously reproduced almost word for word Wagner's utterances on the same subject. Now Wagner was inconceivably laborious in his work, while Leoncavallo is one of those men whose writing is little more than improvisation. This shows that one of the two must have been

ignorant of the true process by which he composed.

"Probably both," said the Artist. "I have rarely met anyone who could analyse the process, because it is so familiar as to be practically automatic."

"Could you give me an idea of it?" asked the New Student, "I like to get to the bottom of things."

"I suppose you know," explained the fully fledged Artist "that the most important result of brain culture is to sub-divide our consciousness, or, in other words, to enable us to think of more than one thing at once."

The New Student didn't know it, but replied that of course he did.

"You see the fact exemplified in a hundred instances," went on the Artist. "If you are accustomed to reading aloud you have no doubt found that while pursuing this occupation you can be doing something with your fingers, and thinking of something else quite apart, and even besides this, remaining conscious of what people are doing in the room. Well, any occupation, however complicated, with which the brain is perfectly familiar, can be safely handled by a portion of that organ while the rest takes no notice of it, and so it comes about that a portion of the composer's mind is everlastingly at work *even during sleep*, turning and turning all the phrases and harmonies with which it has become stocked during the receptive period of life. When some really interesting combination is hit upon the attention of the rest of the brain is attracted and lo! an "inspiration!" This is as simple an account of what happens as I can give you."

"And how can you prove the truth of all that?" asked the Failure incredulously.

"If some such process does not occur" replied the Artist "you are forced to believe that all music, from the topical song to the symphony is of divine instead of human origin, for if it be really inspired the musician is not responsible for his own works."

"Oh, the workmanship is of course his own, but I do think some really exquisite ideas are inspired," said the Lady Professor?

"You may think so, but perhaps to some one not in sympathy with them—say a Chinaman or a Critic—those very ideas will seem the most earthly kind of

trash! And every musical idea, like every other organism, can be traced back through lower forms until we find its primeval progenitor in the person of the savage who clashed together the *tibiae* of his late enemy, as he danced, to promote digestion of him."

"Not a very divine origin for our art" laughed the Lady Professor.

### Songs of the Century.

#### No. VI. THE PLAINT OF THE PIANO-TUNER.

[A correspondent in *Musical News* of Nov. 11th, asks, "In your opinion is a pianoforte-tuner considered a professional musician, or, in other words, can a person following the occupation of a pianoforte-tuner, in order to gain a livelihood, become a member of the Incorporated Society of Musicians?" To whom the editor makes answer "That useful practitioner, the pianoforte-tuner, works not far from professional ranks, but is hardly likely, we think, to be accepted by the I.S.M. as a musical artist."]

ONE morn a Tuner at the gate  
Of I. S. M. stood desolate,  
And as he listened to the voice  
Of one within, weird papers reading  
And saw a band of spirits choice  
(Through the half-open portal) feeding,  
He wept to think his useful race  
Should be debarred that glorious place.  
"How happy," exclaimed the man of ear  
"Are the brave musicians who frolic here  
And read brave papers that have no end!  
Though in Garden and Terrace my trade  
I ply

And my patrons kindly my Waltzes buy,  
To the I. S. M. would I rather wend.  
Though fair are the mansions of Kensington  
Or the College, where guineas galore I've  
won,  
Though bright are the joys of a tradesmen's club  
Where we tuners gather for evening grub,  
Ere wandering home at the end of the day,  
Yet oh! 'tis only you "pros" can say  
How an I. S. M. meeting is worth them all."

The Secretary, who was keeping  
An eye alert, beheld him weeping;  
"Man in a poor but useful line,"  
Softly he said "one hope is thine,"

*That tuner yet may find admission  
Who brings to our Society.*

*The gift that proves him a Musician.*

Royal  
Academy  
of Music  
Library

[Here we are reluctantly compelled to omit some hundred pages or so of our bard's effusion. The gist of it is that the Tuner, having vainly offered to the Secretary a specimen of his playing—one of those masterly rhapsodies indulged in by his kind on finishing tuning a piano—and some copies of his compositions—not procurable elsewhere—at last sends up a batch of candidates for the I. S. M. Local Exam. which they all pass with honours.]

There fell a printed circular  
Inside his hall-door left ajar;  
To common eyes this form might seem  
A bill or advertising scheme,  
But well th' enraptured Tuner knew  
His notice of election due;  
With joy that paper did he frame  
That gave three letters to his name.

"Joy, joy for ever! my fees are paid  
My pupils have passed and position's made!  
O am I not happy? I am, I am!  
To thee, I. S. M. what an empty sham  
Is the social club at the Tuner's Arms!  
How faint is the flavour of sausage and ham  
Compared with thy meetings—thy Conference, charms!

"Farewell ye odours of onions—aye!  
No more for me shall the Guinness flow;  
My feast is now of the sandwich dry  
And the mineral waters of Schweppé and Co.

"My brother tuners, farewell to them,  
Their anecdotes brilliant—if broad—and brief!  
Oh! what were the wittiest apothegm  
Compared to the papers of I. S. M.  
That teem with instruction in every leaf!  
—Joy, joy for ever!—my foes are done  
My pupils have passed and position is won!

Continual dropping wears out a stone, not by force but by constant attrition. Knowledge can only be acquired by unwearied diligence. We may well say *nulla dies sine linea*—no day without a line. Every day that we spend without learning something is a day lost.—Beethoven.

### Peter Tschaikowsky.

ANOTHER severe blow to contemporary music has been dealt by the untimely death of Peter Iltitsch Tschaikowsky, the foremost of Russian composers. We say untimely, for although of mature years, the deceased musician was in the full vigour of health and only lost his life by imprudently drinking some water, a beverage sometimes far more deadly than alcohol. He took the cholera and was dead in less than two days.

Born on April 25th, 1840 in eastern Russia he at first took a state legal appointment through the influence of his father, who was a state engineer. But at the age of 22, when the conservatoire of music was founded at St. Petersburg, he entered that institution as a student and quickly found his vocation. He studied there for three years under Zaremba (an excellent composer, little known in England) and Anton Rubinstein. In 1866 Nicholas Rubinstein offered him an appointment as professor at the newly opened Conservatoire at Moscow. There he taught Harmony, composition and musical history, lecturing on all these subjects for twelve years. In 1878 his fame as a composer induced him to retire from professorial life and devote himself entirely to artistic production. The Government granted him a pension, and on this and his copyrights he has lived quietly. He has essayed every class of composition from grand operas to drawing-room piano pieces, and with pretty equal success. In his fertility and in certain other respects he may be compared to Raff, but there is a native grace and a wild natural charm in the Russian which the Swiss never possessed. To our thinking his highest merit was the manner in which he allowed the national songs and dances of his country to tinge all his music, great and small. There was consequently a life, spirit, *verve* in his music which was the one thing wanting to Raff, who was only clever and perhaps would as readily have made musical boxes as music. Tschaikowsky was, it need hardly be said a perfect master of the technique of his art. The symphony we heard last season at the Philharmonic was a very typical specimen

of his powers; big, bold, often barbaric and *bizarre*, gloriously scored, somewhat superficial in feeling, but palpitating with life and nervous force. His operas, six in number, have all been favourably received in Russia, and the one which has travelled to England, *Eugen Onegin*, is generally admitted to have deserved more attention than it succeeded in gaining. In his piano music Tschaikowsky has of course appealed to a very wide audience and many of his smaller pieces have obtained extensive popularity by their melodic merits alone. As to the merits of his chamber music we are more doubtful. In this department his distinguishing characteristics have not served him so well and higher qualities are lacking. But when all is said we must admit that Peter Tschaikowsky was a musician of admirable gifts, great industry and, according to his lights, very high aims. His death is a loss to European music, a severe blow to artistic Russia.

### Musical Fallacies.

#### No. VI. THAT MUSIC REFINES THE MIND.

(A Dialogue some way after Lucian).

*The Banks of the Styx. Hermes—Charon.*

*Hermes.* Come, Charon, ferry me across again.

*Charon.* Not I. You can fly across yourself.

*Hermes.* Oh ! I'm too sore with laughing ; I must sit and rest a bit—my cheeks and sides ache—

*Charon.* Why do you come here with your idiotic laughter ? Such folly may suit your fly-away wits up there in the garish sunlight, but down here we're more sober. What's it all about ?

*Hermes.* Why, you know that last party of souls I brought across—they were all artists, most of 'em musicians, some franked by the Pope, some—

*Charon.* Remember them ! I should think I did. They paid not an obolus among them.

*Hermes.* Well ! I took them right on to Minos's court myself, for I guessed there would be some fun—come, ferry me across, there's a good fellow, and I'll tell you on the way. Phew ! This boat gets crazier

than ever. How the water pours thro' the seams!

*Charon.* It's no use your getting into the boat, Hermes, I shan't ferry you across. I've done quite enough work for nothing to-day—and if the boat leaks, it's your own fault if you sit in the wet.

*Hermes.* What a surly fellow you are, Charon!

*Charon.* Surly! Who wouldn't be surly? I don't get  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent profit on the business now. The fare used to be an obolus, and those who couldn't pay might stay the other side. But now since you Olympians have got the sack, there are all sorts of franks coming down from Pope this, and Archbishop that, till I hardly ever see coin at all. And what with the competition of the new boats higher up, I've had to lower the fare to half an obolus. I should like to know who wouldn't be surly!

*Hermes.* Well, well, but you shouldn't treat an old Olympian so, even if it is hard lines to have to take service in this queer new world—and it is a queer one too, by Styx and Cocytus! You should see me in their clothes! I laugh till I cry to see myself and Apollo in trousers, stove-pipe, and boots—By Zeus! and they think that more "decent," than the handiwork of the gods! You should see the Muses going about teaching music, in big hats, indescribable, and with sleeves all stuck up on the shoulders like horns, and with the queerest dresses! Oh! the queer minds of the people who invent such things! Ares doesn't look so bad, being in the Horse Guards, but Athene! she's an "advanced" woman—I think it would make even you chuckle—and as for Apollo, he's a sculptor's model just now. Yes, we've all come down in the world a bit, but we must make the best of it, and after all you must be a *warm* fellow; if profits aren't what they were, at least you've no expenses.

*Charon.* No expenses! Why, what with buying new boats, and keeping up the old ones—and—and—

*Hermes.* Well, well, come—ferry me across. It's very wet sitting here—

*Charon.* If the boat isn't good enough for you, stay here. It was good enough for Homer, and Orpheus—nay, even Zens himself has sat in it.

*Hermes.* Come now, Charon, you don't need to buy many new boats if this one

carried them. How much is your little pile? Why couldn't we buy an island in the Ægean and live at ease?

Library

*Charon.* Cease bantering, Hermes, and tell me about the ghosts. I'll ferry you across afterwards.

*Hermes.* Well, when they got into Minos's hall there was a regular scramble for front places. Minos shouted for silence till he was hoarse, and called for the ushers to still the hubbub; and at last he turned to me and said "Come Hermes, why don't you get order, instead of standing there shaking your sides with laughter?" "Why," I gasped out "I came to see the fun, it'll be as good as a play." Here the attendants arrived, and, by dint of kicks and cuffs attempted to quiet them a bit. Then one soul cried out, "Why am I treated like this? I am *Prima Donna* and not used to herd with the chorus. I ought to have a better entrance—give me a seat on the bench there." At that there was a perfect howl of execration, and the souls of numbers of singers rushed at her with their nails, shrieking "Who stole our salaries? she got 80 per cent of the gross receipts." In the midst of another group were two or three fiddlers fighting and yelling each that the other couldn't play a bit. Then there was a group of viola-players setting on to two men, who, they said, had no right to have been playing at the 2nd desk; and a crowd of lady-pianists, and concert "vocalists" (so they call themselves) with scratched faces, smiling and smirking and getting furtive digs at their neighbours on the sly. And all of these, when they got a chance, met their teeth fiercely in any back that came handy. There were also many (some wind-instrument players) who were in a maudlin or boisterous state, having either died drunk, or else been all their lives excited with wine (or the vile stuff that takes its place in the colder north) and were obliged to come here shewing the fruit of it; and some were calling out still for drink. There were also many (but these hardly deserved the name of artists) who were beating their breasts and bewailing the loss of the money which they had gained by their profession (so they call it instead of art). Then the *prima donna* who had first spoken saw another and rushed at her wildly, exclaiming that she had had her name printed on the bills an inch bigger than

hers, and had by intrigue got a heroine's part which was hers by right; and at that they all crowded round and took sides, so that the ushers could do nothing, and at last Minos shouted out to loose Cerberus, and, with a horrid ravening, forth he rushed; all three mouths agape, six eyes glaring, and six rows of teeth gleaming; and then the ghosts turned and fled pell-mell in riotous confusion, and so they will be hunted by Cerberus' brood, the hell-hounds, for a hundred years before they come again to judgment.

*Charon.* But what said Orpheus? He is counsel for all such, is he not?

*Hermes.* Oh, he had to give them up; He could scarce recognise them for brothers. But see! here he comes. Well, Orpheus! you look quite sad. Don't you feel proud of your brothers?

*Orpheus.* Truly, divine Hermes, I am at a loss. Music should surely have tamed them to better purpose than that.

*Hermes.* Ah yes! Your fables say so, Orpheus; but if mortals are blind the gods themselves may pass by unheeded. Art like yours, the art of the maker, often seems to ennoble men; for it often involves all the powers of mind and soul. But even that is not always so. I remember bringing down the soul of one Cellini, an excellent statuary who was condemned to eat glass for poisoning, and one Turner who was condemned to the fires for unbridled love. But your player or singer you must give up. What can you say for fiddler Nero? They are mostly a mere set of sycophants. The practise of art refines the artistic sense, the practise of music the musical intelligence. Don't begin the cant of this queer modern world.

*Orpheus.* But, as you say, great art involves great underlying ideas; are they not elevating?

*Hermes.* Yes, the ideas; *but not the art that sets them forth*; and only one in ten thousand ever sees the idea at all. They are concerned with the outside sensuous effect, and so tend to become more sensuous. Oh! it tickles me to see the antics of this moral modern world. They won't call things by their right names. How many of their artists lie, cheat, slander, and envy, care only for money and sensual enjoyment; and yet they are always talking about the 'elevating' power of Art. Now if they said these

things were pleasant and they meant to have them, they might be correct if a trifle dull; this 'mixed' state of mind, however, is delicious. One of their chief artists 'married' another woman's husband. For a time they were *tabooed*, but she was a great artist, so presently it was voted all right. Another 'married' his friend's wife who had to change her religion for the purpose. The friend remained his friend, and the woman's father (also a great artist) looked on serenely—All have received their discharges above ground, tho' I fancy Minos court was a little less complaisant. But I feel the summons, there's another batch waiting to be personally conducted. I wonder what sort of beggars they are this time. This situation suits me—affords me endless amusement. Farewell Orpheus. And Charon, I'm rested now from laughter; your solemn presence has infected me and cheated me into all this rigmarole of a lecture. Anyhow I don't want your crazy old wherry—Farewell.

*Charon and Orpheus.* Farewell Hermes!

## Thoughts and Reflections.

By T. A. M.

No. VIII.

Many people seem to think that playing (technique and music) can be achieved by the mere wish.

Yes, indeed they must "wish" to play if they would succeed.

But to "wish to play," and to "play by a wish" merely, are two different things!

A GREAT part of the difficulty with regard to pianoforte *legato* playing certainly lies, in not insisting on the relaxation of the upper tendons of the fingers at the right moment—at the moment of descent. If any stiffness ("pull-back") be suffered to remain, this acts as a sort of spring, consequently the finger jumps back from the key, as soon as the percussion is completed. Precisely the same fault occurs in wrist-playing: the hand, instead of having its upper tendons relaxed, is through them made stiff, consequently when thrown down on the keys the upper muscles pull the limb back, make it recoil; which is all very well for

a *staccato* effect, but is fatal when a more sympathetic touch is required. The remedy, both with finger and wrist, lies in entirely restricting the "pull" to the lower sets of tendons; entirely *letting go* the upper ones during descent of the limb. The finger, or hand, then easily remains on the keys, and *legato* becomes easy. Arm action also shows the same faults, and allows the same corrections.

NEVER play the right note after the wrong one. *It is no correction at all.* Indeed, it only aggravates the fault! Music is a diorama, it is a Progression of Sounds. A "correction" during a passage therefore only adds an extraneous note to the rhythm, besides leaving the melodic or harmonic progression incorrect. So, instead of only a wrong note, the rhythmical sense is also upset!

Playing the right sound after the wrong one is not like having used the rubber; a fault can only be effaced, by *repeating the whole passage correctly.*

"*Grip*":—Every beginning, each division of each bar, every note of each subdivision of each beat, must have its place in **TIME** determined at every performance of a piece; and this *purpose* in Time (Rhythm) must never be relaxed.

Pre-determine the moment for each and every note. Do it all *intentionally* as regards the rhythm.

The fingers may be allowed to find their notes automatically, and it is well they should; but the rhythm must be MADE every time any passage is played. It is just this that makes it sound human and not mechanical—or worse, slipshod!

ROBERT L. STEVENSON's sympathetic remarks on the wretched predicament people find themselves in who are wanting in the power of expression, is often enough seen exemplified in musical students. They have glimmering ideas, perhaps barely felt by themselves, and wish to communicate them, but the words will not come!

WHAT DELIGHT to meet with a composer who fully appeals to us! One may receive a like joy in Literature. Suppose it is a case of "hail fellow, well met!"—one's whole being leaps up in warm welcome on this discovery of soul-affinity! And such *similarities* in character-

tendency surely make the strongest bond possible between human and human?

Verily "fellow-feeling makes us <sup>in</sup>wondrous kind," and such kindness it is that forms the most important element towards making a lasting friendship.

VERY FEW people realize how many ASSOCIATIONS are crystallised in their every-day surroundings. Those who often change abodes can notice this but little; but to one who has long lived in one spot, every house, tree and paving-stone is at last quite filled up with his own individuality. Every nook and corner has had projected on to it some mood-memory or other. How full each square inch of one's environment has thus become, is not perceived until the parting wrench arrives. It is only when one has set up house in a new district, that it becomes possible to see what a huge blank page there is to be filled up afresh! It is just this filling up of every cranny with associations, that gives the feeling of Home. And I suppose the delights of travelling may, in a large measure, be traced to the feeling of all absence of *reminder* of previous states, so that our minds are at once wholly taken up by the new objects presented; while aversion to travel, and the discomfort of not feeling "at home" may, on the other hand, be attributed to our innate laziness, when compelled to see, and fill in afresh, all our surroundings!

The attitude of many people towards musical and other works, also seems to be governed in the same way. With this difference, that when it comes to hearing new music, instead of rejoicing in the "change" and newness—as they would, were they having a tramp abroad—such people actually *resent* the absence of formed associations! Not being able to take in the composer's association of mood at first presentation of his music, they dub it "incomprehensible," "meaningless," "uncouth," "ugly" . . . which in the end merely signifies that it is UNCOMFORTABLE for them, they not having as yet any associations of their own put into it!

Of course, to some few rapacious musicians, new music—really new music—is just as great a delight as a day off amongst fresh scenes.

Would there were more such hungry ones

WHEN reading at sight many students allow their fingers to get in advance of their head — a series of stumbling and fumblings being the consequence. Nothing is more baneful to progress, and it induces bad practising and playing. So much so, that such afflicted ones, in the end find they cannot play a single piece straight through — the habit contracted during the faulty method of reading, leading to a permanent disfigurement of the piece, a permanent stuttering and stopping, and helpless repeating of notes.

Those who feel this tendency insinuating itself, should use all their available will-power to overmaster it : never allowing their fingers to play a single note, without being previously conscious what it shall be—determining to play each note only, at each, *personally* intended, time-spot. Not finding some note or notes played, and then *posthumously* discovering that the text directs otherwise !

### Piano and Forte.

How curious it is that if you ask a pupil — even one of mature experience — how he or she plays soft or loud, not one in a hundred can give you an intelligible account of the process ! They have never tried to realise what happens ; they take it that you *will* to play in a particular way and straightway do so. In the same way a composer is supposed to bring forth works by a mere effort of the will ; a charming notion, if it would only work. But here is a typical conversation which takes place—or should take place—between every scientific teacher and his new pupil :

*Professor.* What is it that you do when you intend to play a note louder ?

*Student.* I strike it harder.

*Professor.* Can you put that in other words ? What constitutes the hardness where the finger is the same ?

*Student.* I put more force into the blow.

*Professor.* And how do you do that ? You must *do* something different, you know.

*Student.* I suppose so, but I can't imagine what. I can't describe putting force into a blow in any other way.

*Professor.* You haven't described it at all : you have merely asserted that you

perform the act. Can you tell me at least what happens to the piano ? I will first inform you that when a string sounds softly the middle of it vibrates in a small loop ; when it sounds strongly it vibrates in a wide loop. You may see that for yourself with a violin string.

*Student.* Well, the hammer strikes a more or less hard blow, and that makes the difference.

*Professor.* Does the hammer always weigh the same ?

*Student.* I suppose so — yes, of course it must.

*Professor.* And it is lifeless and unchangeable in substance ?

*Student.* Yes.

*Professor.* The same hammer travelling the same distance and hitting the same string must surely produce the same effect always unless some other element enter into the matter ?

*Student.* Yes, the force of the blow.

*Professor.* There you go again with your word "*force*" ! Have you any notion what you mean by the term ?

*Student.* Of course I know very well, but it is as difficult to define force as to define light, or sound, or electricity.

*Professor.* Just about. And yet, you know, people measure sound and light and electricity (which you may be surprised to hear, are one and the same thing) so they must be able to translate their expressions into other terms.

*Student.* I am beyond my depth. I give it up.

*Professor.* My good child, know thou this : The term *force* is a generic one for all kinds of movement taken in combination with all kinds of matter. Thus if a grain of shot moves at a certain velocity another of ten times the weight moving at the same speed, or one of the same weight moving at ten times the speed would be said to have ten times the *force* of the first. When you strike a pianoforte wire with increased *force* the wire vibrates in larger loops, as we said. There is a natural law called the "law of isochronous vibration" which compels those loops large or small to be executed in the same space of time, and I hope you will perceive that to perform wide loops in the same time as it made narrow ones the wire will have to move more quickly. This gives us the first link in our chain of reasoning. *The louder the note the quicker the wire moves.*

With this hint can you not see what must happen to the hammer and the key of the piano?

*Student.* Do they move more quickly?

*Professor.* Certainly; what else? Their weight being uniform there is nothing whatever that can change in them but their speed. I know that you, like most people, imagine *force* to be a kind of invisible soup which comes from your soul, out through your fingers into the works of the piano, and, having done certain work, vanishes. I assure you there is no such soup. Leave that idea to the mesmerists and other quacks.

*Student.* Then do you mean to say that the loudness of a note depends upon the quickness of the finger's movement? Surely not?

*Professor.* I certainly do, but we must not forget that the finger is not alone employed. If you add to the descending finger the weight of your hand and the weight of your arm you will obtain an increase of "force" more readily than by increasing the speed of the finger. The pianist needs to know what are his means of producing "force," and how and when to use them. But do not forget that whether you use a more rapid, light finger, and nothing else, or whether you use a heavier slow hand, the result upon the hammer of the piano will equally be increase of speed only, and a consequent increase of tone. The person who, knowing this, can so train all his muscles as to put just what speed and what weight he likes into each finger is the person who has solved the problem of pianoforte tone-production.

*Student.* But how can he put what weight he likes into his fingers?

*Professor.* It can be done by careful study. You do not know perhaps that all our muscles are in pairs like the cords which pull a curtain up or down. The aim of a pianoforte student should be to obtain separate control over both sets of muscles, so as to avoid waste of power. In the normal condition whenever you employ one set you are to some extent fighting against the other. If you can contrive to avoid this and get only one set to work at a time you obviously acquire enormous increase of strength.

*Student.* But is that at all possible?

*Professor.* It is most decidedly possible to anyone who will take the trouble to acquire the art. But even if you will not

do this you may still derive some slight advantage from the mere knowledge that in order to make a soft note the hammer of the pianoforte has to travel more slowly than to make a loud one.

## Fifty Years of Struggle.

Wagner and his Works, the Story of his Life, with critical comments, by Henry T. Finck  
London: H. Grevel & Co.

(Continued from page 113.)

In vol II. there are some interesting details as to "how Wagner composed." The Master himself says.

"It is not my way to choose a certain subject, elaborate it into verse and then excoctitate music suitable to go with it. Such a method would indeed subject me to the disadvantage of having to be inspired twice by the same subject, which is impossible . . . before I begin to make a verse or even to project a scene I am already intoxicated by the musical fragrance of my task. I have all the tones, all the characteristic motives in my head, so that when the verses are completed and the scenes arranged, the opera is practically finished so far as I am concerned, and the detailed execution of the work is little more than a quiet after-labour which has been preceded by the real moments of creation."

The Paris production of *Tannhäuser* is very fully dealt with and we are here reminded of the extraordinary fact that this was the first time the composer had heard it; *Lohengrin* he heard shortly afterwards at Vienna *thirteen years* after he had composed it.

Coming to *Tristan* the erroneous estimate of this work is justly shown up and the charge of *formlessness* made against a composition containing such elaborate thematic development very properly refuted. Mr. Finck remarks,

"The gigantic intellects of these critics could not comprehend the single fact that a work of art, like an animal, to be organically formed must be *united in all its parts*, and not like the old-fashioned opera, a string of *unconnected parts*."

And again, later, *à propos* of the *Meistersinger* :—

"Previously to Wagner it was considered the supreme achievement of musical genius to write, not even a whole symphony, but only a single symphonic movement (lasting about a quarter of an hour), in such a way that its themes are logically developed and connected; but here we have a *four-hour symphonic score organically connected in all its parts!*"

Against this view we must oppose the opinion of Dr. Edouard Hanslick, of Vienna. This great authority (?) asserts

that the music of the *Meistersinger* is "the deliberate dissolution of all definite form into a formless, sensually-intoxicating mass of sound, the substitution, for independent organic melodies, of a formless, vague melodizing." To which the Wagnerian may rejoin:—"Why not, if the composer can produce his desired effect thus?"

Some English musicians may remember that in 1869, when the lame attempt was made to produce the *Rheingold* at Munich, our Mr. Chorley went over on purpose to scoff, and fulfilled his intentions in three columns of concentrated gall in the *Athenæum*. So outrageously spiteful was this attack—I have the paper before me at this moment—that the late Walter Bache, though no controversialist, took up the cudgels on the slandered composer's behalf, and gently pointed out how his aims and intentions were misrepresented. This, of course, only provoked another storm of abuse from the critic, who concluded his rejoinder in these memorable words.

"Mr. Bache's assertions, unsupported by proof, will no more attract a public to the booth of a transcendental charlatan than my impressions will destroy that which deserves to live and thrive, even as the music of the great masters has thriven, and still lives on the opera stages of Germany, Italy, France, and England. There may be fits of disease and bad taste, but that which is true and real is great, and, as the adage says, 'will prevail.'

The following year, when "Die Walküre" was produced, the same inspired prophet wrote a long article contrasting it with Flotow's new opera "L'Ombre," concluding,

"Here there are two operas by two Germans of the most opposite tendencies; in the one, sole reliance is placed on melodious imagery, sustained by orthodox orchestration; in the other, the ideal and the fanciful are sought to be attained by disjointed themes, monotonous recitatives, and boisterous instrumentation. Which work will live—'L'Ombre' or the 'Walküre'?"

The answer to this query was speedy and decisive.

I have left myself no space to speak of the interesting account Mr. Finck gives of the first Bayreuth Festival, on which occasion the critics had even more than their usual "fling," the Berlin *National Zeitung* actually going to the trouble of publishing a triumphant list of famous people who were *not* at Bayreuth! When the festival failed to pay its

expenses, how great was the scorn expressed by those who had done their utmost to crush it! As to the luckless London concerts of 1877, I have, myself, a most edifying collection of the newspaper garbage thrown on that occasion, and it makes one ashamed of one's country to think that so wanton a persecution could ever have been set on foot. "Parsifal" and the closing scenes of the wonderful career are adequately dealt with, and there is a fairly comprehensive index to the book. Only two or three trivial errors and blemishes are apparent on a first perusal: the old misquotation of "Voltaire's oft-quoted remark," which he never made, is duly trotted out on p. 108. Hueffer's entirely erroneous suggestion as to the "Holländer" being possibly derived from an English source, should not have been mentioned, and Weber's unlucky last opera is twice (p. 142-3) stated to have been nicknamed "Ennyanthe" instead of "Ennuyante." I wonder Mr. Finck did not think it necessary to allude at all to the various English translations of Wagner's dramas; his few quotations are made from those by Mr. J. P. Jackson, perhaps not quite the best. The composer himself was only satisfied with those now published under his approval.

In concluding this commentary upon a very good account of a very wonderful career I take the opportunity to express surprise that no one has ever taken the trouble to translate the fine poetical dedication of "Die Walküre." It is true that the versification presents great obstacles, owing to the triple feminine rhymes, but this difficulty has been surmounted in "Die Meistersinger," and here is one stanza to show that it can be done in the present instance:—

O Monarch! worshipped stay of my existence,  
Of wondrous goodness an exhaustless well,  
How strive I now with all my old persistence,  
Now strife is o'er, for words thy grace to tell!  
Both tongue and pen yet seek with vain con-  
sistence

What, to attain, some force doth aye impel:—  
To find one sentence fitly to declare thee  
The boundless gratitude my heart doth bear  
thee.

F. C.

A critic is justified in seeking and in pronouncing the truth without reserve; it is not his duty to consider whom he pleases or offends by his candour.—*Ambros.*

## THE OVERTURE.



## Reviews Minor.

*Lyrische Stücke*, Book VI. by EDWARD GRIEG  
Op. 57.

[Leipsic : C. F. Peters.]

A load is lifted from our critical breast ; Edward Grieg can still compose beautiful music ! After the last book of songs, and the last book of piano pieces came half-a-dozen opus numbers consisting merely of arrangements of previous works at which we were grieved and disappointed. But here, at last, we have a bona-fide novelty, and we proceed to give it our most respectful attention. By his dropping the diminutive and calling these pieces "Stücke" instead of "Stückchen" the composer would seem to imply that they were more important than their predecessors, but they are of no larger dimensions, in spite of the artful publisher's device of engraving all the repeats in full, and spreading them out into two eighteen-penny volumes instead of one, as heretofore. That they are better in quality than Books IV. and V. we can affirm after once playing through ; that they reach the high level of Book III. we cannot admit. No. 1, is called "Menuett," on what grounds it is hard to see. It might perhaps pass for a Mazurka but after all, the name is immaterial. It is graceful and new ; a middle section in D major makes the delightful changes of harmony that we have a right to expect from this composer, and nothing else matters much. No. 2, under the equally inappropriate title of "Gade" begins with an innocent melodic phrase such as the Danish musician would hardly have conceived and goes on to chromatic progressions such as he would never have approved. The phrase reminds us of the song, Op. 49, No. 4, and the chromatic harmonies of the lovely song "Ein Traum (Op. 48, No. 6.) This is one of the best though not the most novel, of Grieg's Lyric Pieces. No. 3, "Illusion" is comparatively weak. There is very little illusion about the way it is built up out of one phrase. No. 4, "Secret" is equally artificial, but has considerable poetical feeling. No. 5, "She dances" is absolutely delightful, and the title for once fits like a glove. To play this piece is to imagine oneself to be at the same time the lovely girl waltzing in exuberant spirits and the proud lover standing by and looking on. At least, that is how *we* feel. No. 6, "Home-sickness" we should be disposed to admire highly if the composer had not done practically the same thing before in No. 4 of the "Albumblätter." A slow phrase strangely harmonised is contrasted with a kind of *pifferari* or savoyard bagpipe tune. This is characteristic and quaint, but the effect was bolder and more agreeable in the earlier work. On the whole, though exhibiting most of the composer's weak points, the new set of Lyric Pieces may be pronounced worthy of him, and a grateful addition to our repertory of short fancies for musicians to play. For teaching purposes they are of no use whatever.

*101 Original Rounds for Treble Voices.* The words by BERNARD PAGE, the music composed and collected by ARTHUR PAGE.

[London : Forsyth Bros.]

[London: Forsyth & Co.]

Some time ago in criticising some Canons by Brahms we remarked that the Round was an exceedingly limited form, that the composers of the

OF MUSIC

17th and 18th centuries had practically exhausted Mr. Page is a bold man, therefore, to tread so well worn a path, but he does so with an obvious and useful intention. In school singing-classes one of the great obstacles is the inability of the singers to keep their own part unless this happens to be the top part and a well-defined tune. In a Round all the parts are alike and should be tuneful throughout. The excellent practice is in their perpetual change of position. The present collection is well framed to suit its object, the first specimens being very short and the music making few and simple changes of harmony. Of course there is little real counterpoint in these. The second half of the volume contains some more ambitious attempts; one in eight parts by Mr. Page, called "Strephon," and two or three by Dr. Hiles striking us as being both clever and graceful. About three-fourths of the Rounds are from the pen of the compiler and his son, the latter having put capital words to the entire collection—quite a feat to be proud of. Well got up and published at a very low price this little work should command a large sale.

The Sea King's Daughter. Cantata for Treble Voices ; words by Bernard Page, music by Arthur Page.

[Same Publishers.]

The same industrious gentlemen have produced a School Cantata of the conventional humble scope and it says much for their earnestness that they have once more hit the mark. The story is suggested by Hans Andersen's "Little Mermaid" but does not follow its model closely, the ending, of that tale being unsuitable. Mr. Bernard Page's facility for smooth verse stands him in good stead, and his father's music is of an enviable simplicity. One cannot expect to find the higher musicianly qualities in works of this class, but the present specimen is bright and flowing and wonderfully easy to perform. So, in the words of the moral poet,

"Says I to myself here's a lesson for me  
For this man's but a picture of what *I* should be."

## Invitation Concert.

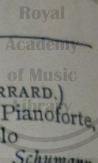
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 11, 1893.

## PROGRAMME.

## Part I

- { a. TOCCATA AND FUGUE in C—Organ *Bach.*  
     MR. W. STEVENSON HOYTE.  
 { b ADAGIO in E—Violin and Organ *Merkel.*  
 MR. EMILE SAURET AND MR. W. STEVENSON HOYTE.  
 TROIS MELODIES POPULAIRES DE BASSE-BRETAGNE.  
     Compiled by L. A. Bourgault-Ducoudray.  
 { a. "O Mon Dieu ! la triste nouvelle."  
 { b. "La Femme Embarrassée."  
 { c. "L'Angelus."  
     MDME. MARY DAVIES.  
 { a. SARABANDE }  
 { b. GAVOTTE } Violoncello *Bach.*  
     CHEV. ERNEST DE MUNCK.  
 SONG ... "Thine eyes so blue" ... *Lassen.*  
     Mr. E. TURNER LLOYD.  
 SECOND SONATA in A flat Pianoforte *Albanesi,*  
     ALLEGRO. ANDANTE. SCHERZO. FINALE,  
     CAV. CARLO ALBANESE.

## THE OVERTURE.



## Part II.

{ a. CAVATINA in F	Francesco Berger.
{ b. ZINGARESCA	A. C. MacKenzie.
CHEV. ERNEST DE MUNCK.	
SONGS a. "Dawn gentle flower"	W. Sterndale
b. "May-dew" ...	Bennett.
MDME. MARY DAVIES.	
a. FIRST MOVEMENT from 6th Symphony	Widor.
b. CAPRICE	
Organ Solos	Guilmant.
Mr. W. STEVENSON HOYTE.	
SONGS {" Ich liebe dich"	Grieg.
{" Calm as the night "	Bohm.
Mr. F. TURNER LLOYD.	
POLONAISE in D—Violoncello	Ernest de Munch.
CHEV. ERNEST DE MUNCK.	

## Fortnightly Concerts.

PROGRAMME OF NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

CONCERT ETUDE (*Automne*)—Pianoforte

C. Chaminade.

MISS ADELAIDE VERNET.

AIR, "I mourn as a dove" (*St. Peter*)

Julius Benedict.

Miss J. HIGGS.

(Accompanist, Miss RANSOME.)

FANTASIE Op. 17 (First Movement)—Pianoforte

A. Schumann.

Mr. GEORGE B.AITKEN,

RECITATIVO ED ARIA, "Che faro"

Gluck.

Miss ETHEL BRIERLEY,

(Accompanist, Mr. H. C. WILSON.)

ANDANTE AND RONDO for Violin

Edouard Lalo.

MISS GERTRUDE COLLINS.

(Accompanist, Mr. H. C. WILSON.)

SONG, "Passing to Hades" ...

Schubert.

Miss ZOE HAWLEY.

(Accompanist, Mrs. NEEDHAM.)

ANDANTE AND SCHERZO (M.S.) for Violin and

Pianoforte

Marie Mildred Ames. (Student.)

MISS ETHEL BARNS. Miss MARIE M. AMES.

RECITATION, "Constance's defence" (*Marmion*)

Sir Walter Scott.

Miss MARY WHITTINGHAM.

"THE CARNAVAL" (Selections)

Schumann.

Mr. REGINALD STEGGALL.

SONG, "Meine Ruh' ist hin" ...

Schubert.

Miss BEATRICE CREGEEN.

(Accompanist, Mr. H. C. WILSON.)

SCHERZO in E flat minor (Op. 4)—Pianoforte

Brahms.

Miss ISABEL COATS.

NOTTURNINO, "Mira la bianca luna"

Rossini.

MISS CLARA WILLIAMS. Mr. REGINALD BROPHY.

SONG (MS.), "Shall we roam"

George B. Aitken.

(Student).

Mr. L. F. GARNER-PARROT.

(Accompanist, Mr. GEORGE B. AITKEN.)

PRELUDE AND FUGUE (Op. 18) for Two Pianofortes

Gustav Vogt.

Miss Mary BARTLETT.\* Miss ELLA B. GREEN.\*

PROGRAMME OF NOVEMBER, 18, 1893.

CAPRICE in A minor (Op. 33)- No. 1—Pianoforte

Mendelssohn.

MR. HOLBROOK.

SONG, "There is a green hill"

Gounod.

\*With whom this subject is a second study.

Miss ADA WALLACE.

Royal  
Academy  
of Music

(Accompanist, Miss BLANCHE SHERWARD.)

ANDANTE } from Quartet, Op. 47, for Pianoforte,

FINALE } Violin, Viola, and Violoncello

Schumann.

MISS MARY C. MACKENZIE, MISS ETHEL BARNS,

MR. ARTHUR WALENN, MR. BERTIE P. PARKER.

SONG, "A lake and a fairy boat"

Arthur Goring Thomas.

Miss EVELYN C. LANGDON.

(Accompanist, Miss MARGARET P. MOSS)

THIRTY-TWO VARIATIONS in C minor—Pianoforte

Beethoven.

MISS GERTRUDE PEPPERCORN.

SONG, "Unis dès la plus tendre enfance"

Gluck.

Mr. L. F. GARNER PARROT.

(Accompanist, Mr. HUGH C. WILSON.)

PRELUDE AND FUGUE in G, (Bk. 2—Organ

Bach.

Mr. HAROLD E. MACPHERSON.

SONG, "The Worker," ...

Gounod.

MISS MARGARET WILLIS BUND.

(Accompanist, Miss MARGARET P. MOSS.)

SONATA in G minor (MS.)—Violin and Pianoforte

Ethel Barns. (Student.)

ALLEGRO. ADAGIO. ALLEGRO.

SONG, "Go, lovely rose" ...

Maude V. White.

Miss M. V. E. PERROTT.

(Accompanist, Miss BESSIE STIBBS.)

TOCCATA in C Minor—Pianoforte

... Bach.

MISS BLANCHE SHERWARD.

SONG, "The Mariner" ...

Rubinstein.

Miss ROSE DAFFORNE.

(Accompanist, Miss L. MOSSOP.)

"EINE BALLSCENE"—Pianoforte Duet

Jean Louis Nicodé

MISS FLORENCE WINTER. Miss LUCY McDOWALL

## Student's Orchestral Concert.

AT ST. JAMES' HALL, Nov. 20, 1893.

PROGRAMME.

FANTASIE, Op. 17 (First Movement)—Pianoforte

Schumann

Mr. GEORGE AITKEN.

"STABAT MATER"—Solo Voices, Choir, Orchestra, and Organ

Pergolesi.

STUDY in C sharp—Pianoforte

Alkan.

Miss LILIAS PRINGLE.

ANDANTE CANTABILE } from Quartet in C (No. 6) } for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello

Mozart.

MOLTO ALLEGRO }

Miss REYNOLDS, Mr. REED, Mr. A. WALENN, and Mr. B. P. PARKER.

NOTTURNINO "Mira la bianca luna" Rossini.

MISS CLARA WILLIAMS and Mr. REGINALD BROPHY.

SCHERZO (Op. 4)—Pianoforte Brahms.

Miss ISABEL COATES.

ANDANTE AND SCHERZO (MS.)—for Violin and Pianoforte Marie Mildred Ames (Student).

MISS ETHEL BARNS and Miss MARIE M. AMES.

SONG (MS.) "Loving so well" Ethel Ransome (Student).

Mr. T. M. JAMES.

ALLEGRO } from Sonata in E minor, "Undine"—for Flute and Pianoforte

Reinecke.

ALLEGRETO VIVACE }

Mr. MICHAEL DONNABELL and Mr. HUGH C. WILSON.



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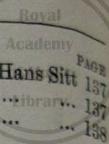
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## Hall-Marks.

THERE has been a good deal of sneering and cavilling lately in the press on the subject of musical examinations and certificates. Perhaps a few remarks on the point from an unprejudiced pen may not prove amiss.

One gentleman writes with the oddest of grievances. He has sent a pupil up three times, at intervals of six months, to play the same pieces at a public examination, and he complains—not that she was plucked—but that she was awarded the same number of marks upon each occasion. Therefore he considers that all examinations are a hollow mockery. Now it has often been the experience of the present writer to examine a candidate a second (not often a third) time, and in such cases the marks of the preceding examination are always furnished to the examiner. Usually one is able to perceive sufficient improvement to cause the candidate to triumph; but there come cases when one says "Well! I shouldn't even have given her so many, she is evidently a hopeless duffer." But one can hardly be so cruel as to give the candidate less marks than she got last time; soone gives her as nearly as possible the same, and—there is the simple explanation of the case complained about! Next some one protests, through the

medium of Mr. Joseph Bennett in the *Telegraph*, that there is no security for the goodness of a teacher, and that the profession is being crowded with incompetents. Both of these propositions we willingly admit, without surprise or even regret, only marvelling that any sane person should think it possible to remedy such grievances, either by examinations or the favourite panacea of "State interference" which Mr. Bennett actually recommends.

Now, look at the matter of musical examinations with a practical, unprejudiced eye. There are examinations of all grades and standards. Why? Because there are candidates of all grades and standards. We need not here speak of that very large proportion of the examinees who are merely amateurs desirous of some object for which to work. Take teachers only. It is generally acknowledged that a certificate from one of our two great schools is a hall-mark establishing the sterling worth of a teacher. But this must be accepted with many reservations. All that the certificate can mean is that such and such a person, after a year or more of severe cramming, played to the examiners certain difficult pieces very well indeed, read music fairly, answered questions in musical grammar, and exhibited some knowledge of the art of teaching (so far as this could be put into words and gathered from answers to questions). But is it therefore certain that this person will make a good, painstaking and conscientious teacher during the next fifty years or so? All the certificates in the world could afford you no security upon that point. He may take to drink and borrow half-a-crowns from his pupils; she may be horribly unpunctual, ill-tempered or self-absorbed; yet there is the framed certificate hanging up, a mute testimony to the fallibility of human machinery.

On the other hand we personally know

many excellent persons of each sex who could no more pass the L.R.A.M. or A.R.C.M. examinations than they could fly, who are yet justly loved and respected by a large circle of pupils whom they have instructed soundly and well in the rudiments of their art. A general belief in the fetish "Examination" would ruin this deserving class as it has ruined many excellent elementary school-teachers. Well, luckily there are examinations to suit all capabilities and all purses; one certificate is as good as another when it is framed and hung up pretty high. So pay your money, my friends, and take your choice. The fact is, the certificate craze is one of the many evidences of our increasing laziness as a people. We will not be at the trouble of finding out whether Professor Jones is a sympathetic and earnest teacher: we want "The State" to undertake this along with every other responsibility. Has he got a badge—a license? That is sufficient evidence: send your wooden-headed and putty-fingered girls to him, and if he doesn't make good players of them write to the paper and denounce the Associated Board and all its works. The State! The State! Some half-a-century ago Eugene Sue, the most rampant Socialist of his time, declared that it was the moral duty of every State to provide food, clothing and work for all its members. We go further to-day. Some want to live like animals and have all children taken care of by the State. All education, all artistic enterprise, all work, all play is to be controlled by this mysterious entity, regardless of the fact that a corporate body has always shown itself more liable to err than any average individual. Unable to teach our own children we hand them over to teachers. Unable to trust the teachers we hand them over to have them examined by the Colleges. Unable to trust the Colleges we want these controlled by Government, and when we find the Government as human and fallible as all the rest, what shall we do next? Have an International Arbitration Board, probably.—It would be simpler to use our own brains.

No: the gentleman who complains in the *Daily Telegraph* takes a totally wrong view of the matter. Of course the profession is crowded; every profession is. Of course its members are "mostly fools," Carlyle did not except music teachers

from his condemnation. Some of the worst teachers obtain high fees, says this complainant. Yes: but they don't obtain them often from people who want good teaching. Remember that if there are bad teachers there are also bad pupils; shoals of people who want to be taught, but never mean to learn. These are their natural prey. All one can say is this: anyone with the least faculty for music can easily now-a-days obtain a *free* education; such a person can then be trained to be a teacher if he or she desire it, but whether he or she eventually become a competent teacher is in the power of no human being or beings to declare: time, hard work and experience are the three indispensable factors to this consummation. A certificate from a good examination is certainly a hall-mark; it proclaims that the bearer has *capability*, but that is all. There is no machinery that will measure the worth of an artist.

### Passing Notes.

SOME of the papers read at the recent Conference of the I.S.M. were rather more definite and interesting than is usually the case at such meetings. One by Mr. W. H. Cummings on Music Printing contained some useful recommendations, but they had the drawback of unpracticality. This is not to be understood in disparagement of that earnest musician's remarks, but in regret that no society, however extensive, could or would effect any reform in the matters discussed. Granted that small and pale music printing is very bad for the eyesight, and calculated to encourage incorrect playing, who can alter this thing? The Peters edition of classics is a perfect example of what music printing should be, and our best octavo editions are almost everything that they should not be, but the latter have English fingering and therefore they are popular. The superior cheapness, not quality, of the Peters edition causes a growing rivalry, which we are unpatriotic enough to hope may end in a triumph for the Germans. Of course the octavo cantatas and oratorios of Messrs. Novello are not included in the condemnation. These are clear enough for singers to read (though not for pianists), and their small size and

marvellously low cost are their strong points. But piano music like one or two English editions we could name ought not to be allowed, yet who can prohibit it?

SIR JOSEPH BARNEY, speaking on music in public schools, appears to have made some rather strong statements, which have been demurred to by one or two of our contemporaries. He expressed wonder what the average Englishman did with his time, and what intelligent outlet he had for it. Many other people share Sir Joseph's wonder on this point. Certainly very little of the average Englishman's time is passed in the concert room, and the reasons for this fact are too obvious to need detailing. We are profoundly thankful for the recent introduction of music into boys' schools, not because of its "refining influence" but because it is not fair that through an absurd prejudice any class of human beings should be debarred from knowing the delights of this beautiful art. And any alteration of our school curriculum of Latin, Greek, and useless mathematics can only be for the better.

It is of very little use to say "Look at Frankfort and Carlsruhe with their splendid operas nearly all the year round!" We are not made like the Germans. We have had operas of all kinds in England many times and always with the same result. The truly musical part of England is Lancashire and Yorkshire. There opera is a living influence; the people like it, and more than one good travelling company supplies them with what they want. But London has always regarded opera in the light of a concert, *plus* dresses and scenery and will only tolerate it when the performers pretend to be Italians. There is no getting around this fact, noe the more disagreeable fact that opera is there positively discouraged by certain influential Scribes and Pharisees. Looking at the history of opera in England from the time of Handel up to Mr. D'Oyley Carte's ill-starred enterprise we see very little ground for hope in the future. In an interesting *Interview* with Dr. Mackenzie upon this subject in last month's *Musical Times* that eminent authority says, "There is a general lack of enterprise and interest all round. Native operatic composers have few

favourable chances from any point of view. Let us hope there is a good time coming!" In which aspiration we heartily concur, but there seems little prospect of it.

THE Philharmonic Society has issued its prospectus for the coming season, and we are glad to find a large proportion of modern and new works included in it. Four of the seven symphonies are unknown to London, being Dvorák's recent one in E minor, German's No. 2 in A minor, Tschaikowsky's No. 6 (produced just before his death) and Saint-Saëns' novel combination of Orchestra, Organ and Two Pianos (not Pianoforte four hands as stated in the prospectus). This will be conducted by the composer, who, we trust, will also be induced to enrapture the Philharmonic audience with his playing, as he did last season. Then we are to have among Overtures the wild and unsatisfactory *King Lear* of Berlioz, *Sakuntala* by Goldmark, Dr. Parry's "To an unwritten tragedy," the tardily appreciated genius Smetana's *Comedy*, Wagner's *Faust*, and a prize overture *Ariosto* by an Italian composer, Vincenzo Ferroni, about whom little is known. The concertos are all noticeable as showing that there is a revulsion from the orthodox long-winded piece that lasts as long as a symphony. Dr. Mackenzie's *Pibroch*, a new Gipsy Fantasia by Sophie Menter, Paderewski's Polish Fantasia and a Russian Fantasia by Tschaikowsky, are the principal items in this department. One looks in vain, of course, for anything novel or interesting from the vocalists, but this is not any fault of the Society, which has here put forth one of the best prospectuses it has ever issued.

We have seen a truly wonderful notice of a London concert at which Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* was performed. The critic first airs his superior knowledge by complaining of Mr. Hullah's "somewhat idiotic *tempi* and expression marks," but neglects to say what *tempi* and expression marks would have been better. The performance was, according to him, a "mere caricature." But what is his standard of performance? And where are we to seek for the true and proper version? But he goes on: "Every move-

ment was taken too fast—in many instances ten times too fast, in others only twice or thrice." Remembering that to play anything *twice too fast* would convert *Adagio* into *Presto*, what, in the name of all that is wonderful, would be the effect of multiplying the speed by ten? And who is the critic who opposes his idea of the proper *tempo* of a work he has never before heard against that of the conductor of this concert or even Mr. Hullah, who was not a bad musician in his way? Yet his *pianos* and *fortes* are condemned by this critic as "laughable," "unwarranted" and "inartistic." If he had only told us what ought to have been done, and told it us beforehand!

WE have observed in reading American musical journals that our transatlantic brethren have a definite system of classifying—or as they term it "grading"—pianoforte pupils. Thus a publisher's catalogue says: "This piece is something nice for players in grade 2; a grade 3 player will make it sound very well with a few minute's (!) practice." And again: "This delightful waltz repays all the practice it requires. Players may perhaps think it should be graded 3, and we almost agree." We ourselves have always found it impossible to divide students into "grades" and to decide when they should be considered as having got from, say, Elementary to Intermediate, or from class X to class Y. Of course music can be classified in a catalogue, but there is no piece of music in existence that would be equally suitable for all pupils who had learnt for a given definite period. However, as the Americans are in music pretty much where we were fifty years ago it is possible that they think as we used to then.

BY-THE-WAY, how refreshing are the directions for performance given in most American music of the kind which we call "drawing-room" and they call "parlor"! One song bears the following instructions: "Sing the lowest E's if you can. Folks like the low tones. Have a player that can thump big nuggets out of the piano. Encore piece needed whenever this piece is well sung." A Gavotte thus describes itself "When a person wants a piece of music just for music's own sweet self this is the one to

get. Please all, but captivates <sup>Academy</sup> <sub>public</sub> musicians; best in parlor though charming everywhere. Committed, it is a gem among memory's treasures." A march has the following: "Good piece to play with the door open while the dinner is being served. Player should be careful to fetch in the alto and tenor triplets with a rub-a-dub. The notes where right hand crosses over must come in in perfect time and with a slam-bang." Finally there is a piece for 4 hands, called the "Mosquito Waltz" which has the following syllabus: "This duet is beautiful, and so easy that players in grades 2 and 3 can make lots of entertainment with it. The name of the piece should be announced, and after the second strain is played the players one after the other cry out "och!" (or anything else) as if bitten, and strike the spot—ear, forehead, nose—as if to kill the insect. Bites become more frequent as piece proceeds, till toward the last players writhe and scowl and cry out as if in a swarm of "sketers" and striking the last chords with a slam, jump and run." This is local colour with a vengeance!

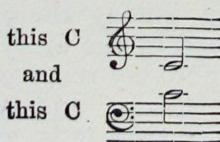
THE Queen's Hall is an undoubted success; and it is a good augury for London music that so admirable a concert-room should have been built. How many Londoners have entered it hitherto? If weekly concerts are given there, and nobody goes in more than once, all London will be able to attend in twenty years' time, supposing London to grow no bigger. More than a thousand Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts have been given during the last 35 years; if nobody has gone more than once, two million people have had a chance to attend them. This is less than half the population of London.

THESE little facts show plainly how very small a proportion of the public really attends concerts. Of course it is not only London which may be written off in this way. See how tiny is the proportion of Parisians which can have ever heard a Grand Opera; or how few of the Birmingham folk can ever have got in to hear the Festivals. As striking a case as any is Leipzig, with its population of 200,000; and its Gewandhaus holding 700. But a larger hall has recently been built there.

SHAKSPEARE, the greatest of all poets, was an Englishman; and many others of the great poets have also been Englishmen. But nobody supposes that therefore every Englishmen is a poet. The greatest musicians have been Germans; and there are some delightfully verdant people who imagine that, therefore, every German must be musical. If they were to think a little, they would remember that the country of Shakspeare was also the country of Martin Tupper; and the country of Bach was also the country of Offenbach, and of hundreds of composers far inferior to Offenbach.

THE outside world has little idea of the extent to which the time of public men is wasted by useless correspondence. To every eminent individual each post brings a shoal of letters which must be opened at least, and mostly answered, but nine tenths of this scribbling and postal work is absolutely in vain. The Principal of the Royal Academy, if he cared to preserve all the foolish or impudent letters he receives might some-day make a very amusing book out of them. Autograph hunters and beggars of a thousand kinds are troublesome enough, yet one gets used to them, as to flies in summer time; but what can be said of a person who takes the trouble to write all the way from Italy to make the following query:—

“Why is there a difference of an octave between



when sung by a Tenor, Baritone, or Bass?”

THE prospectus of the second half of the series of Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, which will be resumed on February 17th, includes, among other works promised, a symphonic fantasia, “The Chase after ‘Fortune,’” by Burmeister; a ballad for orchestra, “The Legend of Excalibur,” by Walter Wesché; a selection from Dr. Stanford’s music to *Becket*; a work for Chorus and Orchestra, “The wreck of the *Hesperus*,” by Ferd. Dunkley; Dr. Parry’s Overture

in A minor; a Concerto for Flute and Orchestra by H. Hofmann, Dvorák’s new (5th) symphony, “From the New World;” and the customary proportion of classical works. For performers we are promised Misses Palliser, Moody, Lucile Hill, Florence, Fillunger, Lady Hallé, Mdme. Sofie Menter, Miss C. Kleeberg, Fr. Eibenschütz, and Messrs. Lloyd, Davies, Piercy, A. Black, Bispham, Joachim, Sapellnikoff, etc. Mr. Manns’ benefit concert on April 28th will conclude the season.

WE much regret that the mediocre quality of some verses in our last number should have so shocked a contemporary, but we regret still more that it should be necessary to explain to him that they were a close parody of lines to which both Schumann and Sterndale Bennett—not to mention other minor composers—have wedded immortal strains, namely, the beginning and end of Moore’s *Paradise and the Peri*. This poem can be obtained at any booksellers for a few pence. It is really worth reading.

### In the Interval.

“GENTLEMEN,” proclaimed the Fully-fledged Artist, in a tone befitting the solemnity of his announcement, “I was at the Queen’s Hall Saturday before last!”

We shuddered, we knew not why.

“Would anyone believe it!” he went on. “They sang, actually sang upon the concert platform, two ultra-dramatic and stagey operas by contemporary Italian composers, for all the world as if they had been oratorios.”

“And,” commented the Sub-editor, “I have little doubt that they could have filled the hall twice over.”

“But how can one account for this mania?” demanded the Artist. “Wagner in the concert-room I can understand, because we want to hear him well done; Liszt’s Saint Elizabeth on the stage I can forgive, because then we need not listen to it, but Mascagni and Leoncavallo! Why if this topsy-turvy fad continues we shall have them mounting Bach’s 48 as an opera and performing

Sullivan's Cox and Box at a Leeds Festival."

"English people" quoth the Senior "were ever eccentric in this matter. I remember fifty years ago when all the operas were lyric and undramatic they had them all turned into plays and done without music; now that they are dramatic and unlyrical they discard the action and have 'em sung on the concert platform."

"The reason," said the Voice Producer, "is not far to seek. English people want to hear things well sung, and our few real singers are wise not to risk their voices, and even lives, in the draughts of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Also opera prices are prohibitive to the masses."

"I suppose there are no good singers at the opera," sneered the Cynic. "No, the simple reason is that the English still think opera wicked, and will only tolerate it at the Crystal Palace of virtue, or in the concert room. *Pagliacci* is for them shocking on the stage, because, in spite of the efforts of the performers to the contrary, they cannot help understanding what it is all about."

"I was amused to find," said the Sub-editor "that most of the newspaper critics said, 'Better they should hear these works thus than not at all.' Now on other occasions if a man plays a trumpet part on a cornet, or alters a *p* into an *f* they say 'Better let masterpieces alone than mutilate them like this.'"

"Ah, it's a rum world!" reflected that vulgar Failure.

"Did you hear that conundrum of Hanslick's about the difference between Mendelssohn and Massenet?" asked the Poet.

We admitted our ignorance of the *bon mot* in question.

"Why, he said that Mendelssohn had written *Lieder ohne Wörter*, whereas Massenet had written *Werther ohne Lieder*."

We all laughed politely, but the Sub-editor said,

"I should have thought Hanslick would speak better German than that."

"Don't give me away!" whispered the Poet. "The epigram is really my own, but a good thing must always be fathered on an eminent individual, you know."

"The worst of it is that it is hardly true," objected the Sub-editor.

"Epigrams never are, or else they wouldn't have any sting," replied the Poet.

"If you walk along the Buckingham Palace Road of a morning," remarked the Lady Professor, "and go through the Park to Pall Mall, you are nearly sure to meet a curious sight on the way. The Grenadiers turn out for their morning constitutional—or whatever they call it—and march along with band playing. They are escorted before, behind, and on either side by a most singular kind of mob, consisting of men, women and youths of a variety of classes and types. These people march along with the troops as if bewitched, all keeping exact step and wearing a painfully vacant expression of countenance. Who can tell me the reason of this?"

"I believe," said the Poet, "that they are bewitched—that is hypnotized—for the time. The influence of one will, one purpose, animating a large body of men is very strong, and the average lounger with no particular object in his mind is carried away by this magnetic current. I have often witnessed the phenomenon you speak of and have been greatly struck by the dull eyes and fascinated appearance of the mob. The individuals belong chiefly to the working—or rather the unemployed—classes, but there are also many of quite a superior grade, and it is easy to detect among them some who have once served in the army or reserves and who instinctively resume old habits. But old city clerks and young dog-stealers, tradesmen's lads and washer-women all forget themselves and 'follow the drum.'"

"That people can be hypnotized in gangs may also be seen," corroborated the Fully-fledged Artist "by observing the people who hang over London Bridge, unable to withdraw their gaze from the flowing tide."

"Hypnotized! Flowing tide! Fiddlesticks!" growled the Cynic. "They are looking at the steamers loading and unloading at St. Katherine's Wharf, and a very interesting sight it is. I could look at it all day if I were idle. And those who follow the Guards happen to pass St. James just as they are turning out for

parade, and wait a bit so as to have the music to keep them company as they go through the Park. That's why they are such a heterogeneous crew. It's all very well to look deeply into things, but why heave the lead in a puddle?"

We all felt snubbed, but unconvinced.

At that moment the Well Read One entered the Concert Room.

"Best congratulations, dear boy!" he said, shaking hands with the Failure, who only responded with a gloomy smile.

"What has he done?" asked everyone with surprise.

"Haven't you heard?" They have started a new College of Music at Little Paddington and have offered him the place of Principal."

The Failure groaned.

"He doesn't seem to be overwhelmed by the honour," remarked the Sub-Professor.

"Is this the way you take your luck young sir?" demanded the Senior, sternly. "If so I don't wonder at your not getting much of it."

"Yes, its all very fine for you to talk," he burst out, vehemently. "But you must know how I loathe the prospect of burying myself in a dull country town and becoming a mere school teacher—I, who was once led to expect a career so different, so—" and he broke off with a choke, really unable to control his emotion.

"Ah!" said the Senior with a world of meaning. Then after a pause he pulled himself together and addressed the Failure in serious tones.

"My dear young sir, your case is not such an uncommon one as you seem to think, and I am going to talk to you like a father. Perhaps you will take from me what you won't from the others, and if you only think me an old fool remember that according to the proverb I—well, never mind that. A boy comes out of this school able to play the Brahms violin concerto really well, and he thereupon thinks he is going to begin his career at the point where Joachim and Sarasate now are. A fellow gets the too generous Mr. Manns to perform his first orchestral attempt and he thinks that the world ought to allow him to write a sequel to *Parsifal*. A tenor has learnt, with infinite pains, just how much sound to put into each note of 'Come into the garden,

Maud!' and he wants to command the same salary as Sims Reeves. Things are so badly ordered in the present day that by the influence of the penny papers a young man occasionally does get his foolish way, like Phæton of old, and of course with an equally dire result. Take it from me that no young man, however talented, ought to be stuck on a pinnacle of fame. Experience is the only guide and helper that will keep him from coming to utter grief in such a position. We all know your talents, but I know that you are like a baby in your ignorance of the world. You have now an opportunity of learning the ways of men and how to deal with them. In your position you will require tact, self-restraint, insight into character and system. All of these things you as yet know nothing about, and unless you set to with an earnest will to acquire them you will remain a deserved Failure to the end of your days."

"But those things are all out of my line," pleaded the other, "I never wanted to manage men, only to employ my talents to the full."

"Tact, self-restraint and business capacity should be in every man's line," retorted the Senior inflexibly. "Because you have never thought of exercising those virtues you think that you cannot learn them. That is like the girls who say they could never acquire absolute pitch, or that 'reading is a gift.' A genius who cannot look after his worldly interests and who is too self-absorbed to care for the interests of others will not go far in this world, I assure you. Besides, not one man in ten thousand ever gets his first ambition fulfilled, any more than he gets his first love gratified. You have got a chance for bread and butter, also—if you have the sense to see it—a chance of winning a position in the future. Seize it like a man and don't grumble at your cake because it has currants instead of raisins in it."

The Failure's face brightened. "I'll try, sir," he said, and his voice had an accent we had never heard in it before.

As we parted for the last time that evening the Well-Read-One whispered to him Pope's lines :

"One self-approving hour whole years outweighs,  
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas!  
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels."

### Ease in Writing.\*

TRUE ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
And those compose best who have learned to dance.  
'Tis not enough, no blunders shall be found,  
The sense must seem an echo to the sound.  
Soft is the spell that Spohr around us throws  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore  
The orchestra should like the torrent roar.  
When Brahms attempts some mighty length to go  
The rhythm is laboured and the parts move slow.  
Not so when Mendelssohn with magic pen  
Flies o'er the paper swift and dazzles men.—  
Hear how Beethoven's varied strains surprise  
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
While at each change the mighty son of Bonn  
A new disguise, a novel shape doth don.  
Now his grim features into laughter melt,  
Now sighs steal out and shaking sobs are felt:  
Present and past own him the most renowned;  
Victorious Wagner, e'en, his champion's found.  
The spread of music all our hearts allow  
But what Beethoven was what man is now?

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### Provincial Portraits.

#### V.

#### CONCERT AND CRITICISM.

PIPER told me all about it a week after the event, when we met over a dish of tea and a fragrant cigarette. Piper was undoubtedly discouraged. I will give his account of the concert and the subsequent events in his own words.

"My dear fellow," said he, "I am going on, because I am fool enough to be fond of the work, and stubborn enough not to know when I'm beaten; but it's

\* Members of the I.S.M. are respectfully informed that this is a parody of a passage in Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.

an uphill job. The concert now: the choir were enthusiastic, as you know, but the choir, my dear boy, contains every inhabitant of Dulworth who cares one pin about music, and the audience cares and knows nothing. I got my soloists down from town. And a singular race they seem to be. I won't say anything about the names, though perhaps you can explain why second-rate tenors always have double ones with a hyphen between them—that is not the point. The point is this. The four members of the solo quartet whom I engaged all wrote to me in identical terms. They would come with pleasure. They did not know the work I was going to perform, had never seen or heard it. They would not come to a rehearsal. It was not customary to ask such artistes—notice the *e*—as *they* were, to rehearse. But they would 'look over' the work in the train, and it would be all right. It wasn't all right. Far from it. They got here by the train which arrives at a quarter to eight. The gentlemen had apparently dressed in London, and the whiteness of their expansive fronts left much to be desired. The ladies kept me waiting. The soprano was fair and frivolous, and I am still arguing the matter with Mrs. Piper. The contralto was very dark, very large, wore a yellow satin dress, and pronounced 'voice' 'vice' and 'maiden' 'myden.' During the choruses they passed a box of jujubes round in a friendly manner, and sucked them. By the same token, the contralto had not finished hers when her turn came to sing, and had considerable difficulty in disposing of it. Or else they giggled. When they were not sucking they were giggling. Very chummy of them, but very disconcerting. They had not 'looked over' their parts: they had overlooked them. The consequence in the concerted pieces was chaos. Of course, I had to bear the brunt of their short-comings. When the soprano broke down, she looked at me and simpered, and the audience said 'Piper's made a mistake!' When the alto missed a bar, she looked at me and frowned, and the audience said 'Hulloa! Piper's come another mucker!' When the tenor turned over two pages for one, he looked at me and shook his head, and the audience said 'Piper's a fool.' And when the bass swallowed his jujube and

coughed through a whole solo, he frowned at me and stamped his foot, and the audience said 'Piper's an ass.' The dear audience! Funny attitude they assumed. You know what a beautiful work it was we performed. Well, they hadn't come to enjoy it; not they. They had come in a curious hostile attitude. As much as to say, 'Now then; here we are; you sing, and we'll tell you what we think of it!' Depressing. All through the first part they were spotting their friends in the choir, and in the softest passages I could hear stage whispers behind me. 'There's Jack'—'Look at Sarah'—as if the presence of those estimable parties was a sort of miracle. Some of them took the whole thing as a joke. Our Vicar, who has a pretty gift of caricature, was sketching me behind my back, and all his party were trying to look over his shoulder at the same time to see whom 'dear pa' was 'taking off.' The county? Ah! talk to me of the county! Alured Rigby Wingfield Rigby said he was coming, but never came. He sent his cook and one of the grooms. I was not sorry to see them, for I believe the dear souls really enjoyed the music. The other swells talked. Talked loud. At last the row became so great that just before the unaccompanied quartet I turned round and said 'Sh!'—Wait a minute; you shall see what the press have to say on that subject. Well, the audience didn't understand the cantata. Not a note of it. As the evening wore on, it got on their nerves, and by the time it was over, I believe they were thoroughly hypnotised. You see, it was neither 'Judas,' nor the 'Messiah,' nor the 'Creation,' and, beyond those three works, what other works are there? In the second part, you know, the orchestra played the 'Siegfried Idyll.' Not very difficult to listen to, is it? Well this is what the Vicar's wife said to me afterwards: "Oh, Mr. Piper, what a sweet thing that was of Wagner's (observe the short a!) I do love descriptive music. What is it? A farmyard? You see I recognised it at once. Such a pity he was an atheist!" Fact.

"Well, I went home saying to myself that I must expect to have to educate my audience; but at any rate the local newspapers would recognise my honest endeavour. Here I had trained a good

choir who sang with all their heart; I had given this small provincial town a hearing of a modern masterpiece which much bigger places were still waiting for, and the Press would reward me for my trouble. *Ah bien, oui!* There are three newspapers as you know. The local rag, the Western Standard (*Tory*) and the Western Telegraph (*Liberal*). The Western Standard gave me no notice at all. I wrote and asked why not. This is the letter I received: 'Sir, In answer to your question why no critique' (good word that!) 'of your concert appeared in our columns, let me draw your attention to fact that you did not favour us with an advertisement, Yours truly, The Editor.' On the morning after the concert a pimply young man called on me, and said he was the Representative of the Western Telegraph, and would I give him some facts about the previous night's entertainment. He hadn't been able to come as there had been an accident to a cow at a farm some miles off, which he had had to go and report. Being a new hand, I declined. The consequence was that the Western Telegraph contained the following: 'Entertainment at Dulworth.—The Dulworth Choral Society gave a concert on Monday evening. Among the elite present we noticed—' here followed all the names on the plan of the room, and nothing more. So I fell back on the local rag. That was a notice, if you like. It began with an account of music in Chaldea; then it buttered the carpenter who had put up the platform; then it gave flattering testimony to the beauty of the plants provided by the local nurseryman; then it said sweet things about the chiaroscuro of the soprano's voice; then it told us how the contralto sustained her *fiorituri* with considerable *morbidezza*; then it continued 'The harmony of the proceedings was considerably marred by an act of gross discourtesy on the part of the conductor. While the elite were discussing the quality of the musical fare set before them, he had the audacity to turn round and audibly request silence. Mr. Piper must be reminded in no uncertain accents that those who live to please must please to live, and that he is not expected to set himself up as a *censor morum* of our landed gentry.' That was all. Not a word about choir, orchestra, or anything else, and the title of the cantata not even mentioned."

Here Piper broke off. I am only glad to think that he is not discouraged after all, and to see that he has put down the first act of Lohengrin for next term's practise. More power to his elbow!

I close my camera with regret. The Provincial Portraits are concluded but by no means exhausted. May I, however, add that these modest sketches are photographs from life? The characters who have figured in these columns are all alive now. The experiences recorded are such as any young musician must be prepared to face. I have exaggerated nothing, nor set down aught in malice. I have contented myself with facts, facts, and again facts.

LOUIS N. PARKER.

### From 1843 to 1893.

It is always interesting to compare the present with the past, and this is not the first time that the subject has been handled in our columns. We think it would be instructive if each year, when the musical events of the preceding twelvemonth are being summarised, a comparison were always made with the summary of what took place 10, 20 and 50 years before. We do not propose to do this at the present moment, but merely to compare the general musical results of 1893 with those of 1843. Of course as regards foreign music there is no comparison. Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Spohr, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Hiller, Gade, Reinecke and many more were pouring forth their best works, Italian opera and French opera were flourishing, Thalberg, Dreyschock, Liszt, Sivori, Paganini and many other great performers were at the height of their powers, while now—but let us just mention briefly what was doing in England fifty years ago.

Choral music was flourishing in London more than it is at present. The Sacred Harmonic and Melophonic concerts provided oratorio, chiefly Handel, and as many provincial Festivals took place as in 1893, namely, seven. As to orchestral concerts, there were the Philharmonic, the Ancient and the Academic. At the former, Spohr's "Power of Sound" symphony was played for the first time: few other novelties. There were a large number of Chamber concerts, although

there were, of course, no "Pops." Opera was the institution that seemed to flourish most remarkably, however. Fancy Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Princess', the Grecian, and occasionally other theatres all playing opera at once! The usual programme was an opera and a pantomime after it. It should be mentioned that these theatres changed their programmes every night and played then—as German theatres do now—opera three nights a week and Shakespeare or other classical drama the remainder. And what operas did they play? All sorts; French, Italian, German and English indifferently. But mark this! *all in the vernacular*. It is true that the works were often shorn of half the music—sometimes more—and it was cut, patched, mutilated, improved and supplemented by Henry Bishop and other brigands, but it was to a certain extent English opera, whereas now . . . ! Donizetti's *Adelia* and *Linda*, Pacini's *Sappho*, Rossini's *Tancredi*, and Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* were among the new works heard for the first time in 1843. As to composition we never have been very prolific, but Bennett published his *Suite de Pièces*, *Rondo Piacevole* and Six Songs this year, and many other Englishmen were producing well-meaning stuff, though none of it took hold. Chopin's best works (B flat minor Scherzo etc.), were just coming out, Spohr's violin school was just published and Mendelssohn was outshining everyone, so what chance had we?

Turning to 1893, we find that choral music in the metropolis can hardly pay its way; in spite of which a lovely new concert hall has just been opened. Mr. Cowen's Cantata, *The Waterlily*, Miss Smyth's Mass in D, Dr. Stanford's Mass in D, and Mr. Walthew's Cantata, *The Pied Piper* are among the most important new choral works produced, and Mr. German's symphony in A, and Dr. Parry's *Tragic Overture*, the only noticeable orchestral works. The so-called Italian opera at Covent Garden had a brilliant and successful season, and it might be mentioned that Dr. Stanford's early opera "The Veiled Prophet" was revived. For the rest, English opera has been limited to a number of comic (?) operas, and to two light operas of great merit, Sir A. Sullivan's *Utopia*, and the late Goring Thomas's *Golden Web*, the

latter unhappily a failure in London, though very successful in the provinces. No good new music whatever for piano or violin has been published among the tons of fugitive stuff poured forth by our publishers, and very few songs of any real value. So taking it "by and large" as the sailors say, neither 1843 nor 1893 present much subject for congratulation. There is an enormous deal more music going on now than formerly, of course, but the contrast does not present such marked features as we might have hoped or expected.

### Rebienus Major.

*Werther*: Drame Lyrique en Quatre Actes et Cinq Tableaux d'après Goethe, Poème de Mm. Edouard Blau, Paul Milliet et Georges Hartmann, musique de J. Massenet.

[Paris: Heugel & Cie.]

We will begin our review of this important work, as usual, by an emphatic disclaimer of its being a judgment of its effect. Not having yet had the opportunity of witnessing a performance of *Werther*, our opinion of its merits when played must necessarily be of little value. But when, as with Wagner's *Tristan*—to which we venture to compare it—a mere examination of the score shows intensity of feeling and dramatic power which ought to make a profound impression on an audience sympathetically inclined, and when we find in addition that the score is full of musical beauty and artistic contrivance, we can but declare that this is a work of extraordinary merit. M. Massenet has taken the unusual course (for a French composer) of producing his work in Vienna, and that city is never favourably disposed towards novelties, but the profound impression made by *Werther* even under these circumstances, seems to confirm the estimate which we so timidly make of it from the look of the music on paper.

*Werther* is a work which does not, as some think, necessarily owe its existence to *Tristan and Isolde*. Ever since the time of Spontini and Meyerbeer, the two branches of operatic art—lyric and dramatic—have developed side by side in

France as well as in Germany. If Gounod has been a shining light in the one class, Massenet has been an ever increasing pillar of strength in the other. French artistic methods are so entirely different from German that when we find both schools arriving at great results in the same direction we hesitate to jump at the conclusion that one owes its inspiration to the other. The discovery of the music-drama, which is a powerful poetic play set to declamatory recitative with an emotional orchestral commentary, seems to us to have been made by Wagner, Verdi and Massenet working on independent lines. This idea is much more obvious when we trace the growth of *Falstaff* backwards through *Otello*, *Aida*, *Don Carlos* and *La Forza del destino*—the growth of *Werther* through *Hérodiade*, *Le Cid* and *Manon*, or *Tristan* through *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser* and *Rienzi*, than if we simply compare the final results of each man's labour, which can hardly fail to present some affinity. All three composers began in the lyric style, which they gradually abandoned in favour of the continuous and dramatic, as their powers grew with practice. The young composer who seeks to try his 'prentice hand on music-drama is foredoomed to failure. Nothing but the most mature experience can enable a man to draw the bold outlines and paint the large surfaces of this kind of musical picture. But let us not generalise.

The Libretto of *Werther* is, technically, an excellent piece of work. How many people in the present day, even in Germany, know anything about Goethe's dismal romance we would not care to say; probably not more than ever now venture inside the cover of *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Telemache*. The story has been treated with true French irreverence, and appears to British ideas more than a little sickly. But the characters are vivid (a rare thing in opera), the language excellent, and there is a fervour and intensity about the whole which sets it far above the conventional libretto which we all know and loathe. Conventionality is indeed shunned without affectation, so that we are not at first struck by the absence of chorus, and do not notice until after close scrutiny that the extreme subordination of the minor characters almost parallels *Tristan*. We will go

through the libretto and music together, though such detailed description can, we fear, convey little definite impression to the mind of the reader.

After a short orchestral introduction of insignificant character we are shown the garden of the *Bailie's* country house. The owner is playing with his six little children and making them sing a pretty carol to him. There is then some conversation with two friends of the family, Johann and Schmidt, explaining the situation. This is the most difficult part of an opera to write, but has been dealt with most delicately and lightly by the composer, the motive of a bacchanalian ditty allotted to the *Bailie* running pleasantly through the whole scene. *Werther* enters and has a soliloquy of a tranquil and pastoral character (the theme of the prelude) full of feeling. He watches with melancholy pleasure the immortal domestic scene of *Charlotte* cutting bread and butter for her little brothers and sisters, while he waits to take her to a ball. After their departure, her affianced, *Albert*, comes on and has a short scene with *Sophie*, *Charlotte's* sister. Night falls and *Werther* and *Charlotte* return from the party in highly sentimental mood. They have a charming love scene in the moonlight, and the act ends with *Werther's* discovery that she is betrothed to *Albert*, an emotional but not dramatic climax. Act II. takes place two months later. The scene is the public square at Wetzlar, showing the church and vicarage. A good musical effect is here gained by contrasting the revelry of *Johann* and *Schmidt* as they sit outside the ale-house, with the sacred sounds from the church. *Albert* and *Charlotte* are now married, (there is a discrepancy in the chronology which is curious) and they have an affectionate scene which *Werther*, just returned from self-exile, overhears. He has a solo of an agitated character, rather conventional, and then after a contrasting episode in which his friend *Albert* delicately reveals his knowledge of the unhappy secret and endeavours to turn his friend's thoughts towards *Sophie* who is smitten with him, there comes another meeting between the hero and heroine and a still more beautiful love-scene, the principal theme of which is of the most singular and haunting pathos. Again *Werther* takes to flight and the act ends with a jubilee procession

which has the air of being dragged in. Act III. takes place, after another vague lapse of time, in *Albert's* house, opening with a scene in which *Charlotte*, alone, reads and burns all *Werther's* old letters to her. Then follows a scene with her sister, in which the sprightly and innocent music allotted to *Sophie* forms a charming relief. Next a grand prayer for *Charlotte*, impossible to judge from pianoforte score, and then *Werther* turns up again for another love-scene. There is also some sweet music here, but when he reads a poem of Ossian to her, the theme of which is worked up into the conventional unison ensemble, we are horrified to find the first two phrases absolutely identical with—will it be believed?—the now happily defunct *Ta-ra-ra-boom de-ay!* A more unfortunate coincidence can hardly be imagined. It would be absolutely fatal to the chances of the opera on the London stage.

The gist of this scene is that *Werther* makes a last appeal to *Charlotte*, who is deaf to him. He retreats for the third time, leaving her much distressed. *Albert* returns and guesses what has happened. A note is brought him from *Werther*: "I am going a long journey. Please lend me your pistols." *Albert*, in presence of his wife, reads this, and with full comprehension sends the weapons by the servant and shuts himself in his room. *Charlotte* starts up in frantic haste and, flinging on her mantle, rushes out. Act IV. joins straight on to this, so we fail to see why it is regarded as a separate Act. A pictorial representation of the town of Wetzlar (bird's-eye view) on a merry Christmas night, is let down during a long and rather powerful orchestral piece, at the close of which *Werther's* study is revealed, with the unhappy man lying mortally wounded on the floor. Through a large open window the *Bailie's* house is seen, lighted up for festivities. *Charlotte* comes in and there is a final duet with the usual reminiscences of previous love themes and the inevitable marks for abbreviation in stage performance. But the death of *Werther* while the joyous voices of the *Bailie's* children are heard singing their carol is really most affecting. We again repeat that we have no means of telling how this work would go in performance; possibly the repeated love-scenes would be tiresome, but they all contain—the whole work contains—such rare beauties,

such lovely themes and so much true pathos and sentiment, far in advance of M. Massenet's previous efforts, that we cannot but regard *Werther* as one of the greatest contributions yet made by a Frenchman towards the music-drama. We ought to add a word of praise to the publishers for the artistic vellum cover of the vocal score, one of the daintiest things we have seen for a long time.

6 *Clavierstücke* Op. 118. 4 *Clavierstücke*, Op. 119. Composed by Johannes Brahms.

[Berlin: Simrock.]

It is with great pleasure that we record our opinion that these newest pieces are far more musical than the set published last winter. They are by the Brahms' who composed "Sandmannchen," the Schicksalslied, and the Violin Concerto, rather than the Brahms' who perpetrated the "Capriccios and Intermezzos." Most of the new pieces are also named "Intermezzo"; but there are no "Capriccios," their place being taken by a "Ballade," a "Romanze," and a "Rhapsodie." To none of these titles, however, does the composer appear to attach any definite meaning.

The pieces are by no means equally pleasing; and they afford a microcosmic view of Brahms's peculiarities. No 1, a true Prelude, modulates hither and thither till it finishes on the chord of A major; but is not remarkable except for the modulations and the amazing clumsiness of the pianoforte passages. No. 2 will be the popular favourite; it suggests a new version (in the major) of the second number (in A minor) of the previous series, but is very much superior to its prototype. The subsidiary materials are particularly attractive. Next follows a "Ballade," which is only a stormy piece in G minor, with a quieter middle section in B major. No. 4 is unimportant. No 5 (the "Romanze"), is built on a very simple theme, consisting of a descending scale in slow 6-4 time; but there is a remarkable middle section, in which contrapuntal writing is employed to convey a sense of mysticism. One may guess that this page was inspired by the 4th variation in Beethoven's Op. 109. In the next piece Brahms has fallen into his most lugubrious mood; and though there is a brighter

moment, this Intermezzo will be little liked. It is also hardly satisfying; as it ends in E flat, though in all the earlier part B flat minor distinctly prevails, in spite of the key-signature.

Another extremely gloomy *Adagio* opens the second set (Op. 119). The theme seems like an attempt to introduce chords of the eleventh in succession. Next follows a brighter piece in E minor, 2-4 time; which by "transformation of themes" becomes an E major in 3-4. This piece will be the favourite among those of the second set, though the accompaniment of the minor portion is ineffective and tasteless. No. 3 is unimportant; and the "Rhapsodie" which concludes the whole is without inspiration, though more ambitious in attempt than any other of the ten pieces. Considered as pianoforte music, these new works share all Brahms' usual characteristics, being unpractical and often extremely difficult. They entirely neglect the compass of the instrument, only the tenth rising into the bright upper octaves. The right hand sticks in the middle of the keyboard, as it so often does in Schumann's pieces. This is a natural consequence of composing entirely apart from practical performance, which, since Beethoven, has so seriously affected German abstract music; a composer tends to work for the eye rather than the ear, and entirely to neglect external resources. In the decline of an art, the artist is recognised and honoured, and is apt to cultivate his own whims and consult his own tastes exclusively. Mendelssohn saw the mischief, and said that the modern worship of art and artists was very pleasant for the artists, but bad for art, which was becoming spoiled and sluggish. Such a spoiled child is Brahms. Schumann made the way to success easy for him; crowds of admirers have followed him, adulating critics have (at least in Germany and England) poured unbounded laudations over his slightest works, publishers have paid him more money than all the great geniuses put together ever received. But what, in all his life (already nearly twice as long as Schubert's or Mozart's) has he produced to compare with the poor struggling half-starving great geniuses? The difference between their tasks has brought a different result. Formerly compositions were written with direct practical views; now they are not, especially in Ger-

many. It is an old story in the life of art. First of all comes the mere mechanic; then some do better than others, and acquire a high reputation; then it becomes an honour to do as they have done, the practical side of the art is lost sight of, and a period of decline begins. This succession comes not only in the practical arts, but also in poetry, though it is less obvious there.

### Reviews Minor.

*Classical Music: How to understand it.* By FRANK PARKINSON, F.S.S., M.P.S.

[London, Whittingham & Co.]

This is a decidedly remarkable book, teeming with originality in every page. If it be objected that the reader is apt to feel rather bewildered by the diversity of matters dealt with and the lack of connection between them, the author may rejoин that this peculiarity only renders his work the more striking and interesting, because you can never conjecture what he will say next. But as it renders criticism difficult we find it best to allow the author to speak for himself in a series of fair quotations. Here is the first paragraph of the opening chapter, entitled, "Musical Comprehension."

"In order to understand classical music to the fullest extent it is necessary to possess a mystical soul in some large degree, and according to the degree of mysticism that the soul is affected in its natural relationship with the world, then to such an extent only is it capable of diving into the beauties of the unseen which are revealed to us through the harmonies, melodies, aye and even charming discordant sonorities of musical form, or otherwise expressed cognate themes. . . . To some extent the thoughtful study of certain poets; for instance, Sir Edwin Arnold, Lord Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning and Spencer, will materially aid the searcher after musical truth because underneath their writings (or convertably) the language they employ to convey their meaning lies some hidden truth which same hidden truth, composers are wont to display by means of those subtleties of musical art, such as principally, the fixed idea, interrupted cadence, and false relation; also in a less notable manner, syncopated acciaccatura and change of key from major to minor and *e converso*, the apparently irrelevant introduction of turns of either sort should be carefully watched, especially their particular position in relation to the themes where they are inserted, for no one knows their value better than a master of the first rank to express matters of the greatest importance."

Here follow some quotations from the poets concerning music, a comparison of various kinds of compositions with various kinds of fireworks, an explanation of the C clef etc., and then we have an attempt to answer the oft-made query. What is Classical Music?

"To this I reply, It is that which follows laws framed and laid down by the early Masters, who, taking their inspirations from the general laws of

nature herself, understood that science could not be chaos and quite as much as the stars above us."

We have heard many definitions of Classical Music but none much clearer than this. After a number of remarks on varied topics, always emitting vivid flashes of individuality, our author gives a number of descriptions—or as he modestly calls them, explanations of musical works, e.g.

#### WEBER'S SONATA IN A FLAT.

"This is essentially dramatic and shows us the great dark forest with its muffled sounds, terrifying, as if the moans of condemned spirits are mingling with the blast of the wind, and sending a thrill of horror to the hearts of the young couple who are passing beneath the shadow of the trees."

Chapter II. on "Musical Metaphysics" is equally interesting; Buddhistic philosophy, Beethoven's opinion of Goethe, Herbert Bunning's comic opera *Incognita* and descriptions of instruments being placed in unique juxtaposition. Some remarks on the latter point are worth quoting.

"The tribe of tubas possesses a deep mellowness and a sombre mysteriousness, which thus render them capable of exhibiting that inexpressible and inexplicable action of change in nature.

"The bassoon sounds flabbily and painfully acute; it can display the repulsive and the grotesque, and it has a marked affinity with the piccolo, inasmuch, as it is noisy and blatantly vulgar.

"Equally useful with the violins are the French Horn, their multifarious properties having acquired for them the soubriquet of maids-of-all-work in the orchestra, though their uses should generally be considered as more subservient and less dominating than the leaders of the strings."

Space will not allow of our making as copious quotations as we could wish, but we would refer the reader in search of a new sensation especially to Chapter III., "Musical Evolution," where the topics are handled in that wonderfully Kaleidoscopic fashion of which Mr. Carroll's "Sylvie and Bruno" was hitherto considered the finest example. Chapter VI., "Musical Statistics and Curiosities," gives us, firstly, a table of the number of bars in most of the best known symphonies, and then the following interesting calculation.

"The Kreutzer Sonata, Op. 47, is the longest of Beethoven's Sonatas, the three movements figuring  $778 + 303 + 717 = 1,798$ ; add to this those of the Pathetic, Op. 13, which are  $432 + 73 + 231 = 718$ , and you will find that they total 2,516 agreeing with the 2,516 bars of music in Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words.'

After a number of miscellaneous pieces of information come the following:

"The most difficult pieces may now be played by anyone; with a good ear to time, who does not know their notes upon a magnificent orchestral instrument called the *Æolian* obtainable from Messrs. ——"

"The number 7 which played such a happy part in worldly combinations is the most difficult number and combination that musicians can have to deal with."

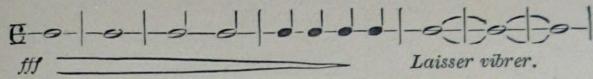
"Mozart began composing at the age of four; this is the best on record.

The sign + in musical notation has two meanings when placed in front of a note it turns it into a double sharp, but when it is put above a note over

the stave of an orchestral score it signifies that it is a closed note."

Our author then proceeds to illustrate the use of the cymbals by means of a quotation from one of his own works which certainly awakens in us a consuming curiosity to make their more intimate acquaintance.

PIATTI.



Immediately following this the information that Beethoven's Sextet was written in one night comes as somewhat of an anticlimax perhaps, but this is made amends for in the next sentence, the last we can afford to quote.

"Rossini wrote his comic opera 'The Barber of Seville' in thirteen days, and the joke was 'It seems strange that through the *barber* you should have gone without shaving.'"

And with this final gem we take our reluctant leave of Mr. Parkinson's wonderful book.

### Scholarships and Prizes.

The competition for the Heathcote Long prize took place on Saturday, December 9th. The examiners were: Graham Ponsonby Moore, Esq., and A. Heathcote Long, Esq. (Chairman). There were 12 candidates, and the prize was awarded to Harold E. Macpherson.

The competition for the Sainton-Dolby prize took place on the same day. The examiners were Mrs. Mudie Bolingbroke, Mrs. Cecilia M. Hutchinson, and Mrs. Mary Davies (in the chair). There were 20 candidates, and the prize was awarded to Beatrice Stanley Lucas. The examiners highly commended Minnie Robinson.

The competition for the Potter Exhibition took place on December 14th. The examiners were Messrs. Carlo Albanesi, Walter Fitton, Oliver King, Tobias A. Matthay, and Frederick Westlake (Chairman). The prize was awarded to Fritz W. Read.

The competition for the Westmorland Scholarship was also decided on the same day. The examiners were Messrs. W. H. Cummings, William Nicholl, Arthur L. Oswald, Arthur Thompson, and Manuel Garcia (Chairman). The scholarship was awarded to Mary Thomas.

The competition for the Rutson Memorial Prize took place on December 16th. The examiners were Mesdmes. Hope Glenn, Helen M. Trust, and Hilda Wilson, and the prize was awarded to Vena Galbraith. The examiners very highly commended Edith Hands and Rose Dafforne.

The competition for the Robert Cocks Prize took place on December 18th. The examiners were Mesdmes. Clinton Fynes, Isabel M. Ley, and Alma Haas (in the chair), and the prize was awarded to Isabel Coates. The examiners very highly commended M. H. L. Currie, Margaret P. Moss, and Ethel Horton-Smith.

The Hine Exhibition was also awarded on the same day. The examiners were Miss Amy E.

Horrocks, Messrs. F. Cellier, and Arthur Somervell, and the prize was awarded to Percy H. Miles.

The competition for the Sainton-Dolby scholarship took place January 10th. The examiners were Madame Lemmens Sherrington and Messrs. Ettore Fiori, J. T. Hutchinson, Fred Walker, and William H. Cummings (chairman). The scholarship was awarded to Minnie Florence Temple Cullis.

### What our Old Students are Doing.

DR. J. G. BENNETT'S London Organ School Orchestra gave a concert at Princes' Hall, on Nov. 29. Mr. J. E. Hambleton ('cello), and Mr. Edward O'Brien (Violin) acted as Soloists.

MR. FREDERICK GRIFFITH gave a Flute Recital at the R.A.M., on Dec. 8th. Two flute suites, one by Mr. J. Moir Clark, and the other by Mr. Edward German were produced. Miss Llewela Davies acted as pianist, and Miss Louisa Phillips and Mr. Arthur Oswald as vocalists.

THE programme of the Westminster Orchestral Society's Concert on Dec. 20, contained a "Fantasia" for Piano and Orchestra, by Mr. H. C. Banister (the solo part being taken by Miss Llewela Davies) and Mr. Walter Macfarren's Overture to "King Henry V.", Mr. Stewart Macpherson conducted as usual and M. Arthur Oswald contributed some songs.

### R.A.M. Student's Orchestral Concert.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, ON TUESDAY, DEC. 19TH, 1893.  
PROGRAMME.

ADAGIO } Concerto in E flat—Pianoforte Weber.  
RONDO } Mr. HAROLD E. MACPHERSON.

CAVATINE, "L'Amour! Oui, son ardeur a troublé"  
(*Romeo et Juliette*) Gounod.  
MR. PHILIP BROZEL.

ANDANTE } Symphonie Espagnole—Violin Lalo.  
RONDO } CONCERTO IN B FLAT MINOR—Pianoforte Henselt.  
Miss SYBIL PALLISER.

DRAMATIC SCENA (MS.) "Alkestis" R. Steggall.  
(Student).  
Miss EDITH M. HANDS.

CONCERTO IN G—Pianoforte Rubinstein.  
Mr. FRITZ W. READ.

SCENA "Infelice" Mendelssohn.  
Miss MINNIE ROBINSON.

ANDANTE } Ballet Suite in D (MS.)  
MOTO PERPETUO } Hermann F. Löhr. (Student)

### Fortnightly Concerts.

PROGRAMME OF DECEMBER 2, 1893.  
FUGUE IN D—Organ Guilmant.  
Mr. THOMAS M. BAKER.  
"SYNNOVE'S LIED" Kjerulf.  
ARIA "O santissima" Giordigiani.  
Miss MARION EVANS.  
(Accompanist, Miss LLEWLA DAVIES).

## THE OVERTURE.

ADAGIO AND FINALE (from 7th Concerto)—Violin *Spoehr.*  
 Miss FLORENCE E. MOSS (Sainton Scholar).  
 (Accompanist, Miss BURMESTER).  
 HUNGARIAN *a.* "Marishka"  
 MELODIES *b.* "My brown boy is hiding away"  
 arranged by *F. Korbay.*  
 Miss FRANCES TURNER.  
 (Accompanist, Mr. H. C. WILSON).  
 RONDO PIACEVOLE—Pianoforte *W. Stern. Bennett.*  
 Miss MARION EASTON.  
 SONG, "The Magic of thy Voice" *Meyer Helmund.*  
 Miss VERA GALBRAITH.  
 (Accompanist, Mr. REGINALD STEGGALL.)  
 AIR AND SCHERZO (MS.)—cello *E. Horton-Smith.*  
 (Student).  
 Miss A. VERNET.  
 (Accompanist, Miss E. HORTON-SMITH).  
 AIR, "Where'er you walk" (*Semele*) *Handel.*  
 Mr. WRIGHT BEAUMONT.  
 (Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS).  
 WALTZ IN A flat—Pianoforte *Chopin.*  
 Miss MABEL E. BIGG (Erard Scholar).  
 SONG, "Still wie die Nacht" *C. Bohm.*  
 Miss MARGARET TAYLOR.  
 (Accompanist, Miss EDITH PRATT).  
 POLONAISE—Violin *E. Mlynarski.*  
 Miss BEATRICE STUART.  
 (Accompanist, Miss ETHEL BARNS).  
 ARIA, "Voi lo sapete" (*Cavalleria Rusticana*) *Mascagni.*  
 Miss MABEL P. HOTSON.  
 (Accompanist, Mr. H. E. MACPHERSON).  
 PRESTO LEGGIERO (*Suite de Pièces*, Op. 24, No. 1)  
 —Pianoforte *Sterndale Bennett.*  
 Miss M. E. TAYLOR.  
 "MELODIES ELEGIQUES" for Strings *Grieg.*  
 THE ENSEMBLE CLASS.

## PROGRAMME OF DECEMBER 9th.

## Extra Concert.

SONATA IN C, Op. 1 (First Movement)—Pianoforte *Brahms.*  
 Mr. PERCY KEEBLE.  
 SPANISH DANCES, Nos. 7 and 8 (Book 4)—Violin *Sarasate.*  
 Miss DAISY HANSELL.  
 (Accompanist, Mr. H. C. WILSON).  
 SONG, "How willing my Paternal Love" (*Samson*) *George Frederick Handel.*  
 Mr. VICTOR POWYS.  
 (Accompanist, Miss BLANCHE SHERRARD.)  
 ARIA, "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" (*Samson et Dalila*) *Saint-Saëns.*  
 Miss MINNIE PRYCE.  
 (Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES.)  
 ALLEGRO (Op. 8)—Pianoforte *Schumann.*  
 Miss L. Haselden.  
 SONATA in F, Op. 54—Pianoforte *Beethoven.*  
 Miss HELEN OGILVIE.  
 SONG, "Autumn Storms" *Greig.*  
 Miss HETTIE JOHNSON.  
 (Accompanist, Miss E. B. GREEN.)  
 ARIA, "O del mio dolce ardor" *Gluck.*  
 Miss BARTLETT.  
 (Accompanist, Miss ETHEL RANSOME).  
 SONATA in B flat—Organ *Mendelssohn.*  
 Allegro con brio. Andante Religioso.  
 Allegretto. Allegro Maestoso Vivace.  
 Miss K. FIELD.

ROMANCE in F—Violin  
 Mr. A. C. HANDLEY DAVIES.  
 (Accompanist, Miss LILLIAS PRINGLE) *airy*  
 SONATA, "Les Adieux" (Op. 81)—Pianoforte *Beethoven.*  
 Mr. THOMAS M. BAKER.  
 —  
 ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1893.  
 PROGRAMME.  
 BALLADE in A flat, Op. 47—Pianoforte *Chopin.*  
 Mr. HUBERT G. OKE.  
 INTRODUCTION AND FINALE (*Concerto Russe*)—Violin *Lalo.*  
 Mr. ALDO ANTONIETTI.  
 (Accompanist, Miss BURMESTER).  
 DUET, "Qui tollis," from *Messe Solennelle* *Rossini.*  
 Miss GERTRUDE WOOD, Miss ANNIE STANYON.  
 (Accompanist, Miss LLEWELA DAVIES).  
 SUITE—for Two Violoncellos *Popper.*  
 Mr. CLEMENT HANN, Mr. BERTIE P. PARKER.  
 Largo espressivo.—Allegro vivace ma non  
 troppo.—Andante grazioso.—Quasi presto.  
 RECITATION—"The Women of Mumbles Head" *Clement Scott.*  
 Miss ELLEN M. BORWICK.  
 ANDANTE AND MENUETTO—Two Violins *Spoehr.*  
 Mr. WILLIAM H. REED, Mr. CARL A. HEINZEN.  
 DUET, from Act III. of "Aida" *Verdi.*  
 Aida—Miss JESSIE STRATHEARN, Amonasro—Mr.  
 ALBERT HENNING.  
 "JEWEL SONG," from "Faust" *Gounod.*  
 Miss LETTIE SPEIGHT.  
 DUET from Act II. of "Aida" *Verdi.*  
 Aida—Miss ALSTON, Amneris—Miss STANYON.  
 SELECTION from Act I. of "Carmen" *Bizet.*  
 Carmen—Miss LOCKIE, Micaela—Miss MAY BAILEY,  
 Zuniga—Mr. RANALOW.

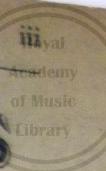
## R. A. M. Excelsior Society.

## PROGRAMME OF DEC 18, 1893.

TWO PART SONGS FOR FEMALE VOICES—  
 "In Mary's Garden," and "Love is come" *Ethel M. Boyce.*  
 SONGS—"Love's Philosophy"  
 "It was a lover and his lass" *E. C. Nunn.*  
 Miss HELEN SAUNDERS.  
 ACCCOMPANIED BY THE COMPOSER.  
 PIANOFORTE AND STRINGS—Quartet in B flat *Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.*  
 Mr. STANLEY HAWLFY, Miss WINIFRED ROBINSON,  
 Miss K. M. ROBINSON, and Miss KATE OULD.  
 Allegro. Canzonetta con Variazioni.  
 Scherzo. Finale. Allegro molto con brio.  
 (COLOMBA) ... "Vocero" *Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.*  
 Miss KATE COVE.  
 PIANOFORTE—Barcarolle in G, Staccato Study in C *Rubinstein.*  
 Mr. TOBIAS A. MATTHAY.  
 SONG—"Love's Omnipresence" *Dr. J. Gladstone*  
 Mr. BEN H. GROVES.  
 VIOLIN AND ORGAN—"Romance" ... *Merkel.*  
 Mr. FYRE PARKER and Mr. REGINALD STEGGALL.  
 SONG—"Loreley" ... ... ... *Liszt.*  
 Miss KATE COVE.  
 VIOLONCELLO SOLO—"Sur de lac" "Mazurka" *Godard.*  
 Miss KATE OULD.

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